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SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH :

OR,

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY

AND

LIVES OF THE HIGHLAND BARDS ;

WITH

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES,

AND

A COMPREHENSIVE GLOSSARY OF PROVINCIAL WORDS.

BY JOHN MACKENZIE, ESQ.,

Honorary Member of the Ossianic Society of Glasgow, the Gaelic Society of London, &c., &c.

WITH AN

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE MANNERS, HABITS, &c., OF THE ANCIENT CALEDONIANS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE influence of poetry on mankind is confessedly great, particularly in the first stages of society. A people, the nearer they are to a primitive state, are always found the more susceptible of the inspiration of the muses. Unsophisticated manners engender bold and original conceptions, and these produce poetry characterized by natural, imaginary, graphic, and sublime descriptions, and an irresistible power over the passions. It is in this stage, that the song commemorative of prowess and moral worth has the effect of promoting and enlarging the virtues it celebrates.

The Highlanders have been highly distinguished among the Keltic race for a successful culture of the bardic science, and they possess very interesting remains of ancient composition.

Such portions of Gaelic poetry as have been published amply display its excellence: the poems of Ossian alone prove undeniably the poetical character of the people with whom those beautiful productions originated, and by whom they have been preserved, to be of a high order.

The compositions of different bards have been published either in whole or in part; and, although none could ever equal the renowned son of Fingal, many exhibit surprising talent and genius.

In order to meet the wishes of many of the most influential and patriotic noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Highlands, as well as to gratify the desire of the natives in general, the present work—being the “BEAUTIES” selected from the native bards, both ancient and modern, known and unknown to the public at large—is now undertaken.

From what he has already published, the qualifications of the Editor, it is believed, are well known to his countrymen. He has had peculiar facilities for the preparation of the present work. Pursuing the subject for many years,—he has traversed the Highlands in all directions, and has been fortunate enough to

preserve many fine pieces, which, he has reason to believe, are now wholly lost among the people. Respecting the bards—he is in possession of a large collection of curious and interesting particulars, known to few others. An Introduction is also given which is devoted to a history of their privileges, and the influence of their compositions on the state of society.

The work comprises, besides the lives of the poets, and numerous illustrations and historical notes in the English language, the best pieces of ancient and modern composition, properly classified.

Besides the merit of the poetry, the utility of the work will be otherwise great. It will display the various provincial dialects, and the Glossary will be both interesting and instructive to the philologist and Gaelic Student; while the historian may consult the lives and notes with much advantage, the antiquary and philosopher will find much light thrown upon ancient manners by the whole, especially by the compositions of the CLUAR-SHEANA-CHAIN, or the *Songsters of the ancient tar*, a class of the *improvisatori* hitherto unnoticed, but who exercised great influence throughout the Highlands.





THE LITTLE FAIRY

The little fairy in the garden,
 With a wand in her right hand,
 And a flower in her left,
 Had a magic power to send

INTRODUCTION.

THOSE who compose the poems and melodies which stimulate or mollify the passions of mankind, possess a much greater influence in society than can be readily conceived.

If national airs, in ages of refinement and artificial feeling, are found to have so strong a power over the mind, as in the "*Ranz des vaches*," or "*Erin gu brath*," how much more forcibly must the bold chanting of heroic verse—the plaintive tones of injured innocence—the impressive notes of impassioned exhortation, or the keen touch of satiric spirit, have affected a people like the Gaël, imbued with all the fervour of unaffected nature, and who paid ardent devotion at the shrine of freedom? How highly must an order have been venerated, which possessed an influence, the effects of which were so deeply and so universally felt, and how greatly must the general applause have fanned the flame which burned so ardently in the poet's heart? The deference paid to the professors of poetry and music, was prompted by a sense of the utility of their labours, and by enthusiastic approbation.

The retention of the Celtic Language and Manners by the unmixed descendants of the most ancient people of Europe, is a singular phenomenon in the history of mankind; and not the least remarkable trait in the character of the race, is their genius for the sister arts of poetry and music. The patriarchal system, as incompatible with an altered state of society, has been broken up, and much indeed of national characteristic has been lost since its abolition. The different condition of the Highland population has lowered the Bardic profession from its former high standing. The powerful stimulus of "*the man of song*," is no longer required to animate the clansmen for the battle field, or to preserve by his captivating recitations, the memory of the days of old. His useful services as the Laureat, moral preceptor, and historical instructor, are not now rewarded by the free possession of a good farm, and other rights, but the innate love of poetry has still preserved the unbroken generation of Bards. The people yet highly appreciate the poet's lays, and the feelings of unabated delight with which the Highlander continues to cherish the Song, show that the ancient spirit has not decayed.

The numerous collections of Gaëlic pieces which have from time to time appeared, evince the national taste, and display the poetical acquirements of the writers, but how

small a proportion these bear to the stores yet floating in oral record, selections from which are now submitted to the public! The following pieces will give natives a more extended idea of the value of poetic treasure in their rugged and romantic country, while to the reader who is a stranger to the language in which the immortal Bard of Selma formed his imperishable compositions, the varied lives of so many remarkable and talented individuals, must prove an interesting novelty.

An appropriate introduction to the Beauties of the Gaëlic Poets, appears to be a brief account of that long descended race, which so justly demands regard, and of which they ever formed so important a class. Connected with this is a demonstration that the language in which the following poems appear, is that handed down to their authors from ancestors the most remote.

The Celtic race were the first known inhabitants of Europe, which was occupied throughout by various tribes or clans. The appropriate name which this remarkable people gave themselves was *Celtæ*, but the terms *Calatæ*, *Galatæ*, or *Gallatians*, and *Galli*, or *Gauls*, were adopted by the Greeks and Romans, and were the appellations by which in later ages they were usually distinguished.*

Various etymological conjectures are advanced as explanatory of these designations. A name descriptive of locality does not appear reasonably applicable to nations spread over an extensive continent and its numerous islands; they could neither be described as living in woods, nor on the hills, nor beside the waters, with any propriety, either by themselves or by others.† A more probable derivation is from the fair complexion by which the ancients characterized the race. This is the etymon given by Greek scholars, as if the body was "*Galactoi*," milky coloured; and as G and C are commutable letters, it must be confessed that the Gaëlic *Gealta* or *Cealta*, has the closest possible resemblance to *Celta*.

The original seat of the human race was undoubtedly the fertile plains of Asia, but when the Celtic stream first rolled from that productive storehouse of nations, is never likely to become known.‡ Successive waves of migratory hordes must have flowed from the east, impelled by a want of food or a thirst for conquest, long before the Trojan war, when the *Keltai* were first known to the Greeks, or when Herodotus, the father of history, informs us they inhabited to the farthest west.§ Their daring enterprise and mighty conquests had shaken the well-settled empires of Greece and Rome, when these nations were yet unacquainted with the regions whence issued the overwhelming hosts, and scarcely knew their terrific foes, save through the disturbed vision of a frightened imagination.||

Various sections of the dense population of western Europe came alternately under historical notice, as their power and influence brought them more prominently into view. The *Cimmerii*, or *Cimbri*, the *Getæ* or *Goths*, the *Scythæ* or *Celto-Scyths*, the *Germani*,

* Appian. *Pansanias*.

† A host of original writers, British and foreign, have exercised their ingenuity to give this word a satisfactory signification.

‡ Prichard demonstrates their eastern origin from the language. See many curious analogies with the Hebrew &c., in Maclean's *Hist. of the Celtic Language*—1840.

§ Book IV. c. 3. he flourished 500 years, A. C.

|| Livy, Appian, Plutarch, on the Cimbrian war, &c., &c., &c., show what frightful beings fear had painted these formidable invaders.

the Teutoni, and the three divisions of Gallia proper; the Celts, Belgs, and Aquitains, successively occupy a predominant share in the eventful page of history. From the testimony of numerous ancient authorities, these appear rather subdivisions of an identic race, than different nations. If Celtæ gave place to Galli, Seythæ became Germani, &c. The name Loehlin and Lychlin was applied by the British tribes to Germany, and they considered it the same country as Gaul.*

There can be no doubt, that local position, commerce, and other circumstances, will, in process of time, occasion so much difference between branches of an original race, that they will appear, and may be justly considered different nations. Thus, the Greeks and Barbarians so closely resembled each other, previous to the time of Homer, that no distinction in manners or language appears to have then existed.†

When continental Europe had become fully peopled, emigration to the British isles must have speedily taken place, and the obvious route was from the opposite coast of Gaul, to South Britain, but at what period the first adventurers arrived, can only be matter of conjecture. Some part of the maritime population were known to the Romans as mercantile settlers from the continent, but those who inhabited the interior, had lost all tradition of their origin, and, like their Gaulish ancestors, believed themselves the indigenous possessors of the island.‡ To the early Greeks and Romans it was unknown, but the assertion has been reiterated that the Phœnicians had established a commercial relation with the natives upwards of 2,800 years ago, and carried on a lucrative trade with them in lead and tin.§

The author of the *Argonautica*, writing nearly 600 years before our era, speaks of Iernis, which, signifying the western island, [Iar-innis,] would apply to either Britain or Ireland, and Aristotle, who flourished two centuries and a half later, calls the former both Albium and Brettania. These and other scanty notices of a certain island opposite Gaul, are more curious than satisfactory or important; the fact of an early colonization is proved by the numerous population at the period of the Roman advent, 55, A. C.,|| and the whole was composed of various tribes represented as arriving at different times from the continent, forcing back the previous settlers and presenting those great divisions, in the illustration of whose descent, historians have so laboriously employed themselves.

The Welsh or Cumri, from their general appellation of Ancient Britons, are considered as the original inhabitants,** but it is admitted by their own antiquaries, and shown by others, that the Gaël, or in their own lingual form, the Gwyddel must have preceded them.†† The Welsh authorities preserve the names of other colonies which arrived at uncertain periods. The Lloegrws came from Gwasgwn or Gascony, and were the progenitors of those who possessed England, and the Brython, from Lhydaw or Bretagne, who it is said gave name to the island, both being of Cunraeg descent.‡‡

* Welsh authorities, and the Highland Society's Report on the Poems of Ossian, App. 369.

† Thucydides.

‡ Cæsar, of the Gallic wars, book. V. chap. 12.

§ The Cassiterides, or Tin islands, are believed to be the Scillies. See various authorities cited "Scottish Gael," l. 34.

|| Cæsar, Diodorus Siculus.

** Welsh Triads and other authorities.

†† Edw. Llwyd, &c.

‡‡ Talliesen. Whittaker.

The Romans found the southern coasts occupied by tribes of Belgic origin, who are supposed to have arrived three or four centuries before the birth of Christ. Successive emigrations forced the inhabitants westward, and to the north, but certainly nothing is recorded to warrant the belief, that the whole were not of Gaulic origin.* Scotland was possessed by a Celtic people, divided into twenty-one tribes, some of whom became at times conspicuous from more daringly contending with their ambitious foes, or being chosen to direct the national confederations, but the collective inhabitants were, as they have ever been, denominated by themselves and their brethren in Ireland, Albanich, Albanians; natives of Alban or Albion, a name of which they still are justly proud, thus vindicating their claim to be considered the primordial race.

Several of the great divisions lost their names in the fluctuations of a predatory and unsettled state of society and were ultimately incorporated with more powerful neighbours. The *Mæatæ*, (*Magh-aiteh*,) dwellers on the plain, whose situation between the prætentes, a sort of debateable land, exposed them more particularly to the devastations of war, but gave ample scope for the acquisition of military renown, lost their prominence when the Romans succeeded in forming their territories into the province of Valentia, and when the legions were finally compelled to leave the island, the Meats, losing their consequence, were quickly amalgamated with the general body. The *CALEDONII* who were the ruling tribe in the great confederation which *Galgacus* led to battle at the *Grampians*, ceded their warlike pre-eminence to other branches who came into power. The term by which they were distinguished, whatever may be its precise meaning, displays in its composition *Caël* or *Gaël*, the appropriate name of the most ancient inhabitants of both Albion and Erin, and it still subsists, if not the native, yet the classical appellation.† The redoubted *Picts* themselves were at last embodied with their more successful countrymen the Scots, but long retained the evidence of their descent in the designation of *Gaëlwe-dians*, and *Galloway* is still applied to a greatly reduced portion of their ancient kingdom.

No more prolific subject of literary contention has offered itself to the national controversialists, than the lineage of the Pictish nation, that powerful division which so long shared the sovereignty of the kingdom. A prevailing tradition from most early ages, held them as the original inhabitants;‡ the Roman writers identified them with the *Caledonians*,§ and in later ages they were recognised as *Seots*.|| One opinion has many able advocates: it is that they were a *Cumraeg* nation, using that branch of the Celtic language, but were expelled by the *Gaël*. Certainly we look in vain for a proof of this in the names which remain, even in the territories of the *Strathelyde* Welsh, which are believed to have extended to *Cumberland*—all are *Gaëlic*.¶ But reverting to another opinion not less keenly supported: were the *Picts* of Gothic extract? It is not probable, that at so early an epoch, the *Scandinavian* wastes could furnish such a force as would be sufficient to expel the *Celts* and supplant their language, for except there was a very considerable number of colonists, the strangers would inevitably lose their own tongue in mixture with the natives. Language, like manners, is liable to change from many operating causes,

* Chalmers' *Caledonia*. I.

† Upwards of twenty etymologies are given of this name.

‡ Bede. See the arguments of Innes. *Crit. Essay*.

§ *Emenius*, &c. || *Galfridus Monumtensis*.

¶ Pinkerton,—Betham.

and differences in one which is widely spread, especially when unwritten, will greatly increase by the long estrangement of the branches, who own a common descent. Grammarians raise the polished structures, but the simple vocables attest the kindred alliance. The affinity of languages most certainly evinces the ancient connexion of nations, that in course of time become very widely separated. The Greek and Gothic have satisfactorily displayed to the learned their common parentage, and we know that Gallic words predominated in the Latin, derived through that most ancient Celtic race, the Umbri, who were the aborigines of Italy, and this classic tongue in grammatical construction, bore close resemblance to the Gaëlic.*

The assertion has been confidently repeated, that the Belgic portion of the British tribes, Gothic as the Piets, like them, obtruded a different language, which in the form of Saxon and English has superseded in the greater portion of Britain, the primeval tongue. How far this argument can be supported, it will be satisfactory to inquire. Do the names applied to natural objects on record, and as yet preserved in those parts which the two nations inhabited, favour the assumption, or do the Roman historians, our only guides, afford their evidence in its favour? Cæsar describes the South Britons as being in all respects like the people of Gaul, from which country he says they were.† Tacitus informs us, the Gothinian was the Gaëlic, and he particularizes two distinguished Belgic tribes, the Cimbri and Æstii, as using the proper British language.‡

The Gothic tribes came to the west of Europe, long after the Celtic migrations had spread population over the land, but the Getæ were Scyths, and these retained the name of Celto-Scyths,§ when their ancient brethren and precursors, the Keltæ, had fixed themselves far distant in the west. The Gothic first prevailed in England, and a striking evidence of the progressive change of language among nations of dissimilar pursuits, is the fact related in the Sagas, that widely different as the present English is from the northern tongues, a Saxon could converse so easily with a Scandinavian, in the 10th century, that he could not discover him to be a foreigner.|| The Gothic did not become the language of the low country of Scotland, until comparatively recent times. The whole inhabitants were originally of one race, whatever shades of difference may have been observable in separate districts, of which a clear demonstration is afforded by the entire coincidence of local names, personal appellations, similar modes of interment, and relics of superstition throughout the whole extent of the country; that this race was Celtic, is satisfactorily proved by the terms being significant in the Gaëlic language, and in no other. In the years 547 and 650, the kings of Northumberland ravaged the southern districts, and seizing the country between the Forth and Tweed, filled the province with their Anglo-Saxon vassals, thus first inducing the adoption of the Anglo-Saxon language; and the events of the Norman conquest, 1066, when the royal family, the nobility and their followers were compelled to seek the protection of Malcolm III., mightily assisted in the introduction; for the kingdom became so filled with them, that there was not a farm-house or cottage in the south, which did not contain English men and women servants!¶ The refugees were located

* Quintilian. Appendix to Report on the Poems of Ossian. 263.

† De Bello Gallico.

‡ De moribus Germanorum.

§ Aristotle, Strabo, Plutarch.

|| Gunlaug saga, &c.

¶ Simeon Dunelmensis, L. II. c. 34.

on the borders and east coast by the policy of our kings, as a good means of defence against the English and Danes, and it may not have been so practicable to plant them in the inland, the Highlanders bearing such intruders no good will. Moreover, the enterprise of the Saxons led them to prefer the east coast, where the powerful stimulus of commercial advantage, hastened the adoption of their speech; finally, the Scottish kings, from Malcolm Cean-mor to Alexander II., spent part of their lives in England, where they acquired the language, and married princesses of that country, and when the seat of government was removed from the Highlands, theirs became the court language, which gradually extended in the maritime parts. In the heights and distant isles, the pastoral and agricultural population clung with increased tenacity to their original tongue, the patriarchal institutions of Clanship being peculiarly calculated to prevent any disturbance of their social state.

Another portion of the inhabitants remains to be noticed, which had the fortune to preserve its appropriate name, and impart it to the whole. The appellation *Scoti* or rather *Seuite*, is apparently a modification of *Seyth*, the name by which the great unsettled branch of the continental Celts were distinguished, and is descriptive of the wandering life which a large portion of the inhabitants led through their predatory habits, and for the easy pasturage of their numerous flocks.* Those who had store of herds, possessed the only riches of the pastoral state. In Ireland, which was inhabited by the Britons,† who were forced over, as we are told, on the arrival of the Belgæ in England,‡ the Scots were the dominant and noble class, the natives or aborigines being considered an inferior order.§ The epithet was adopted by the monkish writers, but does not appear to have been acknowledged by the *Gaël*, at least in Scotland, where they have stedfastly adhered to their national distinction.

In Erin as in Albion, the *Scotic* people were named the *Pietish*, and were known also as *Cruthenich*, a name indicative of peculiar habits.|| The close connexion between the Scots of both countries, was such as became nations owning a common origin, in which they had an equal pride. The *Dalriadic* Kinglet, which the county of Antrim nearly represents, was long subject to the Scottish line, but at last the regal seat was removed to *Argyle*, and from this little sovereignty came the race of princes who crushed the vigorous independence of the *Pietish* throne, and so long ruled over the united *Gaël*. This transfer of the dynasty, whatever may have been the motives which swayed the minds of those who favoured it, was not accomplished without a display of “the high hand.”¶

Did the *Dalriadic* colony, as a different people, bring to Scotland their own language, and become the first disseminators of the *Gaëlic*, vulgarly called *Erse*? This has been rashly asserted, but after what has been said on the subject of language, it seems unnecessary to devote more time in disproving an evident absurdity.** The *Gaëlic*, the primordial tongue used by the whole inhabitants of both countries, has gradually given way

* “The wandering nation” of the *Seanachies* and “restless wanderers” of *Ossian*. *Ammianus*, *Dio*, &c. attest the vagrant habits of the Scots; *Herodotus*, *Horace*, *Ammianus*, &c., of the *Seythls*.

† *Diodorus Sic.*, *Dionysius Periegetes*. ‡ *Ricard. Cirencestrensis*. § *Bede*.

|| “Eaters of corn.” *MacPherson*. It is not improbable that this is the term *Dhraonich*, *Agriculturists*. *Grant's Thoughts on the Gaël*. ¶ *The Albanic Duan*.

** See the authorities quoted. *Ritson's Annals of the Scots, Picts, &c.*

on the south and east sides of Scotland. In Carrick it was only lately extinguished: in Galloway it was spoken in the reign of Queen Mary 1542—1566,* and during the same reign we find it the common language in the Gariach district of Aberdeenshire, from the upper parts of which it has receded in our own memory.† This much is to be observed, that within the Garbh-Criochan, or boundaries of the Highlands, where the recession of the Gaëlic has not been in consequence of Saxon settlements, the manners of the people are essentially Gaëlic, and they retain at home and abroad the predilections of their birth, particularly cherishing a just admiration of the bardic art, and possessing the characteristic taste for national melody.

The foregoing opinions are not newly formed: the writer of these pages having in another publication, some years ago, gone at greater length into the subject, is happy to find that his views are now generally adopted.

The Celts, from whom it was reluctantly acknowledged by both Greeks and Romans, that they had derived many of the useful arts and sciences, nay, even their philosophy,‡ were distinguished by very remarkable habits and customs, many of which still characterize their descendants; and their personal appearance offered a striking contrast to that of the inhabitants of Italy and Greece. To whatever cause is to be attributed the general mixture of dark-complexioned individuals among the Gaël, inducing the assertion, so often repeated, that they display the genuine Celtic hue, nothing is more particularly noticed than the fairness of skin, the blue eyes and the yellow hair of all branches of the race. So anxious were the Gauls to improve the glowing brightness of their flowing locks, that in the desire to heighten, by frequent washing and other artificial means, its natural colour, they hit on the manufacture of soap.§ The general appearance of the Celts must have been very peculiar to excite the notice of so many writers,|| and their aspect must have been a matter of ostentation, when its preservation was an object of national care.¶ The bardic effusions have always extolled the golden ringlets as imparting beauty to both sexes, comparing them to the gracefulness of flowing gold—to the loveliness of the golden-haired sun; while one of an opposite colour is alluded to as an exception. The Welsh are perhaps the darkest of the race, for they called the others *Gwyddil coch*, the red-haired Gaël. The careful arrangement of the hair, was one of the most particular duties of a Celtic toilet, and the practice of trimming or “glibbing” it, was put down in Ireland as an anti-English practice, by act of Parliament.

The comeliness and great stature of the Celts were acknowledged; the Britons and Caledonians, particularly exhibiting that stately appearance which in early society would be an object of pride, and a favourite theme for bardic compliment. The commanding figures of the Fingalian heroes, and those of later date, are always kept in view.

The dispositions of a people are however more worthy of consideration, personal appearance being dependent on physical causes, while the mental affections and moral feelings are influenced by other circumstances.

* Buchanan, &c. † Chalmers' *Caledonia*, vol. 1. ‡ Diogenes Laertius. § Pliny, xxviii. 12.

|| Herodotus, Cæsar, Strabo, Lucan, Livy, Silius, Diodorus, Tacitus, Pliny, Isidorus, &c., all describe the Celts as fair.

¶ Amm. Marc. xxvii. 1. Tacitus, &c.

On the ministers of religion devolve the care of forming the morals, and on legislators the regulation of society by the enactment of laws, the coercion of the wicked, and encouragement of the virtuous. These two important functions, so naturally allied, were combined in one individual among the early Celts. That highly interesting and venerable order the Druids, who presided over a religion the most ancient, included the singularly important class, the Bards, the disseminators of knowledge, or rather as some maintain, they were in truth the body, of which the Druids formed a part, if more exalted in rank, certainly not a more numerous nor popular division.

Britain seems to have been the hyperborean island alluded to by Hecataeus, a very ancient writer, who describes it as lying opposite to Gaul, and being as large as Sicily. The inhabitants led the most happy lives, spending great part of their time in playing on the harp, and worshipping the gods in groves and circular temples.* It is certain that in Britain was the grand seminary for Druidic learning, to which the youth from Gaul resorted to complete their course of education, and to which reference was made in all cases of controversy or doubt. In the southern province, therefore, we find the wondrous remains of the stupendous works of Avebury and Stonehenge, with many other circular erections of the *Clachan mor* of less note throughout England and Wales. In Anglesea was the sacred fane and last retreat of the British druids, while seeking to escape the Roman sword. In Ireland the great Feis, or bardic convention, was held on the hill of Tara, (Teamhair) in Meath, and the science studied in different seminaries. In Scotland, besides other consecrated precincts, was Ellan Druinich, now Iona, the isle wherein the chief establishment of bards was placed, which the celebrated Colum or Columba supplanted by a college of the scarcely less famous Christian order of Culdees, as he did with that sacred grove where now stands the town of Derry in Ireland.† To this latter country the bards are supposed to have been first introduced by the colony of Danas, and the name, believed to have come from Dan a song, is noticed as a corroborative proof. They would no doubt accompany the first Celtic settlers, and in all probability held their appropriate place among the Milesian adventurers.

Legislation—the services of religion, and the poetic art, were blended in primitive society, and the united duties performed by one person; the priests, the historians, and the lawgivers, were consequently of the bardic order. Although it cannot be admitted as true that “poetry preceded prose,” yet it is not paradoxical to assert that verse was anterior to prose as the medium of record. It was used in intercession with the Deity, and was the vehicle of all praise. The ethics of antiquity were delivered and orally preserved in pithy rhymes; in this way, the earlier decrees of Greece were promulgated, and remained for ages ere they were engraven on tablets in the public ways, and even then the metrical form was not abandoned, nor did the people find another word for law than verse.‡ Strong indeed was the attachment to oral record, but still stronger was the predilection for rhyme; even after writing had come into use, the form of versification was fondly retained. The Brehons or Gaëlic judges delivered their decrees in sententious poetry, and

* Diodorus. † Hence the name, from *Darach*, an oak.

‡ Wood on the genius of Homer. The Spartans would not permit their laws to be written.

Columba, who is himself believed to have been of the bardic order, and other early ecclesiastics delivered their moral precepts, as no doubt was the common practice, in impressive verse.* It was in this style of composition, that the Gaëlic genealogies of the Scottish kings, repeated by the seanachies at coronations were formed.† In Wales, numerous moral triplets are confidently ascribed to the Druids: in the Highlands, many such apothegms, handed down from the Sean'ir, or men of antiquity, are of similar origin.

The Druids, like the Pythagoreans, a similar sect, were most careful to exercise the memory, and it was a positive law that there should be no written record; the first deviation from which appears to have been, as far as respected religion, but the poems were too mystical to be understood, save by the initiated, and it was not permitted to speak openly of the ceremonies or secrets of their profession; to sing in heroic verse the praises of illustrious men, was the unrestricted and most congenial duty of the bard. How admirably fitted for the assistance of recollection was the use of poetry—how well adapted for diffusing throughout the community, a knowledge of the laws by which foreign and internal relations were directed; of the misfortunes which depressed, or the successes which brightened the national prospects;—the song kept alive the memory of transactions which gained the friendship of neighbours, or exalted military renown—it transmitted to succeeding generations the history of illustrious individuals—the woes and calamities of the unfortunate! How little even now, are the people in general indebted for their acquaintance with events, to the pages of the historian? It is the record of vocal song which so long preserves among the illiterate the remembrance of bygone transactions.

There is much truth in what has been observed on this sort of vehicle for the conveyance of opinion; “songs are more operative than statutes, and it matters little who are the legislators of a country, compared with the writers of its popular ballads.” With the Celts the statutes were really poems, and the observation of Macpherson is just: “The moral character of our ancestors owed more to the compositions of the bard, than to the precepts of the Druids.”‡ The druidic injunction for cultivating the power of recollection, long affected the national character, and in the Highland districts, it cannot be said to have altogether ceased as a popular object. The Gaël frequently met for the purpose of friendly contest in the repetition and singing of their ancient poems, and poetic talent was one of the most respected accomplishments. In Wales, its possession elevated one to rank. A Highland amusement which Johnson describes, is illustrative of the poetic spirit. A person enveloped in a skin enters the house, when the company affecting to be frightened, rush forth; the door is then closed, and before they are admitted, for the honour of poetry, says the doctour, each must repeat, at least a verse. The young men who celebrate the festival of Colain, or bringing in of the new year, are obliged to recite an extempore rhyme before they are admitted to any house. The Dronn, or rump, was called the bard's portion; whoever received it, was obliged to compose a verse; and many a humorous couplet has the present elicited. This is called Beanneachadh Bhaird,

* Dr Macpherson's Dissertation, 215.

† The last repetition of a Gaëlic genealogy was at the coronation of Alexander III., in 1249.

‡ Introduction to the Hist. of Britain.

or the Bard's Blessing, and it was customary to give a metrical salutation as a mark of respect; a composition in praise of one whose kindness or hospitality had been experienced, was an equally common effort of the muses. Dr Donald Smith, speaking of MS. poems of Ossian, and those collected by Duncan Kennedy, which scarcely differed, observes, "The test which such an agreement affords at a distance of almost three hundred years, of the fidelity of tradition, cannot but seem curious to such as have not had an opportunity of observing the strength which memory can attain, when unassisted by writing, and prompted to exertion by the love of poetry and song."*

The Fear Sgeulachd or reciter of tales in Ireland, although now perhaps reduced to an itinerant mendicant, was formerly a personage whose entertaining and instructive rehearsals always procured becoming respect. These men were walking chronicles, the depositaries of what was old, and the disseminators of passing novelties. A favourite pastime among the Gaël was recitations of the old poems in manner of dramas, for which they were excellently adapted, if not originally so intended.

The chief object of the Celts in the nurture and education of their children, being to promote hardiness of constitution and corporeal strength, and to instil into the mind a sense of justice, and the highest notions of freedom and of warlike renown, their institutions were of a serious and martial cast.† The population were stimulated by the bardic exhortations from early childhood, to condemn inglorious ease and death itself, and to emulate the heroic virtues for which their ancestors were so highly extolled, as the only means by which they could attain distinction here and happiness hereafter. The labours of those national preceptors were eminently successful, and the bloody and protracted wars which they so intrepidly sustained in Gaul, against the conquerors of the world, tarnishing their arms, before unsullied,‡ bear ample testimony to the love of freedom. In our own country, was the influence of those patriots less strong? "Neither by Romans, Saxons, Danes nor Normans, could they ever be conquered, either in Britain or Ireland; but as they could not successfully resist the overwhelming numbers, and superior discipline of their enemies in the plain country, they retreated with the highest spirited and most intractable of their countrymen, into the mountains, where they successfully defied the legions of the Roman and Saxon barbarians. For more than a thousand years they maintained their country's independence in the mountains of Wales and Scotland, whence they constantly made incursions upon their enemies. Here it was, where, with their native wild and beautiful music, and in poetry which would not disgrace a Homer, being the production of passion not of art, their venerable Druids deplored their country's misfortunes, or excited their heroes to the fight." These are the words of a Saxon writer, who made the history of the Druids, and their mysterious religion, subjects of the most profound research.§

An order which possessed the power of inflaming their countrymen to the fiercest resistance of invasion, and unextinguishable passion for liberty, was subjected to the direst

* Report of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland, on the authenticity of Ossian, p. 302.

† Tacitus, &c.

‡ Ibid. c. 53. Amm. Marc. c. xxxi. Lucan.

§ Higgins' History of the Celtic Druids, 4to. p. 276.

persecution of their implacable enemies. The cruelty with which the Romans accomplished the slaughter of the British Druids, even in the sacred isle of Mona, had only a parallel in the massacre of the Welsh bards, by Edward the first of England. The indomitable spirit of resistance to aggression, which these illustrious patriots so effectually cherished in their countrymen, aroused the sanguinary vengeance of their ambitious foes, and the same policy, with a subdued severity, animated Queen Elizabeth, and Henry the Eighth, in their proscriptive legislation for the natives of Ireland.

Many instances are on record of the extraordinary power of music, which was always in ancient times an accompaniment to the song. Tyrtæus, by the chanting of his heroic verses, so inspirited the sinking Lacedæmonians, that, rallying, they gained a triumphant victory, and saved the state. Terpander succeeded in appeasing a seditious outbreak, by singing an appropriate composition to the sound of his lyre, and Alcæus rescued his country by the same means. The bards not only inflamed the martial zeal of the people, rousing them to arms in defence of all they held dear, but they accompanied the armies to the field, and their persons being held inviolable by friend and foe, they employed themselves in moving about, sustaining the courage of the troops in the heat of battle; charging them to acquit themselves like men, and thereby obtain the approbation of their country, assuring them of ample fame on earth, and a joyful existence hereafter, should they bravely fall. “Ye bards, raise high the praise of heroes, that my soul may settle on their fame!” was an appropriate Celtic ejaculation. To die without this fame was a misfortune felt beyond the grave; the spirit rested not, when nothing had been done on earth to ensure its posthumous meed of praise.

The bards were also the heralds who summoned the clans to the strife of arms, a duty which was afterwards effected by the fleet bearers of the Crann taradh, and that important official in the establishment of a chief, the Piobair-mor. An instance occurs in the poem of Temora where a bard performs the ceremony; he proceeds to the hall of Shells, where the chiefs were assembled, and raising aloud the song of war, he calls on the spirits to come on their clouds, and be witness to the heroism of their descendants. The bards were in fact called upon by the leaders, as those on whose well-directed exertions rested the fate of battle, to rehearse the glorious exploits of former heroes, and by urging every motive to exertion, endeavour to carry the day by *esprit du corps*, not unlike the way in modern times of calling on the pipers—*seid suas*, play up? But they stood in no need of command; they acted in their vocation *con amore*, and they could excite or appease the warlike passions at their will; nay, with such awe were these men of song regarded, that they would step between armies which had drawn swords and levelled spears for immediate action; and the ireful combatants, as if their fury had been tamed by a charm, instantly dropt their arms.* The shaking of the “Chain of silence” by the Irish bards, produced the same effect.†

Their prophetic character added greatly to their influence; for they professed to foretell the fate of wars, and the destiny of individuals. So nearly allied are the gifts of poetry.

* Diodorus.

† Walker's Hist. Ir. Bards.

and prophecy, that the same individuals were professors of both, and hence it is that we find the Romans using the terms indiscriminately, especially with reference to those in their Gaulish provinces. Of the prophecies of the Gauls, many instances are related; they were held in much estimation for their auguries and predictions, and were consulted by even the emperors of Rome. Those soldiers who were in their armies, perhaps from their national gravity, and dark and figurative manner of expression,* compared with their Italian comrades, were looked on as seeing more clearly into futurity than others. The spirit descended on their successors in the British isles. In the Principality, the faculty in the bardic order was tacitly acknowledged, and Irish history affords many proofs of the conjunction, whilst among the Scottish Gaël, the ability to prognosticate unerringly, was repeatedly claimed, and respectfully conceded. Fingal himself, by concurrent tradition, is allowed, with other attributes of one so illustrious, to have possessed in an eminent degree, the ability to predict coming events. The court poets, about 1323, delivered a prophecy respecting King David, which was fully credited.†

Numerous proofs of the unabated influence of bardic exhortations on individuals, clans, and confederated armies, could be adduced. When the orator, standing on a cairn or other eminence, harangued the assembled host, in energetic verse, descanting in glowing terms on the well earned glories of the race—their heroism and other virtues, reminding them that on present exertions depended their country's fate—their own, their wives and children's safety; that the freedom which their sires bequeathed, it was for them to maintain and faithfully transmit to following generations; and when he warned them that the shades of their noble ancestors hovered near to witness their prowess, and bear them to the realms of bliss, if they bravely fell, the climax was attained, and in the paroxysm of generous resolution, with a simultaneous shout, the whole rushed forward to the *melée*.

Those who survived, were welcomed by the fair with the songs of praise; the bards extolling their exploits in the most laudatory strains.

The War Song of Gaul in the fourth book of Fingal, shows the usual style of the *Prosnachadh cath*, which is the name applied to it, corresponding to the Irish *Rosga cath*, and the Welsh *Arymes prydain*.‡ The address of that intrepid chief of the Caledonian confederation, Galgacus, delivered to his troops previous to the great battle of the *Grampians*, is highly interesting for its antiquity, the eloquence it displays, and the light it throws on the sentiments of that unconquerable race, to whom the Britons of the south alleged the gods themselves were scarcely equal. The famed Caractacus would animate his forces in a similar manner; and it is probable both delivered their harangues in verse, and may indeed have been of the bardic order. The strife was truly “kindled by the songs of the bards.” “Go Ullin—go my aged bard! remind the mighty Gaul of battle—remind him of his fathers—support the yielding fight; for the song enlivens war,” says the king of Morven.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples: the practice was retained as long as clanship was entire. The *Brosnachadh cath Gariach*, composed by Lachlan Mac Mhuireach, the

* Diod. Marcel.

† Fordun, xiii. 5.

‡ Cambrian Register.

bard of Donald of the isles, at the bloody field of Harlaw in 1411, is a specimen, curious for the subject and the strict alliteration in its composition. It has been observed as scarcely credible, that a bard could compose and deliver such lengthened exhortations in the battle field, and impossible to preserve such effusions afterwards, except he was "attended by a secretary!" These, and many similar objections to the authenticity of the ancient remains of Gaëlic bards, have been offered by the late Rev. Edward Davies, author of "*Celtic researches*," in a very rare work, entitled, "*The claims of Ossian considered*." This writer, whose remarks we shall have occasion again to allude to, is the most severe assailant of the venerable bard who has yet appeared, and it is to be regretted, that the asperity, promoted by ignorance of the subject, which is evinced throughout his inquiry, tarnishes much the fame he acquired by his other learned productions. The bards doubtless studied the subject of their compositions, previous to rehearsal, and polished or perfected them afterwards. Ossian was as capable of composing Fingal and Temora, as Homer was to form the Iliad, and the deep misfortune, of being "blind, palsied, destitute, broken-hearted and illiterate," p. 53. and the last of his race, was rather favourable to his poetic genius, while it imparted a melancholy spirit. He might not be provided with an "*amannensis*," but he had zealous admirers, and attentive auditors to his frequent repetitions; and although Malvina might be 80 years of age, by Mr Davies' chronology, she could well store her memory, less disturbed by the passions of youth, with those affecting songs, which it delighted the hoary bard to repeat.

A striking instance of the irresistible impression of these vigilant monitors occurs in Irish history. The primate of Ireland, in a conference with Fitzgerald, succeeded in convincing him of the folly and the guilt of a contemplated rebellion, when Nelan, the bard, lifting up his voice with his harp, poured forth a touching effusion, commemorative of the heroism of that noble's ancestors—of their wrongs and the inestimable value of freedom, and evoking quick revenge; the gallant Thomas rushed forth and flew to arms.

When aid was sought from neighbouring clans, the bard was the fitting messenger to arouse the sympathy of friends. In late and altered times, the poets exercised, by means of their compositions, a power scarcely inferior to that of their predecessors, in the days of Druidism. If they could not command the favour of a chief, they could neutralize his efforts by their songs, which took the desired effect on the less politic clansmen. Iain Lom and others performed wonders by the power of verse, and respect for their profession. Rob Donn was more useful by the effect of his cutting poems, in favour of Prince Charles, than his chief was prejudicial in his operations with an unwilling clan.

It is necessary here to notice, with attention, the religious tenets maintained by the Druids, that celebrated priesthood, which held unlimited power over a mighty race—which instilled for many centuries of uninterrupted sway, those generous precepts, that not only operated on the mental faculties of the bard, himself so important a member of the community, but formed a national character, which is not even yet effaced. The progress and fall of a system are to be traced, which became like other institutions, corrupt and injurious, through the venality of the professors of poetry, who had survived the religion whence they emanated, which had long been abandoned by the human race, but

which left much, long entwined with the holy faith we now maintain, strongly imbuing the poetic genius of the Gaëlic bards. The wild imaginations of the enthusiastic Celts, led them to indulge in many superstitious ideas, but if, like other Pagans, they openly and emblematically admitted a plurality of Gods; the belief in one supreme disposer of human events was the fundamental creed of the bardic hierarchy; and if the people were persuaded of the truth of metempsychosis, or transmigration of spirits into other bodies, the more enlightened portion believed the immortality of the soul, in a state of happiness or misery. In the work of that intelligent Roman soldier and historian, Marcellinus, who was well acquainted with the Gauls, he thus speaks: "the Druidæ of a higher polish and imagination, as the authority of Pythagoras decreed, being formed into societies or fellowships, were addicted wholly to the consideration of matters of divine and hidden import, and despising all human things, they confidently affirmed that the souls of men were immortal."* The simple and sublime doctrines, if it is permitted so to designate them, which the Druids taught, were to reverence the Deity—to abstain from evil, and to behave with bravery; and they enforced their observance with unremitting energy. To the Almighty being, they paid adoration under the open canopy of heaven, esteeming it unbecoming to confine within a covered edifice, the worship of Him who created all things. At His mysterious shrine—circular, as the type of eternal duration,—they invoked divine favour, under the striking symbol of the resplendent sun, the apparent source of universal life. The appellations, Be 'il and Grian, or Granais were applied to the glorious luminary, and they are still used by the Gaël, although they do not attach to them those unchristian ideas, which darkened the mind of his ancestors, or perhaps being at all aware of the origin of terms formerly repeated with feelings of gratitude and veneration.† Many superstitions which yet maintain a hold on his imagination, are traceable to the mysterious dogmas of Druidism. Feelings carried along from ages the most remote, imbued the minds of the Gaëlic poets who indulged the fond persuasion, that the aerial spirits of departed friends hovered near their earthly relatives, rejoicing in their success and happiness, warning them of impending misfortunes, and ready when meeting death, to bear their spirits on clouds to a happier region. This cannot be called a debasing belief.

The only names which the Gaël yet apply to Heaven and Hell, proclaim their origin in days of Paganism. The ideas concerning Flath-innis, the island of the brave or noble, which was supposed to lie far distant in the Western Ocean, and Ifrinn, the cold and dismal isle in which the wicked were doomed to wander, in chilling solitude, so inconsistent with, and diametrically opposed to the Christian faith, could never have been imbibed from the sacred records of divine will. The numerous imaginary beings, with which the Celts filled earth, air, and water, were admirable accessories to the poetic machinery; they were perhaps originally deified, and although not yet discarded from popular belief, they are reduced to the less awful forms of phocas, fairies, beansiths, Glaslìgs, &c.

By all people, heaven has been pictured as an indescribable refinement, of all that imparts pleasure to the inhabitants of earth; and it is otherwise impossible to form any idea

* Book xv. ch. 9.

† The Romans, or Romanized Celts, raised altars to them.

of the joys awaiting the righteous, the reality of which "it bath not entered the heart of man to conceive." With the Gaël, all the amusements in which they took delight, whilst dwellers in the lower world, were pursued without alloy in their aerial abode. All descriptions of the Celtic paradise, must fall short of their own conception of its glories, but the following effort of an ancient bard to impart some notion of its imaginary excellence, is highly interesting, abounding as it does in that hyperbolic style, which is impressed on all similar compositions. It gives also a curious picture of one of the Celtic sages. "In former days, there lived in Skerr, a Druid of high renown. The blast of wind waited for his commands at the gate; he rode the tempest, and the troubled wave offered itself as a pillow for his repose. His eye followed the sun by day; his thoughts travelled from star to star in the season of night. He thirsted after things unseen—he sighed over the narrow circle which surrounded his days. He often sat in silence beneath the sound of his groves; and he blamed the careless billows that rolled between him and the green Isle of the west." One day as he sat thoughtful upon a rock, a storm arose on the sea: a cloud, under whose squally skirts the foaming waters complained, rushed suddenly into the bay; and from its dark womb at once issued forth a boat, with its white sails bent to the wind, and around were a hundred moving oars: but it was void of mariners; itself seeming to live and move. An unusual terror seized the aged Druid: he heard a voice, though he saw no human form. "Arise! behold the boat of the heroes—arise, and see the green Isle of those who have passed away!" He felt a strange force on his limbs; he saw no person; but he moved to the boat. The wind immediately changed—in the bosom of the cloud he sailed away. Seven days gleamed faintly round him; seven nights added their gloom to his darkness. His ears were stunned with shrill voices. The dull murmur of winds passed him on either side. He slept not, but his eyes were not heavy: he ate not, but he was not hungry. On the eighth day, the waves swelled into mountains; the boat rolled violently from side to side—the darkness thickened around him, when a thousand voices at once cried aloud,—“The Isle, the Isle!” “The billows opened wide before him; the calm land of the departed rushed in light on his eyes. It was not a light that dazzled, but a pure, distinguishing, and placid light, which called forth every object to view in its most perfect form. The Isle spread large before him, like a pleasing dream of the soul; where distance fades not on the sight—where nearness fatigues not the eye. It had its gently sloping hills of green; nor did they wholly want their clouds: but the clouds were bright and transparent, and each involved in its bosom, the source of a stream; a beauteous stream, which wandering down the steep, was like the faint notes of the half-touched harp to the distant ear. The valleys were open and free to the ocean; trees loaded with leaves, which scarcely waved to the light breeze, were scattered on the green declivities and rising grounds. The rude winds walked not on the mountain; no storm took its course through the sky. All was calm and bright; the pure sun of autumn shone from his blue sky on the fields. He hastened not to the west for repose; nor was he seen to rise from the east. He sits in his mid-day height, and looks obliquely on the Noble Isle. In each valley is its slow-moving stream. The pure waters swell over its banks, yet abstain from the fields. The showers disturb them not; nor are

they lessened by the heat of the sun. On the rising hill, are the halls of the departed—the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old.”*

There is here none of the barbarous ideas which distinguished the Scandinavians. The Celts never dreamt of such joys as were found in Odin's Hall, or of carrying vindictive feelings beyond the grave—no quaffing beverage from the skulls of enemies, and other marks of ferocious minds. There is here no purgatorial state—no such horrid passage, as led to the Elysium of the Greeks—the transit of the spirit from earth, is on clouds accompanied by those of relatives long before removed. There was indeed an intermediate position, occupied by the shades of those who had escaped the more awful penalty, but had no position in the abode of the virtuous. So difficult is it to control the vicious propensities of mankind, that the Druids not only were empowered to pass a sentence, of the most strict excommunication, rendering it highly criminal in any to show the smallest favour to the proscribed, but they carried their pretensions farther, and debarred them from entering Flath-innis. For those who were guilty of venial crimes, or had shown “the little soul,” by coming short of the standard of goodness, through cowardice, injustice, &c., which did not incur the severer ban, it was impossible ever to reach the island of the brave. Their sluggish spirits heard no song of praise; they were doomed to hover in miserable solitude, beside fens and marshes, tormented by unavailing regrets.

To a northern people, as warmth is of all sensations the most desirable, so cold is the most to be avoided. Exposure to chilling winds, and a state of intense and continued frigidity, is a calamity, which those who were ill clad, must have dreaded even more than the want of food. It was therefore with them a natural imagination, that the place of final punishment should be wrapt in an atmosphere of everlasting frosts. Ifriinn† was therefore contemplated with feelings of horror, and the dread of being consigned for evermore to its indescribable rigour, operated as a powerful check on the unworthy passions.

Besides piety to the objects of their worship, and unflinching bravery in the battle field, Druidic morality required the exercise of other duties, to merit the beatitude of the Isle of the exalted. The profession of bardism ensured a becoming degree of respect and awe, towards itself; while the patriarchal feelings of clanship bound closely the followers to their natural chiefs and protectors.

Hospitality is a virtue of primitive society—its exercise was a positive law among the Gauls and Germans of old.‡ It continued unrestricted among the Gaël, while their ancient system remained entire, and it is now only cooled, where modern civilization and refinement have intruded on the unsophisticated manners of an open-hearted race. “The red oak is in a blaze; the spire of its flame is high. The traveller sees its light on the dusky heath, as night spreads around him her raven wings. He sees it, and is glad; for he knows the hall of the king. There,” he says to his companion, “we pass the night; the door of Fion is always open. The name of his hall is the stranger's home.” The feast is spread—the king wonders that no stranger from the darkly heath is come.

* Macpherson's Introduction, 190.

† I fuair fhuinn, the isle of the cold atmosphere or climate.

‡ Tacitus. l. Diodorus, 5.

SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;

OR

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY, &c.

MORDUBH.

A' CHEUD EARRAN.*

AM beil thus' air sgiathan do luathais,
A ghaoth, gu triall le t-nile neart?
Thig le cairdeas dh'ionnsuidh m' aois—
Thoir sgriob aotrom thar mo chraig.
Co-aois m' oige ghlac an t-aog,
'S uaigneach m' aigne 'n uamh mo bhròin;
'S mòr mo leon fo laimh na h-aois.
Osag tha 'g astar o thuath,
Na dean tuasaid rium, 's mi lag.
Bha mi nair gu'n robh mo cheum
Cho aotrom riut fein, a ghaoth;
Mo neart mar chraig a Chruaidh-mhill,
'S iomadh cath 's na bhuail mi beum;
'S tric taibhse mo naimhdean ag astar,
Le ceum lag, o bheinn gu beinn.
Ach thig àm do bhroin-sa, ghaoth,
'N uair dhìreas tu 'n t-aonach gu mall.
Cha'n imrich thu neoil thar coill,
'S cha lùb a choille fo d' laimh,
'S cha gheill am fraoch anfhann fein.—
Ach togaidh gach geug an ceann.
Bi-sa baigheil rium-s', a ghaoth,
Oir tha 'n aois ort fein ro theann.

Cuir lasair ri geng do'n ghallan,
A shealgair coire 's aille snuadh.
Tha 'n oidhe siubhal o'n ear,

Tha ghrian a' crìtheadh 's an iar.
D'fhosgail eilean Fhlaitheis sa' chuan,
Tri uairean dorsan nan uial,
A glaothaich, "Dean cabhag thar a chuain
Le d' chuach-fhalt àluinn, a ghrian."
Tha neoil dubh sìobhlach na h-oidheche,
Gun aoibhneas air chùl nan tonn;
'S tric iad ag amharc do thrìall,
A ghnus àluinn tha 'g astar o'n ear.
Ach eiribh le 'r sgiathan o'n chuan,
A neoil dhòrach nan iomadh gruaim.
Tha sgàilean nan sonn o shean,
Tabhairt cuireadh do'n ghreinn gu flath innis.*

Beannachd le ribhinn chùin do ruin,
Buaidh le d' shaighead air gach beinn.
A shealgair, tha tabhairt dhomh treòir,
'S mi leointe fo laimh na h-aois!
Ach suidh thusa ann am naimh,
A's eisd ri tuasaid ghaoth a's chrag;
Innsidh mi dbut sgeul is mòr brìgh,
Air suinn tha sìnte fo'n lic:
'S taitneach na smaointean a thrìall;
'S miannach dreach nam bliadhna dh-fhalbh!
Pill thusa, m' oige, le t-nile ghluiomh,
A's feuch do m' anam bliadhn' mo neirt;
Feuch gach cath 's na bhuail mi beum,
A's airm nan laoch bha treubhlach borh,
Thugaibh suil o neoil 'ur suain.
'Fheara bha cruaidh anns gach cath,
Chluimidh 'ur clann fuaim 'ur cliù,

* The Author of this Poem, whose name is Douthal, was both a Chief and a Bard of great repute. The accounts which tradition gives of him are various; but the most probable makes him the Poet of Mordubh, King of the Caledonians. A fragment of this Poem has been published in Gillies' Collection, in two Parts, consisting of the First, and nearly half the Second Part. It is now given in three Parts entire; and differs not materially from the Translation given in "Clark's Caledonian Bards"—a small Volume published in the last century.

* The Sun was supposed to sleep in Flath-innis, the Isle of Heroes, in the western ocean. The human mind has been in every age ambitious of obtaining a happy hereafter. The Kelts, indulging in this pleasant presentiment, sent the ghosts of their departed friends to this imaginary paradise.

'S thig sìleadh an sùl gu làr.
Tha m' anam a soilleseachadh le gnìomh,
Nam bliadhna dh-fhalbh, a's nach pill.

Dh-fhalaich a ghealach a ceann,
Bha cadal reultan air chul neoil;
Cabhag ghaoth a's chuan o chian,
Bu gharbh an cath 'bha edar stuaidh,
A's sìleadh ghailbheach nan speur,
N uair dh' eirich co-shamhla Shailmhoir,*
O leabaidh fhuair sa' gharbh chuan;
A siubhal air bharraibh nan stuagh,
'S a ghaoth' cur meanbh chath mu'n cuairt,
Dh' eirich mac an aoig air sgiath
Na h-osaig, gu gruaidh Chraigmhoir;
'S bha anail fhiadhaich nan nial,
Ag eiridh ma shleagh gun ghuin.
Ag amharc anuas o leabaidh fhuair,
Bu mhòr a brìdh a bha 'na ghuth:
"Duisgibh! chlann Alba nam buadh,
'S garbh colg "ur naimhdean o thuath;
A' gluasad air bharraibh nan toun,
Tha clanna Lochluinn nan lom long.
Eiribh! chlann Alba nam buadh,
'S mòr neart ur naimhdean o thuath."
Air sgiath na h-osaige fuair'
Dh-fhalbh mac na h-oidhe gu luath.
Lùb an darach garbh fo chasan,
'S chrith gach gallan roi' fheirg.
"Tionailbh mo shuinn o'n t-sèil,"
Thubbairt Ceann-feadhna na h-Alba,
"Soillsichibh sràd air Druim-Feinne,
A's thig mo laoi ch o ghruaidh gach beinne."
Labhair Mordubh, Rìgh nan srath,
'S lionar crag tha 'g iniseadh sgeil.
Chuala clann a chath am fonn,
A's leum iomadh lann ghlas amach.
Dh' eirich a mhadaim san ear,
A's dh' iarr i air sian gailbheach gluasad.
B' àluinn, maiseach, fiamh na greine
Tigh'n amach gu ciùin o'n chuan;
' Boillsgeadh a gathan air airm
Nan laoch mòr-bhuadhach anns gach cath.

Air adhart dh' eirich Ciabh-ghlas treun,
A's iomadh sleagh air chul Cheann-air.
Tha Trennmor a tional a shluagh;
'S e uim'am bi Mordal air dheireadh.
Labhair Ciabh-ghlas, bu mhòr aois,
"Co chunnaic Sunar o thuath?
Am beil e togail iomadh sleagh?

* Tradition says that Salmor was drowned in passing from the mainland to his own house in one of the Hebrides, on hearing that his wife was taken prisoner, and his lands laid waste by Tutlmar, a Chief of Norway, whose father Salmor is said to have killed in battle.

† The Lochlins, signify in Gaelic *The Descendant of the Ocean*, and comprehend all the Northern Nations who invaded the Caledonians.

Thug mi fein am òig air buaidh.
Ge fann mi'n diugh anns a chath,
Bha mi'n sin gu neartar cruaidh.
"Ni m' beil a d' neart, no d' chruadal feum."
Thuir Mac-Corbhui bu bheag cliù,
"S treun meannach, Sunar o thuath.
Tha gathan na greine a leum
Mu'n cuairt a dh' eideadh an t-seid.
Tha suinn gharbh neartar ri thaobh,
Is ard a choille tha lùbadh fo chasan.
Tha creagan Thir-mhoir beag fo cheum,
'S trom colgar, gailbheach rìgh Lochluinn,
'S cha toir Siol Alb' air buaidh."

CIABH-GLAS.

"Imich thus' a ghealtair chlaoin
Gu aiseiridh shàmhach nam ban.
Tha t' anam air chrith mar dhuille uaine,
A ghluaiseas roimh anail nan speur,
Mar thuiteas i roi' fhuachd a gheambraidh,
Teich thusa o na naimhdean borb:
Ach is ioma' craobh gharbh sa bheinn so
A sheasas 'n uair is gailbheach sian.
Is tric thainig naimhdean o thuath,
Ach buannachd cha tug iad riamh.
Imich thusa mbie gun chliù,
Gu aiseiridh chuil nan daoine crìon'.
Mur biodh aige-san tha gun chliù,
Naimhdean nach bu mhò na thu,
B' aobhar eagail nach b' fhiù dha
Airm a rusgadh sa chath.
A feith air Clainn Lochluinn o thuath,
Bi 'n cruaidh lannan fuiltreach o'n taobh.
Chualas t' fhacail bu bheag stà,
A mbie an ardain tog do ghàth."

Dh' eirich dà shleagh gun h-àrd—
Bha rusgadh lann air gach taobh.
Dhuais anis neart na h-Alba,
Chum garbh chath thabhairt dh'i fein:
Ach, thainig sgiath laidir an t-sluaigh,
Rìgh àluinn Albainn a nuas,
Le corruich mhòr, 's le trom ghruaim,
Dh' amhairc e air na suinn làn fuath.
Bha shùil gu fhadhaich ag siubhal,
Gu dubbach o fhear gu fear;
Air eagal gu tuiteadh an sluagh,
Borb luath ag imeachd bha ghuth:
"Na ruigsgeadh lann a chloinn na fairge,
Na canaibh gu leag sibh sinn.
Is tric dh' eirich sleagh ur 'n athraiche;
Is lionar an cill air ar tràigh;
Ach 's aoibhinn duibhs', a chlann Lochluinn,
Lengar Alba le h-airm fein!"

Làn maslaidh bho fheirg an rìgh,
Shiubhail na laoi ch a dhuais an strì;

Mar dhà neul tha siubhal air càrn,
 'Nuair shiubhlas a ghrian air mìn dhrìuchd :
 Dubhach bha na glinn roi 'n ceum,
 Ag amharc an tighinn an deoir nan speur.
 Cha 'n fhuil leò an cnocan crìon,
 Tha triall chum gruaidh Ard-chraig.
 Mar sin a shiubhlas na suinn,
 An coinneamh a naimhdean borb,
 Air adhart tha ceum rìgh Alba,
 Mar gharbh craig an aghaidh tuinn mhoir,
 'N uair chruinnicheas na stuaidh,
 A tabhairt garbh chath do thuitte.

Mar ghaoth oidheche shiubhlas air speur,
 Thainig clann Lochluinn nan sleagh ;
 Cha siubhail osag na h-aonar,
 'S ann comhla tha dubh ghruaim nan sian.
 Dh' eirich airm Albainn gu h-ard,
 Mar thairneanach tha gairm nan cnoc ;
 Mar thuiteas dà chlach o bheinn aird,
 'S iad tachairt air ùrlar a ghlinn',
 Mar sin bha toiseach garbh a chath',
 Is iomadh nàmh a thuit leinn.
 Bha namhann a bhlair air an fhraoch—
 Bha tuitte fala mu shleagh Cheann-ard ;
 B' iomadh creubhag a lot Mordal—
 Bu chruaidh, borb, flathail, gach fear.
 Ach co b' urrainn seasadh roi' cheud ?
 Chunnac an Rìgh ar ceum air ais ;
 Las anam a ghaigich le feirg,
 'S àlt dearg a leanailt a shleagha ;
 Bha taibhsean a naimhdean mu'n cuairt,
 Ach fad' naith fein bha na laoch.
 Thainig e mu dheireadh nan deigh,
 Mar thonn a tuiteam o'n chreig ;
 'S tric a dh' iarr an fhaire air dìreadh—
 'S tric a thilg an snadh e bho bhonn ;
 Tha gàraich a chomh-strì garg,
 'S am barr glas briseadh 's a ghaoith,

C' uime tha thu gruamach 's an iar,
 A ghrian àluinn ag astar nan nial ?
 Cha b' anfhann na suinn—
 Cha do theich sinn roi 'n mheata.
 'S tric chuir neoil dhorch smal ort fein,
 An aimsir ghailbheach nan sian.
 Ach 'n uair théid fògradh air a ghaoith,
 'S théid caonnag nan speur gu taobh ;
 'N uair bheir thu smachd air na neoil,
 'S a ghilcas a ghaoth air do laimh ;
 'N uair sheallas tu oirne suas,
 'S do chuach fhalt àluinn a sniomh ;
 'N uair bhios fiamb ghàir air do ghnuis,
 'S mòr aoibhneas 'g éideadh gach enuic—
 'S aighearach leinn do bhuaidh 's na speuran,
 A's beannaichidh sinn do ghatban, a ghrian.
 Imich gu d' leabaidh le ceòl,
 Thusa tha measg nan reultan mòr ;

Bheir sinne buaidh fathasd,
 Ged' tha sinn a nochd fo leòn.

AN DARACH-EARRANN.

Tri uairean chrath an oidheche
 A sgiath dubh, cheòthach, 's an ear ;
 Tri uairean sheall na reultan,
 Mar neoil ghruamach nan speur.
 Bha osnadh thamailte nan laoch,
 'S a ghaoith ag astar nan càrn ;
 Bha co-shamhla nan sonn o shean,
 Le corruich ag siubhal nam beann.
 Chualas trom osnadh nam marbh,
 'S b' anfhann an guth 's na neoil ;
 Chuimhnich sinne gaisg' an laimh,
 A's ghabh sinn tamailte mhòr.

Air ard-chraig dh' amhaire an rìgh,
 'S lionar gaisgeach bha fo ghruaim ;
 Bha 'n smaointean soillear dha fein,
 A's labhair e le briathraibh cruaidh.
 Air cuis 'n uair laidheas gruaim,
 Théid fuadach an cridhe crìon,
 'S théid fir fhann gu luath fo dhion ;
 Togaidh an calma cheann roi 'ghaillean ;
 'S cha bhi fiamb taise na ghnuis.
 Tha ceuman nan sian 's an doire,
 'S cha lùb an darach a ghlinn.
 Abraibh sibhse Chinn-fheadhna,
 An tainig sinn o dhaoine crìon !
 An ann do gheuga fann ar sleagh ?
 O dharach Alba nam mor ghuimh,
 'S tric thainig naimhdean o thuath,
 'S c'uin a theich ar sinnsir gun bhuaidh ?
 An geill sibhse do chloinn na fairge,
 Far am b' àbhaist taibhse nan naimhdean
 Leum bho osaig gu h-osaig,
 Le trom osnadh bhròin nam marbh ?
 Tha chlach ud le mèintich liath
 A cumail cuimhne air treun laoch,
 Ag radh, " Cha do theich ar n' athraiche riamh,
 Fhearanh leanaibh dian an lorg ! "

Ag eisdeachd ri briathran an rìgh,
 Bu dubhach bha na suinn mu'n cuairt.
 Ag amharc claidheamh, sgiath, a's sleagh,
 'S le facail gun bhrìgh ann a chluais.

Sheas Morcheann, Triath Allt-duibh,
 Tri uairean chrath e sgiath,
 Tri uairean bhuail e an darach ;
 " Ainmic bha mo bhuillean fann.
 Ainmic fhuair mo naimhdean buaidh ;
 Ge d' thug bliadhun air falbh mo neart,
 Nì 'm beil gealtachd am ghruaidh.
 Shaoil leam gu'n togadh mo mhac
 Mo leac, 's gu chàireadh e mo cheann.

Chaidh ni 'n togar sgiath, no leac
 Le oigear flathail nan deas lann,
 Bha cheum air adhart sa chath;
 Ach d' fhuailig gach caraid mu 'n cuairt.
 Bha iomadh namhaid na stri;
 'S thuit an laoch roi' mhìle sluagh."
 "Beannachd" ars 'an rìgh, "do'n laoch,
 Ach na aonar ni 'm faod e falbh;
 Theid Ceann-feadhua nochd na lorg;
 'S dorch do choigreach tamh nam marbh."

Ghlac Ogan Mac-Chorbuidh a sgiath,
 An dìomhaire duinn gu eiridh grein'
 Nan' dean sibh feathamh da'r luchd mì rùn?
 An sin do labhair Ceannard treun,
 'S tric thug siol Albainn an t-slige chiuin;
 Ach e' uin a thainig bàs air coigreach,
 'N uair a thachair iad na mùirn?
 Is treubhach, maiseach, linn Lochluinn,
 A's buinig sinn fòs ar cliù.
 Ciod uime thuiteamaid mar neul,
 Thig le sgleo bho linne bluinn,
 A snamh as air bharraibh nan beann,
 'N uair chaidh leas a ghealach fo shuain,
 'S a chrathas gailiunn clachan trom',
 'S fiamh eagail air rionnag nan sian?
 Crathaidh madainn a ceann 's an ear,
 'S eiridh a ghrian le cuach-thalt cluin;
 Biodh solus a gath' air gach sgiath,
 'S bàs a gearradh airm gach suinn.

A cur air sgiath Dhunairm,
 Deir Mòrfhalt,* fanaibh gach laoch,
 Air an tog lamh mhìn-gheal leac,
 Ach laidhidh mise nochd air fraoch.
 Cha bhì deoir air gruaidh am dheigh—
 Cha 'n eirich clach le mo chliù—
 Cha 'n abair athair—"mo mhac,"
 No gruagach—"mo chreach, mo rùn!"
 Lot mo shaghead nochd na ribhinn,
 Bha tlachdar thar mhìle mnà.
 Bha fuil mo chairdean ag cur smùid.
 Dheth na h-àirm dhu'-ghorm 'n am laimh;
 Bu naimhdean a dh'-Alba, m'athraiche,
 Aig Rìgh Lochluinn, b' ainmich iad.
 B'aite leam siubhal na fairge,
 Thog sia gaisgich bhorb mo bhreid.
 Thainig gaoth le cabhaig o thuath,
 'S thog na stuaidh le feirg an druim;
 Bha meanbh charbhadh g-eiridh mu'n cuairt,
 S neoil ghruamach ag astar os-cinn.
 Dh' eirich Albainn air bharr toinn,

'S chrath gach doir' an ciabh le fàlte.
 Bha sleibhteas gòrm gu ceolmhor, binn,
 Le cathadh mìr bho cheann ar bàrc.
 Be Dunairm ceann-uighe nan coigreach,
 A's shìn an Ceannard gasd' a lamh.
 'S e beatha clann Lochluinn an Albainn,
 'N uair bhios meirg fìochaidh air an lamh,
 'S lionar ar feidh, a's làn ar silegan;
 'S tha cliù a's misneach 'n ar sgeul;
 'S e uime chùtear gruaim air coigreach?
 Chaidh sìrd le sòlas air cuirm;
 B' aoibhinn leinn còmhradh ar sìth;
 'S bheannaich sinn naimhdean ar tìr!

Mar ghathe greine air madainn chiuin,
 'N uair chromar le driuchd gach geug,
 Bha Mìn-bhàs an talla na mùirn,
 A's iomadh laoch toirt suil na deigh;
 Ach, thug i a rùn do Mhòrfhalt.
 Agam cha robh sliabh no suinn;
 Bha mi am aonar sa chath,
 Thuit naimhdean Lochluinn le m' laimh—
 Thuit, 's cha d' eirich mo chliù.
 Imich thusa, ars' an oigh,
 Gu cathaibh rìghrean còin;
 Eireadh do chliù-sa fad as,
 A's chloinnidh Mìn-bhàs an sgeul.
 Raineas rìgh Eirinn nan sleagh,
 A's thuit a naimhdean le m' laimh;
 Sheinn am bard, as tad' thar chuan
 Chualas m' iomradh gu fial.
 B' fhaoidh oighean Innse-fail,
 Le 'n lamhan mìn-gheala caoin,
 Romham gu furanach fial,
 Ach mi 'n d' fhuair a h-aon mo ghradh.
 'N tra thraoigh fearg, 's a phill sìth,
 Phill mi gu òigh nam bàs mìn.
 'N uair dh' eirich Dunairm gu h-ard,
 Bha ghrian na tamh an cluain seamh,
 'S a ghealach a siubhal gu luath
 O nial gu nial le baoisge geal—
 Thainig guth air osaig na h-oidhiche,
 O chibh an doire ud thall,
 Mar ghuth na maidne cubhraidh,
 Air aiseag gu m' chluais gu mìn mall:
 "Imich, 's na thuiteas tu ghraidh,
 Mo shuilean bh' d' silteach gach trà."
 Chrith m'anam le eagal am ciabh,
 Mar nach robh e roimhe riamh.
 Chunnacas Mìn-bhàs nan gaoil
 Le àrmunn gasda ri taobh.
 Lùb mi 'n tiubhar, ag radh—
 "A shaghead ruig cridhe na ceilg"

Nior rachadh an laoch an cein,
 A bhuidhean cliù do chridhe 'n ardain.
 Rainig an guin nìmh a taobh,
 A's chlaon an oigh-mhìn air tom.
 Bha cuach-thalt dearg le fuil,

* Mòrfhalt was a Scandinavian. His history, as given by himself, is full of the most affecting incidents. His character is distinguished by valour in the highest degree, and unshaken fidelity, to the Chief of Dunarm, who so hospitably received him on landing in Scotland, and to whom he occasioned the greatest misfortune—the loss of his family!

A's dh'imich a h-òsnadh air osnag na h-oidhebe.
 Cion a thainig guin an aoig?"
 Thuit an laoch, le guth ard,
 "O laimh an fhir nach bu tais,"
 A's thog mi an t-sleagh am laimh.
 A mhacain na h-oidhebe naiguidh,
 Thuit an t-òg le mor foghuadh,
 "Tha neart a d' laimh, a ghaigich
 'N uair is faoin do nàmh.
 Nior thog an gaisgeach a shleagh,
 Le cridhe gun àdhadh, gun ghean.
 Falbhaidh do thailhse daichnadh,
 Le macaibh na gaoithe duibh";
 Far nach tog do lamhan laun,
 'S nach guin do shaghead cridhe gaoil."

B' fhad a ghreis thug sinn,
 Cha chualas Mìn-bhàs le gair airm:
 Thuit a shleagh o laimh mo nàmh;
 A's chlaon e fadheoigh air an fhraoch.
 Thainig a ghealach o neoil;
 A's chunnacas mo charaid na fhuil.
 "An do thuit thu, bhrathair ghaoil?"
 Thuit an òigh, 's an t-aog na beul
 "S nach faic t-athair thu pilleadh o n t-saig?"

O! Mhorfhuil an tìr chein,
 C'aite an eirich do shleagh?
 Cha chluinn thu guth mo bhrathar fein,
 Cur fàilt ort tille le d' chliù.
 Ach nair eiginn thig an laoch,
 A's togaidh e 'n uaigh da rùin.
 Tharuinn mi 'n t-saighead o'n chreuchd—
 S a h-uchd mìn-gheal air a lot!
 A's shìl mo dheoir le braonaibh fala
 Na h-ighinn, 's a suilean a plogadh
 N uair chun' i lamh Mhorfhuil na fuil,
 'Sgread i mar thannasg, a's theich
 A taibhse air neulaibh na gealaich.
 Ceithir chlachan le 'n còinneiteach liath
 Thogadh sud mu uaigh an laoch:
 Ga chòir sin an suain na tàmh,
 Tha 'n ribhinn bu ghile taobh.

Sileadh oighean deoir a bhròin;
 A's seinnidh na h-eòin gu tiambaidh
 Mu dheire nan neultan dorch.
 Rè na h-oidhebe ag eiseachd na gaoita',
 Bha neoil dhubh dol tharun luath;
 A's clann an adhair, gu d' theich
 Le mòr gheilt, toirt dhomh-sa fuath!
 Tha Ceannard Dhuinairm na onar,
 Rì bròn, 's a sileadh dheur;
 Air uairbh thig e gan còir;
 A's cluinnear a leon air a ghaoith.
 Cha tog es-an a shleagh ni 's mò,
 Ach coinnichidh a namh na shleagh.
 Thuit Mac Dhuinairm le m' laimh—

Thuit Mìn-bhàs fo dhàillre na gealaich.
 An rè na gealaiche nuaidh,
 Thèid mi an carann an t-sluaigh.
 Cha 'n eil mùirn an talla Dhuinairm,
 Thèid mi, a rìgh; ach ni' m pill;
 Siubhlaidh mi mar ghruaim nan speur,
 A sheideas gu cruaidh air an raon,
 'N tra sheargas na luibhean maoth,
 Le anail fhuar na h-eigh-reotha.
 Laidh an damh aig steigh na carraige;
 'S tha ennlaidh luath gun cheòl.
 Tha' n darach gun duilleach uaine.
 Tha cirb an dòire ri crathadh;
 A's sian an adhair ga ghluasad.
 Thèid an duine ga theach,
 O fhearg na doinìone fuair';
 Ach seallaidh athair na soillse
 Air na raoin, 's iad brònach.
 Dearsaidh a chibhan le maisie;
 A's fògraidh se nambaid nan luibh;
 Crathaidh na cnuic an gruaim air falbh,
 'S ni fàilte ris a dol seach.

Suidhibh sibhse so gu là,
 A Cheann-fadha nau slogh,
 A's tuitidh mise am aonar,
 A measg ur naimhdean is geur colg;
 Nach abrar, "Nach toir sibh buaidh.
 Chionn gu'm beil mi fhein na'r measg."

"S muladach do sgeul r'a luadh,
 A Mhorfhuil," se thuit an Rìgh,
 "Ach ni 'n tuit thu ad' aonar sa chath,
 'S clann Alba an so na'n suain.
 Mar dhealan thu an am na strì,
 Ach coigil do chairdean a Mhorfhuil,
 Tuitidh fadbeireadh an treun,
 Treigidh samhradh an àidh,
 'S thig geamradh le ghruaim gun bhàidh.
 Bha Mìn-bhàs am madainn a h-òige,
 Mar dheò greine am barraibh ògain;
 'S co dheanadh còmhag na fheirg,
 Rì mac Dhuinairm a bha garg?
 Cha do laidh e gun a chliù,
 Auns a chria'-thaigh chumhann chaol.
 Gu b' iomràiteach a ghaigse, 's an dàn,
 Sheinn na baird gu blada binn.
 Ach tha sleagh t-athar, a Mhorfhuil,
 Fo smal an ad' lamh sa 'n uairs';
 Cha tog thu i 'n aghaidh ar nàmh—
 Cha bhì fuil t-athar air do chruaidh."

'S i sleagh Cheannaird Dhuinairm,
 A tha dearg le fuil a nàmh.
 Cha togar ma lann sa chath,
 Tha i *sinte laimh' rì m' ghradh.

* The ancient custom of laying the implements of war, and of the chase, in the grave with the fallen hero, has

Bu ladair an lann a h-òbha
 An t-sleagh so a th' agam fhein ;
 Ach tha e coimhead an taidhse,
 A threig uaithe air raon na nial.
 'S an toir a naimhde buaidh,
 Air athair an lài a shean aois ?
 Cha toir—'s e na chiabhan liath,
 O rìgh, 'n tra thogam-sa shleagh.

A's tog e a laoch le buaidh,
 Arsa Ceannard bu mhòr cliù,
 Ach, eisd ri truaghchean is mò.
 Bha mo thuireadh sa faraon,
 Airson Ainnir a chaidh aeg ;
 Ach nì'n toir acain, no bròn,
 Air ais dhuinn an dream tha fo'n fhòd.
 Bu mbaiseach air sliabh Culàluinn,
 Ainnir nan lann geala, caoin ;
 Dubh mar fhithreach bha a falt,
 'S bha brolach mar eal' air caol.
 Thigeadh smal air dearsadh, gach òigh',
 An lathair nigh'n Shonmhoir nan rath
 Gu'm b' àluinn mathair mo chloinne !
 A bha fonnar an talla a chiùl.
 Thainig nighean Aonair nan Sleagh,
 Da'n robh mo rùn an tùs m' oige ;
 'S ghabh a suil bu mhor goin,
 Culàluinn, am maise mnà.
 Na h-aonar fhuair i mo rùn,
 A's labhair i rithe am foil ;
 Nach ionnhuinn siubhal' an lò,
 'S cubhraidh' Chulàluinn am beith.
 Tha fir na seilg air beanntaibh cian ;
 Thràigh a mhuir fada null,
 Fagail a carraige sa ghaoith bhlàth.
 A nighean Shailmhoir nam bàs min
 Rachamaid sìar gun dàil.
 Chaidh iad tro choille nan crann,
 'S fo charraig àrd mu'n iadh an cuan,
 Chaidil Culàluinn bu gheal snudh.
 Cheangail a ghuineid mhà.
 A falt amlagach grunn,
 Na dhuail ri feamainn nan tonn ;
 A's thill i uaipe, cridhe bà !
 Le h-aighear mu gnìomh nach àdh.
 Thain an fhaighe tonn air thonn,
 A's dhuig Culàluinn á suain,
 A's b' ioghua' lea ceangal a gruaige.
 Ó fuasgail mo leadan, a ghruidh ?
 Nach truagh beat fhein mi, òigh !
 C' uime bhuin thu rium cho bà,
 'S mo mhacain aillidh an dheigh !
 Fhreagair mac talla nan creug,

been observed here by Moralt. Abandoned to despair, he probably regarded his spear as of no further use to him ; and, as the only proof he could give of his affection for the deceased, who so unfortunately fell by his hand, he laid it in her grave. Dunarm, being weak through age, gave him his own spear, and made him his adopted son.

Ach bha nighean Aonair uaithe cian.
 Thainig tonn bàiteach thar sgeir,
 'S na dheigh cha chualas a h-eigh.
 D'fhagadh i na còdaibh-eun,
 'N tra threig a bhuinn' an sgeir ;
 Tri trathan dh'i bhi mar neul,
 Air aigéal na mara ud shìos.

Ach nì'n tearmunn dhut gu bràth,
 A Ghuineid, do bhrathair baoth.
 Thuit an laoch le 'm gheur lann,
 Ged' dlion e mi aon uair sa chath.
 Laimh ris ann an suram suain,
 Laidh thusa a b' uabhairche gnìomh ;
 Is minig an aising na h-oidhche,
 Thig do thaibhse le droch fhiamh.
 Ach a Chuil-àill an fhuilt duibh,
 Is ionnhuinn leam thus' am shuain !
 Thig thu gun chith, gun cholg,
 'S cha sheun fear cuairt do chòmhnaidh,
 'N tra dh' eireas gealach gun smal.
 Is minig a chluinnead do ghuth.
 Ro' thighinn na doinionna ghairbh'.
 Cluinnidh am maraich' an òigh,
 A's gabhaidh tannh f' sgeith na creige ;
 A coimhead nan tonn gun bheud,
 Is caomh leis eigh nam boghannan,
 Ged' eireadh iad ard san duibhre !
 Amhuil a thuit mo chaomh, a Mhorfhuil,
 A's dh' eirich mo shleagh le buaidh ;
 Cha mhaireann aon ghràdh air thalamh,
 A's leagar mor ghaisgeach san uaigh.

Dh' aithris Ceannard sgeula bhròin,
 'S am feachd bha tosdach trom !
 Bhrùrachd osuaidh a' chleibh,
 'N tra dh' aithris e sgeula na truaighe.
 'San doire dhailleach bha thannh,
 Cha d' ghlais an osag am fraoch min ;
 Cha do shiubhail na neoil thar bheinn,
 'S i bh robh sìan an ciabh nan crag ;
 Bha gach crann a's lus an sìth,
 A's laidh a ghaoth a sìos gu grad.
 Ciod tha dearsadh san ear,
 Faoin chruth le fàite gàire ?
 Tha ghealach na cadal gu seamh,
 'S nì'm beil a ghrian a tighin air faire.
 'S i oighe an uchd chreuchdaich a th' ann,
 Le mìle solas tighin' na deann.
 Min-bhas gu Mhorflait an tìr chein,
 A tha giulan sgeith a h-athar.
 Nì'm beil a h-imeachd am feirg,
 Is caomh i air an leirg gu h-ard.
 Cuir fuadach fo smalan na h-oidhche,
 Tha *reull na maidne na dearna ;
 A tighin' mar dhearsadh am moch thrà,
 Toirt fios duinn mu eiridh na greine.

* Meidearg-mhadne.

C' uime tha t-imeachd cho luath,
 Ainuir shuairce 's gile ghùis?
 Ach dh-fhag thu mhadaim òg 'na t-àite,
 Is caomh leth-dheàrach do chruth;
 Thar bhadan ceathaich na leirge,
 A dh-fhalbhas ro' eiridh na greine.

AN TREAS EARRAN.

Bha briseadh na fàire 's an ear,
 'S theich duibhre air sgiathan luathais:
 Dh' imich na reultan fad as;
 'S bha ghrian a togail a cinn àidh,
 'N tra thog am bàrd a ghuth.

Chuir Sunar, Ceann-feadhna nan laoch,
 Tha treun mar charraig nan tonn,
 Mar chnoc air thir-mor nach gluaisear,
 Mise thugaibh, shìol nam beann.
 Tha fhreun air sgiathan ro threun;
 'S tha sheobhaig ma cheum gu luath;
 Bha fhithich ma loma long!
 Air imeachd nan cuaintean mòr.
 An tabhair ceannard na tìr'
 A shuinn dhaibh mar chloisach?
 Na 'n tuit e sìos do'n ghaisgeach,
 Ag tabhairt feidh a shleibhteann ard?
 Uaibhse, theich o'n chath,
 Tha Siol Lochluinn nan sleagh geur',
 Ag iarraidh freagairt gu grad.

'S ard guth Shunar gun ag,
 Fhìlidh dhàn nan ciabhan liatha:
 Tha bhriathran labhar neo-mheat',
 A chionn nach eil a naimhdean lionmhor.

Ach, suidh thus' air an fhraoch,
 A mbacain nam fonn is binn';
 A's theid an t slige làn mu'n cuairt;
 Cha 'n eil ar fuath air clann nam fonn;
 A's pill a rithisd, gu foil,
 Gu Rìgh Lochluinn, a ghloir nach àdh;
 Innis dha gu'm beil eunaidh nan slabh,
 Air sgiath an dèis an creich fein.
 Thigeadh e le mhiltean sloigh;
 Tha neart n'ar cridhe-ne 'ta mòr

Chual am bard briathran an Rìgh,
 A's dh-fhalbh e 'n ardan a chri:
 Bha aithris nan taibhse na chuairt,
 O'n chunnaic e 'n sluagh a thuit.*
 Mar thig an doireann bho thuath,

* The bard, leaving the adverse host, reflected on the high spirit of either army, and inferred the effects that would naturally ensue. Being inspired with such thoughts, he looked forward with a prophetic eye, and pronounced the fall of the people. Hence often the ground of belief in the second sight.

Le gaath luath a's nialta fliuch,
 A tuirilinn o ghruaidhean nam beann,
 Nuas air aonach, ghlium, a's shlochd—
 Mar sin thainig Sunar le shuinn.
 Bha 'n sgiathan mar nialaibh na h-oidheche—
 Bha 'n aghaidh mar reultan a' lasadh,
 'S na plathanaibh duibhreach, nialach.

Chaidh neart na h-Alba air adhart,
 Mar ghaillbheann thonn le gàir,
 Tha g' imeachd an neart nan sian,
 Tha gluasad o chian gu h-àrd.
 Cuinnidh am maraiche an toirm,
 'S le fiamh theid e na dhàil,
 O nach urr' e nis a sheachnadh,
 Tha 'g iomairt air aghaidh na bhàre.

Cia mar dh'aithriseam fein
 Gniomhan euchdach 'ur n-arm?
 A shealgair Choirre-nàn-stùe,
 Chunn' do shuil Mor-chreag—
 A tha togail a chinn gu h-àrd,
 'S a gabhail nan nial na chialh,
 O mhulach tha tòirleum a nuas,
 Le tailmrich o ghruaidh na craig,
 Sruth laidir, tha siubhal gu luath,
 Gu cuan, o aonach a's ghleann,
 'S a tuasaid ri buinne na fairge;
 Ach bu ghàire, a shealgair, an tiod.

Mar lùbas a chuisseag fhann,
 Fo dhoiminn na h-àibheis fuair',
 'N uair bhios buaireas thaibhse dian,
 'S na siantan uile fo ghruaim.
 Lùb Siol Lochluinn gu lùath
 Roimh Rìgh Alba nan sluagh àir.
 Chunnaic Sunar e tighin—
 A's chrath e trì uairean a shleagh.
 Ach crathaidh tu i gu faoin,
 A mhic Lochluinn a ghuth aird.
 Mar charraig roi' dhoineann garbh,
 Tha ceann-feadhna na h-Alba an tràs.
 Am buinne tha neartan, mear,
 Teichidh roimh aghaidh gu chail.

"Ach an do theich mise riamh,"
 'S e labhair Rìgh Lochluinn nan clair.
 "Mar dhoiminn an adhair mo laimh,
 Cha seas na beantan fein le'n coill,
 'S le'n stacaibh cragach, am lathair.
 Air an fhaighe thug mi buaidh,
 'N uair le feirge do sgaoil an cuan,
 Mu fhearann a's fhonn, ag eigheach,
 Is bheum gach rutha, a's sgeir bheueach.
 Ach 's faoin a labhair thu, chuain,
 Bhuirb nan stuadh-ghlasa baath?
 Nach tug mi fcin ort roimhe bnaidh?
 'S an seas Ceannard an t-sluaigh so ri m' thaobh?"

Sin sambuil do bhriathraibh an laoi-ch.
 Ach, chrithnich an talamh mu'n cuairt,
 'N tra thog iad an slaghan ard;
 Thuit craobhan le m' freumhach buaint',
 'S chrith creagan fo chasan nan treun?
 A's leum iad o'n leabaidh thainn.
 'S ionadh cruaidh a bha á truaill,
 A's saighead a siubhal a h-iubhar.
 Bha seoid ag amharc an strì,
 'S dà rìgh a gleac' gu borb.
 Thuit sgiath Shunair gu lar,
 'S thar a shloigh thuige le fiamh;
 Thog Mordubh a shleagh gu h-ard,
 Ach chun' e uchd a nàimh gun sgiath.
 Bha smaointean air gnìomhan éuchd,
 A's ghleidh e laimh air ais.

Bha Mòrfholt air aghaidh 's a chath—
 Leis thuit laoch air gach buille
 Sheas Ceann-feadhna bho thuath an cein;
 Bha airde mar chraoibh fo blà.
 Dh'aom clann Alba air an ais,
 O sgeith laidir mar stuadh o charraig,
 Ambuil darag aosda nan àrd,
 'S na siantan ri combstrì dhian.
 Ach togaidh tu do cheann le buaidh
 Tha maiseach, gun bheud o'n stòrm:
 Mu d' thimcheall tha dìon gach uair;
 'S thig an sealgair o'n fhuachd a d' dhlùthas,
 A's gheibh e dìon o'n iunnrais fhuair:
 Mar sin tha sgiath an laoi-ch da shluagh.
 Thog Mòrfholt a shleagh gu éuchd,
 A's ghabh e'n còdhail a ghaisgich,
 'S bu ghàbhaidh còmhlag nam fear borb;
 Fhreagair mac-talla nan creag
 Do dh' fhuaim an lannan glas' géura—
 Chuir iad coill a's fraoch á bun,
 Le 'n casan air uillinn an t-sleibhe—
 A's chrithnich clanna nan crìon,
 Ag coimhead ri gnìomh nan tréun-fhear

Is mor a ghreis a thug na seoid,
 'S na sloigh a coimhead an éuchdan;
 Ach chlaon iad araon air an fhraoch,
 'S fuil chraobhach a ruith o'n creuchdaibh.

Sin labhair Mòrfholt na mor gnìomh,
 Cha'n eirich mo shleagh nì 's mò;
 'S cha ruisgear mo chruaidh 's a chath.
 Tha aon bhrathair agam fòs,
 Mas' a beò e, Solbha treun,
 Sealgair an fheidh air Bunar:
 Ma thuiteas tu leis gheibh thu cliù—
 Oir cha tòu an t-òg gun mheang.

An do thog mi mo lamh, 's mo lann,
 A Mhorfhuilt, a t-aghaidh, mo bhrathair?
 A sheol an tùs dhomh cleasan lùgh;
 Ach, nì 'n t-sleagh nì 's mò.
 Fàram lann mo bhrathair chaoimh,
 'S gu 'n càram an so e ri m' thaobh.
 Theid sinn le cheile air chuairt,
 Gu teach ar n' athraichean thug buaidh;
 Biodh ar leabaidh 's an nial,
 An ionadan sian nan taibhse.

Chual an sluagh balbh a ghloir,
 'S bu mhor am bròn air son an laoi-ch.
 Theich Siol Lochuinn g' an cabhlach,
 A's shil deoir Mhordhuibh mar bhraon;
 Phill e air ais a shuinn—
 Thog iad leac-lighe gu h-ard,
 A's sheinn am bàrd cliù an t-seiod.
 Tha darag aosda na chòir,
 'S na mheuraibh mòr tha sranna ghaoth—
 Tha dealan an adhair mu'n cuair,
 'S cha tig fear tuirais na dhàil—
 Seachnaidh e 'n t inil nach àdh,
 An aimsir nan reultan cian—
 Tha dà thaibhse mu'n cuairt an còmhaidh,
 Le acain bhròn tha siubhal air siantaibh.

COLLATH.

Tha acaid an aising neo-chaoin !
 An cadal do lagh, athair ?
 Is eagal leamsa doinionn chraidh ;
 Tha toirm gun àdh air na flathaibh.

Ciod e, Chollaith, fi t-acaid ?
 Arsa Aosar a ghuth bhinn.

Chunnacas, deir e-san, slige gu h-òl,
 Do fhuil nàmh o dhortadh lann.
 B' uamhann do m' anam an gnìomh !
 Ciod e bhrìgh, a shìol nan rann ?

Ach 's faoin so aising na suain ?
 Is faoin neo-bhuan gach nìle nì.
 Tuitidh an gaisgeach treun na threis,
 A's àillteachd gach cruth gu crìon.
 Mar shruthas blà na coill—
 Mar thig neul daillreach air a ghreìn—
 Is amhuil sin beatha nam beo !
 Cha choigil 's cha chaomhain sinn seud.
 Ach, an comhnuidh dhomhs' am thamh ?
 A mbi Chollaith, mo ghraidh, ca' beil thu ?
 Aona nìhe mo cheile chaoimh !
 A t-aonar am beil thu air lear ?
 Fair an lann ud air an eallachainn,
 Mac-sambailt do dhealan nan cath.
 Thog Oglach an lann so g'a liobh—
 Lann m' athraichean an gnìomh nan rath.
 Is iomadh cath a's còmhrag cruaidh
 Is cuimhe leam a bhi le buaidh.

Fhreagair an sin Aosar nan dân,
 A churaidh, a Chollaith nam buadh,
 C'uinne—ma bitheadh t-imtinn fo phràn—
 Bha Oglach mar athraichean treun,
 Curaidh treubhach e 's a chath.
 A' mosgladh air faiche nan cruaidh.
 'S e bheireadh buaidh thar mhìle fath.

A's aosda lag mi nìs fo bhròn,
 Thuir Collath, 's a dheoir a ruith !

Tha tuitte dol tharunn gu dù,
 A e' ait' am beil m' annsachd fein an dìgh.
 Gu b' ionmhuion thu Oglach threim,
 Mo leanabh fein a b' aille cruth !
 Bha thu fann roimh imeachd do nàmh,
 'S an triall mar thoran thar Mealldubh ;
 A's thig an là gun teach, gun ùigh,
 Gun talla, gun fhathaibh, gun cheòl,
 'S am bi Siol Armuinn fo sprochd,
 Mar flailas ruiteach tro' neoil.
 Ach 's diomhain mo thuireadh gu leir !
 Ciod so 'm fà mu'm beil mo chrì
 Fo bhruailean le aisting chruaidh ?
 A bualladh gu crìtheach, gun fhois,
 Mar dhuilleach roi dhoinionn 's ua cluanaibh.

Fhreagair mi fhein gu seamb,
 A's tioma bhròn ga 'm chlaoi !

“ Am fanam-sa so am thamh,”
 Thuir Oglach, “ 's mo ghradh am dhi ?
 Cha chaill mi, ars' e-san, mo chlin,
 Ann am madaionn chaomh na h-oige.
 B' eug-samhuil na h-armuinn threuma,
 M' athraiche feile, gun ghìomh :
 'S nì 'm fanamsa so gun àdh,
 Mar gheug gun duille gun bhà ;
 Bheir mi buaidh air ardan fein,
 Neo thèid mi eug, 's e chual
 Mi, as tartar a cheum
 A ruighinn gu h-eutrom mo chluas.
 Tha ' cruth caoin mar dheò greine,
 'S deirge beul no bìlibh ròis ;
 Tha h-anail nì's cubhraidh na'n sùth,
 'S a guth bin mar inneal croil
 'S i 's aille dealbh de'n t-shlagh,
 Bheireamsa buaidh da trid !
 Aiteal sùl is glaine snuadh,
 Aimir shuairec 's igheann rìgh.
 Mar torchair mi 'n oigh le m' laim,
 Nì mi còdhail rithe thall.
 Mo chridhe tha 'g eiridh neo-throm,
 A leumnaich le aiteas am chom !
 O thaibhse nan treun fhear, a threig,
 C' ait an comhnuidh dhuibh o'n eug ?
 An comhnuidh d' ur n' anma an adh,
 Gun cheò na Lanna, no blàr ?
 Gach fiùran le òigh gun smal,
 Neo-ionan a's sine ri gal.”
 Thog e ri crannaibh na seoil,
 A's dhomhlaich nime a shluaigh ;
 Rì comh-strì ghailbheach nan tonn,

* Fonar, the Author of this Poem, belonged to the illustrious and once powerful family of Collath. He accompanied his young friend, in his last expedition, to rescue Annir, the betrothed bride of Oglach, and only child of Rutha, whom Ardan, a chief of a distant isle, carried off in the absence of her friends. Her exquisite beauty gained her many admirers. She preferred the Son of Collath. By their marriage the two most powerful families of Caledonia would have been united. But these hopes were never to be realised. The Poem opens with a vision of Collath, and concludes with a lament of the fall of the race of Collath, chief of Carig. It is partly dramatic.

Bha fonn a ghaoil ann a bheul.
 Cha mheata, am feasd, a chri,
 A's Ainneir da dhì 's an iuil;
 'S an oidheche fheartuinnreach gu lò,
 Ag udal cuain an aghaidh shian,
 "Fagamaid acaim a's bròn,"
 Thuirt Oglaoch, "gu clanna nan crìon,
 Taosgar gach boinne de m' fhuil.
 Mu'n leigear leo an òigh."
 Dh' eirich leinne cairdean treun,
 Thar lear a thorchair cliu—
 Dh' eirich leinn Eilean nan laoch—
 Dh' eirich leinn Fraoch a's a shluagh.
 A chaitheadh ar slighe 's a chuan,
 Ghabh sinn an sin duan mu seach;
 Sin sheinn duinn filidh nam fonn,
 'S a ghuth bha ard thar tuinn a's lear.

Biodh anam àidh ag taomadh,
 Mar chaochan ann an ualan ciuil,
 Is eibhinn le m' chluas an torraghan trom!
 Mar chabhlach nan caomh fo shìoil.
 Is ion' le m' chrì an t-aiteas ard.
 Tha 'g eiridh àdhmhor a steach!
 Mar chlaraibh an talla nam fonn,
 Mar chuireann an sonn nach meat,
 Mar fhilath-innis mhìle bàrd,
 Biodh smaointe graidh a chrì!
 Ionmhuinn gach sìle, gach braon,
 Ionmhuin maraon a's Beul-bì,
 Caoin chruth geal nan ioma dual,
 O shìol na cathraiche nuaidh,
 Càir gheal a chamhair a cneus,
 'S a leac mìn mar na ròis;
 Amhuil i 's an t-sobhrach bhàn,
 Reull nan ioma b' àille snuadh;
 Bha i mar aiteal na greine,
 'S a mhadainn ag eiridh gun ghruaìn.
 Ach tuitidh fathasd luibh an raoin;
 Seargaidh a caoin chruth 's a dreach;
 "Srutaidh a blàthan gun bhuain,"
 'S e deir Mac Nuaith is geire beachd.

Thug i ceisd, a's a gaol trom
 Do Shonn òg a chaidh thar lear;
 A's dh'eirich doininn nan laun
 Mu oigh chaoin gheal nan cleachd,
 Tha aigne 'n laoch mar aiteal speur,
 No lasair dhein air aonach ard;
 Co thraoghas a buairb ghàir?

A chlanna fial nan armuinn fuidhidh,
 Eiribh gu duthaich fad as,
 Gu taomadh oirn mar dhoininn ghairbh,
 Nì h-aoibhinn an fheing a tha las'.
 Ach mairidh cliu nan saoidh gach ial,
 A ghleachdas ri truaighean gun mheath.
 A laochraidh nan sleagh liobhaidh gear,

Togaidh oirbh, mear, leumnach, garg,
 Mor—uaibbreach—borb,
 Le uamhann cith agus colg!
 'Fheid gathaibh leoin tre 'n cridhe;
 (Is aoibhinn fulang nan treun!)
 Buirbe nan gaisgeach 's an strì,
 Coigil a d' chleibh a's a d' shuain.
 Lamh nan treun gu cath biodh leat,
 'S an àrach fo lamh gu sguab.
 'N tra thraoghas gailbheinn na h-àibheis,
 Mar an t-ànrach claoite sgith;
 Seallaidh gnais an iunrais caoin,
 Amhuil laoch n' tra philleas sìth.
 Ach e-san a thuiteas le buaidh,
 Tha e faighinn caochladh nuaidh;
 A mbealtuinn ionmhas nan saoidh,
 Nach ionmhuinn a chaoi, a chomhnuidh!

Thainig tioma air mo chrì,
 Rì cuimhne na chunna' mi fhein!
 Gualann-chatha nach bu tinn,
 Flathaibh fuileach bha ri m' linn.
 Nach eil a h-aon diu am shean aois?
 Nach b' eibhinn a bhi leo seach leim?
 Chunnacas sonn mor nam buadh,
 Curaidh uaibbreach nan gnìomh garg;
 Lubadh nan cathan fo lainn,
 'N uair a mhosgladh e am feirg.
 'S e aigne an laoch a bha ard—
 Bha bhoile mar chaoiribh chruach.
 Cha robh e riamh ann an sìth,
 'N uair ruisgeadh na lannan san strì;
 Bha imeachd mar thoran tro gheann,
 Mar dhealan an adhair bha dheann.
 Ach threig an gaisgeach o chian,
 Carraig-chatha a chridhe fhial;
 'S chaidh mar aon ris iomadh còmhlan,
 Cha n-è mo shòlas nach eil e buan.
 Ach teirigidh sinn uile fa-dheoidh,
 A's chi an lò sinn smal' san uaigh.*

Ach mairidh gu suthain 's an dàn,
 Gniomhan alloil aidh nan saoidh;
 'N uair chrionas a cholluinn gu smùr,
 Mar an ùir an còmhchad criadh;
 Mar cheathach tra nòin air an t-sliabh,
 Triallaidh an deò ag imeachd uain,
 Far nach teirig grian, no gradh—
 Far a maireann àdh nan sonn.

Ach, Oglaoich, is deacair trom,
 Sean aois a chromas an t-àrd,
 A chaochaileas cruth nam flath,

* Fonar, who was a warrior as well as a bard, recites past events, in which he, together with the aged chief, whose mind is soothed with a recital of the deeds of former days, acted a part: and his own state frequently and naturally occurs to him.

'S a dhallas fradbare chail nam bàrd.
Cia mar sheinneas mi dhut ceòl,
A laoiach oig, am chiabhan liath?
'S e labhair mi fein ris an t-saoidh,
Ceannard òg nam mille eilar.

Chnuacas reull bu dealrach dreach,
A soillse tro' dhuibhre na h-oidheche;
A's shoillsich a ghealach a rìs,
'S na neoil ag imeachd gu luath.
"Mar aiteal nan reull ud gu h-ard,
Tha maise Ainnir," ars' an laoch,
"A lionadh m' anam do ghradh;
Ged' tha thusa balbh ad' dheoir!
Còm is meuchaire, mhìne, ghìle,
Taomadh gaoil mar dhearsa na h-oidheche!"
A lionadh anam de shòlais,
Is binne guth no fuaim nan clàr,
Is àille dreach no cruth cubhraidh,
An noinein bhàin fo dhealt nan speur.
Is annhor an t-aiteas so am chliabh!
Cìod so an sòlas dìamhair,
A tha ga'm lionadh gun fhoghnadh?
Tha m' aigneadh a' leumnaich a ghua,
Le buaidh a's mor ghradh na h-oighe.
Air an t-sleagh so aon am laimh,
Pillidh sinn o'n àr le buaidh!
Pillidh, no tuitidh le clù,
Air son an rùn a tha bhuainn.
Pillidh mar aon a gaol
Ro chaoim, mar ri caochladh cath.
Tha m' aigneadh a' leumnaich gu còmhrag.
Is ionmhuinn le oighean mac rath.

Aithris dhuinn fhilidh nan dàn,
Thuit mi fhein am briathraibh ciùin,
Mar bha oigh na h-ìomair bhaigh,
Rè a latha an reull iàil.
Beul-bì,* sòlus mhìle crì,
Maise mnà a bhil bhì;
Ighean ghaoil bu bhlasda ceol,
A falt mar fhitheach, dubh mar smeoir.
Bha maise a's gradh le cheil' na sealladh,
A mala crom mar ite 'n lòin;
A còm seannh, fìnealta, fuasgailt',
Cha lubadh a ceum am feirnean.
Bu chruth ionmholt an rìbhinn;
Ach cìod am fà ma'n robh sa 'g radh?
Gach aona bhuaidh do bhi air finne,
Bha sud air dunach nan laoch,
A thuit mar ghallan nan gleann,
Mar sgathar fùran nan crann.

* The history of Belvi is introduced here with great propriety. The injured are apt to think their own case without a parallel, and the burden of the afflicted becomes lighter, when they are assured that others suffer the like, or greater hardships.

Ach dh-fhailig mor mhaiss' a ghaoil,
Chaochail ' cruth àillidh gu h-aog!
'N uair bhuail lann Chonnlaich uchd Dhonna-
ghaill,

'S a ruith fhuil na thonnann blà!
Chlaon e air uillinn an t-armunn,
An gath nìme chaidh tro' airnean;
Gath gear guineach nan trì chòlg,
Os ceann imleig shàth na bholg.
Bha tosga tiugha nam beum luatha,
A reubadh feoil, a's enai' ga'm bruasgadh.
Gach lann, mar dhealan an adhair,
Mar fhalaig air sliabh na lasair,
Dh'aom na flathaibh fo rhaoin:
Bu dearg gach sruthan san raon.
Thuit e mu throma ghrìdh na h-oighe!
Mar chobhar sruth bha fhuil a dortadh,
'S a ruith—'s e fuil a chridhe bh' aon,
A brùcadh tro' chrenchdan nan lann.
Uaith sin, chluinte caoiran na h-oigh':—
"Och, mo dhorainn, agus m' acain!
Nach deachaidh mi eng o chian,
Mu'n d'fhuair aon fìleasgach mo ghaoil!
Thuit mo roghainn, thuit mo rùn,
Ach ma thuit e, fhuair e chliù.
Och! nach robh sinn, ruin ghil còmhla,
Fo'n fhòd ghròm a gabhail còmhaidh!
Theireadh iad, an sin n'an tàmh,
Tha òg-fhlath nam buadh, 's a ghràdh,
An ceangal buan, an glais a bhàis.
Thuit iad mar luibhean an raoin,
Le'n uile bhlà, 's a mhadainn chubhraidh,
'S an dealt a boillsgeadh le gath greine."

Mar sin, thèr sinn chuige gu sèamh;
Bha ar caoinh a tighin' san duibhre;
Thamh sinn car ghreis air an leir,
Gu briseadh fàire na maidne.
Bha'n cuan siar mar lainnir,
Le soillse àdhmhor o'n ear;
A's dealt nan speur air gach blà,
Gu foineil tlà mar an lear.
Chaidh sinn f'ar n' armaibh gu leir;
'S chaidh mosgladh fa eilean nan steadh.
"Rachadh, thuit Oglaoch, ard, mear,
Romhainn a nis' teachdair luath."
Chuir sinn romhainn Lùghmhor òg,
Le fios gu Ardan, gun àdh!
"E chur chugainn Ainnir na mais',
'S gu'm pilleadh ar feachd ga'n cabhlach."
'S e thuit Ardan a chridhe bhuirb,
"Sinn fein a philleadh gu grad,
Air neo gu sguabadh e gach saoidh
Gu lear, mar fhaileas ro'n ghaoith
Gu lubadh e Oglaoch fo lann,
Mar mheangan an doire nan crann."
Dh'omhlaich an sin na sloigh
Air an fhaiche gu h-ard,

A's thàr sinn a suas nan codhail
Gun fhiamh, ge b' iomadh na laoih.

Bhuail na saoidh air a chéile,
A's chrith an learg fo'n casan,
Thainig Ardan, mar bhuinne horb;
Ag iarraidh Oglaoich gu còmhrag,
E-san sheas roimhe gu treun,
Mar ebarraig roimh eiridh nan tonn:
Bu chruaidh am buillean 's bu ghar,
'S an chridhe leumnaich nan com.
Mar thuiteas taosgadh a chuain,
'S a dh'islicheas buirbe nan tonn,
Roimh Oglaoch nan beuma nach cù,
Bha Ardan a fannach' 's an strì.
"Am meanglan mi nis a lùbas
Fo d' laimhse, churaidh gun àdh?
C'uime uach leigeadh tu leam
An òigh a thug thu thar tuinn?
Ainnir nam meall-shuidean m'ne,
'S an domh fhìn a thug i gradh!"
"Cha leiginn leat an oigh chaoìn,
No le aon laoch ann ad t-fheachd.
Is cian a shiubhail mi 'n cuan,
Is eileanan stuadh-ghlasa sàil',
'S cha 'n fhacas a samhla fo 'n ghrein,
'S cha sgar o cheile sinn ach bàs."
Sin mar labhair na suinn,
An cruai'-ghleachd 's an buinn ga 'n stail;
Bha aigneadh an armainn nach bu chli
Ag eiridh air bhoile 's an strì.
Thug e iarraidh dheacair threun,
A's shàth e chruaidh an eridhe Ardain.
Thuirilinn na cathaibh gu domhail,
'S bha Oglaoch am meadhon a nàmh.
Thainig Fraoch nan sonn ga chomhna,
'S bha abhainn fala dòl seach.
Mar dhealan an adhair bha 'n launaibh—
An tartar mar thòran adhair,—
Shin a's thàr iad gu chéile,
A's thuit na treun-fhir sa' bhlàr.
Cha robh Ceanna-bheirt na dhidinn—
Cha robh roinn gun reuba fuileach!
Mar sin bha iomairt nan laoch,
Gus an do theich na h-iomadh.
Thug sinn ar n'aghaidh gu lear;
A's thog sinn leinn Oglaoch erenchdach,
A's Fraoch, a's iomadh fear treun,
A chàradh fo lie an cois na tràghad:
A's Ainnir a tharunn nan dèil,
Fhuaradh ise urad siar,
A cruth a caochladh mar neul!
A's sleagh sàthaite na cliabh—
A com caoin bu ghile suadh,
Air caochladh le dile fala!—
A falt am-lubach cleachdach
Na dhualaibh a falach a taobh—
Bha h-acain leoin fadheoidh,

Mu Oglaoch caomh a graidh!
Thog sinn dà lie le 'n còinntich,
A's sheinn an filidh an cliù;
'S am fuigheal brònach a mhair,
Thog sinn thar lear ar siul!*

Bha sinn làtha sgìth air chuan,
Air udal seach stuadhan ard,
A seoladh gu muladach trom,
As eagais an t-suinn 's a ghràidh.

"A's dh-fhag sibh mo laogh an céin,"
Arsa Collath, 's a dheur a ruith;
"Bu gheal an chridhe bha na chom,
'S bu chaoine no deo grein a chruth.
Shaoileam, Oglaoich threun,
Gu biodh tu leam fhein an diugh,
Mar neart dhomb am shean aois,
A's feasgar mo là dhomb dlù,
Is gearr an rè a fhuair
Thu, Ogain a b'uaisle gnìomh!
Bu mhor treoir do lamh 's do lainn:
A's thuit thu, Oglaoch nach bu chli!
Ach mairidh do chliù 'san dàn,
A's triallaidh mise gun dàil a d' dheigh,
Gu eilean nan flat san iar,
'S mo ghrian a laidhe air lear.
'S neo-aoibhinn a sealla an tràs—
Fhìlidh dhàn nach eil i 'n bròn?"
"Tha," thuirt Binn-ghuth gu caoin;
"Ach daisgidh i thall ud a ceòl.†"
'N uair threigeas i sinne car seal,
Cha bhì gal air saoidh tha thall,
"Ach Fhonnair, aithris do sgeul,"
Arsa Collath fein, an sin.
"Eilean mo ghaoil, 's e a t'ann,"
Arsa 'm Fìlidh, ar fear iuil.
"An t-eilean mu'n iadh an cuan ard,
A togail a chinn gu cùr!
Togail a chinn tro cheo-allaidh,
A's neul a folach gach stuadh.

Mo chean ort fein, ge d' is cian,
Caraid fhial bu mhor gràdh!
De shìol fhilathaibh nad ceud chath,
Thainig oirn' an là nach àdh!
Thuit na gaisgich, thuit na saoidh.
'S tragh an laoidh a tha na 'r beul!
A caoidh sliochd Chollaith nan gràdh;
A's fhlà an Rùtha a thuit naith cian.
O fhinne gaoil a tha gun mbaig,
'S e mo chreach! an fhaig tha steach.

* This description of the heroine is beautiful and affecting. On the fall of Ardan she was set at large, and sought her friends in the midst of danger; a spear pierced her side—they found her like a pale cloud, inquiring for the youth of her love with her latest breath!

† See Note, Mordubh, page 1. line 39,

‡ Annr. daughter of Armin, Chief of Rùtha, poetically called "The bloom of beauty."

Ann's a cheitin àr'ar, bhàl,
Phiod dreach is àill' air gach slìos.
Is gorm badanach am fraoch,
Am faigheadh na sàoidh an suain;
'S gur deacair, diambair, cluain an fheidh,
'S am biodh Collath treun, 's a shluagh.
Bha 'n t-àm sin, arsa an Ceannard fein,
Mar là grein ghil, eubhraidh, caoin!
Ach thainig feasgar an là sin ro luath,
A's threig mo shluagh, mar dhealt fo grein,
'N uair thainig dù-neoil o na speur,
'S a h-òr-thalt fein bha sgaoilt' gu h-ard,
Sguabadh gu h-am-lubach air falbh,
'S cha robh a dealbh air cnoc no slabh.
Ach, 'ghrian, thig là do bhròin,
N uair nach laidh tha le ceòl 'san iar,
S nach eirich thu 's an ear le treoir,
Ach mall mar mis', am chiabhan liath."
Bhiodh cneas Bhràt-shealla ri grein
Shamhraidh, fo gach fear a's cneamh;
An ealabhuidh 's an noiean bàn,
'S an t-sobhrach an gleann fàs nan luibh;
Ann's am faigheadh an leighe liath,^{*}
Furtachd fiach do chreuchd a's leòn!
Olla shìol nan sleaghan geur,
Da'n comhnidh o chéin an t-Sroin.
'S traigh nach robh e san àr,
'N uair thàr sinn gu traigh fad as!
'S bheireadh e na sàoidh o'n bhàs,
'S bhiodhmaid mar bu ghràth air lear.
'S iomadh iomart bha ri m' linn,
Cruai' bheumach air chinn gach uair;
A's shileadh ar deoir mar fhras nan speur,
'N tra thuiteadh gaisgich threun nam buadh.

'S ann mar sin, a Chollaith, bha sinn,
Ri linn na thréig a's nach pill,
'N uair thuit do chòlan treun,
Ceannard Rutha, nach bu tiom.
Thuit an crann a b' àr'ar fàs,
A faillean mo gràidh san fhonn;
Mar mhaoim sleibh, no dealan speur,
Leagadh Ceann-feadhna nan cath.
An dh-fhag e ach am meanglan òg?
Ainnir nach beò leinn an nochd!
'S ann o d' fhreunhach fein a bha iad,
'S ni 'm beil a lathair dhù mac rata.

Goiridh a chombachag á creig,
A's freagraidh guth airt-neul a h-uaimh;
Mar sin ar guileag bhròin ro lag,

A nis a tuireadh gu truagh.
Thàr sinn mar so leis an oidheche,
Gun aoidh, gun chuilin, gun cheol;
Laidh smal air gach fonn a's fear,
A's dhorchaidh na reultan fo bhròin.
'S faoin carraig Chollaith a nochd—
Is faoin tha Innis ta sprochd,
Leth dhoilleir ameach nan nial,
A's sàoidh nan rath air ànradh cian.
Thainig eù* le bural bròin,
Bha'n gaothar tiamhaidh truagh!
Nach cianail a nis am bruth,
A's Rutha nan stèc ann an gruaim!
Gun laoch aig baile nì sealg;
Gun chuilin, gun mhùirn, gun choim.

Slàn leibh a bheannaibh mo ghaoil,
Ann's am faighinn mang a's damh;
Sòraidh le Arnuinn a thréig,
Nì h-eibhinn nan deigh ar sead.
"Tha binneas," arsa Collath, "a d' bhròin,
'N tra dhuiseas tu smaoin mu'r n-òig' le gear.
Beannachd leibh uile gu lò
'San còdhail sinn thall o'n eug,
Far nach liobh gaisgeach a lann,
Far an deadrach òigh gun fhall.
'S am biodh Oglach a's Ainnir
Mar reultan soilleach nan speur—
An anna ag lasadh le gaol,
Mar dheò grein' an aghaidh gun smal,
Mar so biodh aising no shean aois,
'N uair dh'eireas mo ghuth gu bròn binu!
'S nach eirich mi Creubh bheinn an fheidh,
Ach mall air làrach a ghlinn'.
Beannachd a's ciad sòraidh slàn
Le beannaibh mo ghraidh 's mo rùin,
O'n sgar an aois sinn san am,
'S mi gun sleagh, gun lann, gun lùgh.
Biodh tuireadh na h-eala 'na m' bheul,
A's i 'san léig an dèis a leòn!
Air a fagail faoin lea féin,
'S e sud m' acain, éigh mo bhròin!

Dh-fhailig mo spionnadh 's mo threis,
Chaochail mo mhothach 's mo bhlas,
Nì 'm beil e ionmhuinn na their,
Tha m' intinn gun chàil, air meath,
Tha m' eibhneas uileadh air falbh
Le blianaibh calma na h-òige.
Is ciannail fuireach air traigh
Sean aois, gun m' aiseag a null;
'S mo thògradh ga m' gheasad gu luath,
Gu Flath-innis shuas gu bràth."

* The belief was common among the Caledonians, that for all the diseases to which mankind is liable, there grows an herb somewhere, and generally not far from the locality where the particular disease prevails—the proper application of which would cure it.

* The dog, of all animals the most sagacious and attached mourns the absence or death of his master.

MIANN A BHAIRD AOSDA.*

O càraibh mi ri taobh nan allt,
A shiubhlas mall le ceumaibh ciùin,
'S mò chas ga sliobadh 's a' bhraon mbaoth,
'S bi thùs 'a ghrian ro-chairdeil rium,

Gu socair sin 's an fheur mo thaobh,
Air bruaich nan dithean 's nan gaath tlà,
'S mò chas ga sliobadh 's a' bhraon mbaoth,
'S e lèibhadh tharais caoin tro'n bhlàr.

Biodh sòbhrach bhàn is àillidh snuadh,
M'an cuairt do'm thulaich is uain' fo' dhrìùchd,
'S an neòinean beag 's mo lamh air cluain,
'S an ealbhuidh' aig mo chluais gu h-àr.

* Perhaps it is impossible, at this day, to decide with any certainty to what part of the Highlands the AGED BARD belonged, or at what time he flourished. Mrs Grant of Laggan, who has given a metrical version of the above poem, says, "It was composed in Skye," though upon what authority she has *not* said. The poem itself seems to furnish some evidence that at least the scene of it is laid in Lochaber. *Tréig** is mentioned as having afforded drink to the hunters. Now Loch Treig is in the braes of Lochaber. We know of no mountain which is now called Ben-ard or Scur-eilt. Perhaps Ben-ard is another name for Ben-nevis. The great waterfall, mentioned near the end of the poem, may have been *Eas-bhà*, near Kinloch-levea in Lochaber. The following is almost a literal translation of the above poem:—

THE AGED BARD'S WISH.

O place me near the brooks, which slowly move with gentle steps; under the shade of the shooting branches lay my head, and be thou, O sun, in kindness with me.

At ease lay my side on the grass, upon the bank of flowers and soft zephyrs—my feet bathed in the wandering stream that slowly winds along the plain.

Let the primrose pale, of grateful hue, and the little daisy surround my hillock, greenest when bedewed; my hand gently inclined, and the *calve* † at my ear in its freshness.

Around the lofty brow of my glen let there be bending boughs in full bloom, and the children of the bushes making the aged rock re-echo their songs of love.

Let the new-born gurgling fountain gush from the ivy-covered rock; and let all-melodious echo respond to the sound of the stream of ever-successive waves.

Let the voice of every hill and mountain re-echo the sweet sound of the joyous herd; then shall a thousand lowings be heard all around.

Let the frisking of calves be in my view, by the side of a stream, or on the activity of a hill; and let the wanton kid, tired of its gambols, rest with its innocence on my bosom.

Poured on the wing of the gentle breeze, let the pleasant voice of lambs come to my ear; then shall the ewes answer when they hear their young running towards them.

Mu'n cuairt do bhruchaibh àrd mo ghlinn',
Biodh lùbadh ghèug a's orra blà;
'S clann bheag nam preas a' tabhairt seinn,
Do chreagaidh aosd' le òran gràidh.

Briseadh tro chreag nan eidgeann dlù,
Am fuaran ùr le torraman trom,
'S freagraidh mac-talla gach ciùil,
Do dh' fhuaim srutha dlù nan tonn.

Freagraidh gach enoc, agus gach sliabh,
Le binn-fhuaim gear nan aighean mear;
'N sin cluinidh mise mìle geum,
A' rinth m'an cuairt domh 'n iar san ear.

O let me hear the hunter's step, with the sound of his darts and the noise of his dogs upon the wide-extended heath; then youth shall beam on my cheek, when the voice of hunting the deer shall arise.

The marrow of my bones shall awake when I hear the noise of horns, of dogs, and of bow-strings; and when the cry is heard, "The stag is fallen," my heels shall leap in joy along the heights of the mountains.

Then methinks I see the hound that attended me early and late, the hills which I was fond of haunting, and the rocks which were wont to re-echo the lofty horn.

I see the cave that often hospitably received our steps from night; cheerfulness awaked at the warmth of her trees; * and in the joys of her cups there was much mirth.

Then the smoke of the feast of deer arose; our drink from Treig, and the wave our music; though ghosts should shriek, and mountains roar, reclined in the cave, undisturbed was our rest.

I see Ben-ard of beautiful curve, chief of a thousand hills; the dreams of stags are in his locks, his head is the bed of clouds.

I see Scur-eilt on the brow of the glen, where the cuckoo first raises her tuneful voice; and the beautiful green hill of the thousand firs, of herbs, of roes, and of elks.

Let joyous ducklings swim swiftly on the pool of tall pines. A strath of green firs is at its head, bending the red rowans over its banks.

Let the beauteous swan of the snowy bosom glide on the tops of the waves. When she soars on high among the clouds she will be unencumbered.

She travels oft over the sea to the cold region of foaming billows, where a sail shall never be spread out to a mast, nor an oaken prow divide a wave.

Be thou by the summits of the mountains, the mournful tale of thy love in thy month, O swan, who hast travelled from the land of waves; and may I listen to thy music in the heights of heaven.

Up with thy gentle song; pour out the doleful tidings of thy sorrow; and let all-melodious echo take up the strain from thy mouth.

Spread out thy wing over the main. Add to thy swiftness from the strength of the wind. Pleasant to my ear are the echoings of thy wounded heart—the song of love.

* We likewise find Treig spoken of in "Owen no comb-uhaig," where the author of that piece says, "Olanh int a Treig no Trean-shath."

† An herb called St John's wort.

* Allusion is here made to a fire of wood.

M'an cuairt biodh lù-chleas nan laogh,
Ri taobh nan sruth, no air an leirg.
'S am minnean beag de'n chòmraigh sgith,
'N am achlais a' cadal gu'n cheilg.

Sruthadh air sgéith na h-òsaig mhìn,
Glaodhan maoth nan crò mu'n chluais,
'N sin freagraidh a mheannh-spreigh,
'Nuair chluinn, an gineil, is iad a ruith a nuas.

A ceum an t-sealgair ri mo chluais!
Le sranna ghàth, a's chon feagh sléibh,
'N sin dearsaidh an òig air mo ghruaidh.
'N uair dh-eireas toirm air sealg an fhéidh,

Dùisgidh smior am chnaimh, 'nuair chluinn,
Mì tailmrich dhòs a's chon a's shreang,
Nuair ghlaodhar—"Thuit an damh!"
Tha mo bhuinn, a' leum gu beò ri àrd nam beann.

'N sin chi mi, air leam, an gadhar,
A leanadh mi an-moch a's meoh;
'S na sléibh bu mhiannach leam 'thaghall.
'S na creagan a' freagairt do'n dòs.

Chi mi 'n uamh a ghabh gu fial,
'S gu tric ar ceumaibh roi 'n oidhch';
Dhùisgeadh ar sunnd le blathas a crann,
'S au sòlas chunach a bha mòr aoibhneas.

Bha ceò air fleagh bhàrr an fhéidh
An deoch á Tréig 's an tonn ar ceòl,
Ge d' sheinneadh tàisg 's ge d' rànadh sléibh,
Simte 's an uaimh bu sheamh ar neoil.

From what land blows the wind that bears the voice of
thy sorrow from the rock, O youth, who wentest on thy
journey from us, who hast left my hoary locks forlorn.

Are the tears in thine eyes, O thou virgin most modest
and beauteous, and of the whitest hand. Joy without end
to the smooth cheek that shall never move from the nar-
row bed.

Say, since mine eye has failed, O wind, where grows the
reed with its mournful sound? by its side the little fishes
whose wings never felt the winds' soft breath, maintain
their sportive conflict.

Raise me with a strong hand, and place my head under
the fresh birch; when the sun is at high noon let its green
shield be above mine eyes.

Then shalt thou come, O gentle dream, who swiftly
walkest among the stars; let my night-work be in thy music,
bringing back the days of my joy to my recollection.

See, O my soul, the young virgin under the shade of the
oak, king of the forest! her hand of snow is among her
locks of gold, and her mildly rolling eye on the youth of
her love.

He sings by her side—She is silent. Her heart pants,
and swims in his music; love flies from eye to eye; deers
stop their course on the extended heath.

Now the sound has ceased; her smooth white breast
heaves to the breast of her love; and her lips, fresh as the
unstained rose, are pressed close to the lips of her love.

Chi mi Beinn-àrd is àillidh fiamh,
Ceann-feadhna air mhìle beam,
Bha aisling nan damh na ciabh,
'S i leabaidh nan nial a ceann.

Chi mi Sgorr-eild' air bruaich a ghluinn'
An goir a chuach gu binn au tòs.
A's gorm mheall-àill' na mìle giubhas
Nan luban, nan earba, 's nan lòn.

Biodh tuinn òg a snámh le sunnd,
Thar linne 's mìne giubhas, gu luath.
Srath ghiubhais uain' aig a ceann,
A' lubadh chaoran dearg air bruaich.

Biodh eal' àluinn an uchd bhàin,
A snámh le spreigh air bharr nan tonn,
'Nuair thogas i sgiath an àird,
A measg nan nial cha'n fhàs i tròm.

'S tric i 'g astar thar a chuain,
Gu asraidh fhuar nan ioma' ronn,
Far nach togar breid ri crann,
'S nach sgoilt sròn dharaich tonn.

Bì thusa ri dosan nan tonn,
Is cumha' do ghaol ann ad bheul,
Eala ' thrial o thir nan tonn
'S tu seinn dhomh ciùil an aird nan spur.

O! eirich thus' le t-òran ciùin,
'S cuir naigheachd bhoehd do bhròin an ceill.
'S glacaidh mac-talla gach ciùil,
An guth tùrsa sin o d' bheul.

Happiness without end to the lovely pair, who have
awaked in my soul a gleam of that happy joy that shall
not return! Happiness to thy soul, lovely virgin of the
curling locks.

Hast thou forsaken me, O pleasant dream? Return
yet—one little glimpse return: thou wilt not hear me,
alas! I am sad. O beloved mountains, farewell.

Farewell, lovely company of youths! and you, O beau-
tiful virgin, farewell. I cannot see you. Yours is the joy
of summer; my winter is everlasting.

O place me within hearing of the great waterfall, with
its murmuring sound, descending from the rock; let a
harp and a shell be by my side, and the shield that de-
fended my forefathers in battle.

Come with friendship over the sea, O soft blast that
slowly movest; bear my shade on the wind of thy swift-
ness, and travel quickly to the Isle of Heroes,

Where those who went of old are in deep slumber, deaf
to the sound of music. Open the hall where dwell Ossian
and Daol. The night shall come, and the hard shall not
be found.

But ah! before it come, a little while ere my shade
retire to the dwelling of bards upon Arden, from
whence there is no return, give me the harp and my
shell for the road, and then, my beloved harp and shell,
farewell.

Tog do sgiath gu h-àrd thar chuan,
Glac do luathas bho neart na gaoith,
'S eibhinn ann am chluais an fuaim,
O'd chridhe leòint'—an t-òran gaoil.

Co an tìr on gluais a' ghaoth,
Tha giulan glaoidh do bhroin on chreig?
Oigeir a chaidh uain a thriall,
'S a dh-fhàg mo chiabh ghlas gu'n taic,

B'eil deòir do ruisg O! thusa ribhinn,
Is mìne mais' 's a's gile làmh?
Sòlas gu'n chrìoch do'n ghruaidh mhaoith,
A chaoidh nach gluais on leabaidh chaoil.

Innsibh, o thréig mo shuil, a ghaoth',
C' àit' am beil a chuill' a fàs,
Le glaothan bròin 's na brìc r'a taobh,
Le sgiath gun deò a cumail blàir.

Togaibh mì—càraibh le'r laimh threinn,
'S cuiribh mo cheann fo bharrach ùr,
'N uair dh'eireas a' ghrian gu h-àrd,
Biodh a sgiath uain' os-ceann mo shùil.

An sin thig thu O! aisling chiùin,
Tha 'g astar dlù measg reull na h-òidhech',
Biodh gnòimh m' oidheche ann ad cheòl;
Toirt ainsir mo mhùirn gu'm chuimhn'.

O! m'anam faic an ribhinn òg,
Fo sgéith an daraich, rìgh nam flath,
'S a lamh shneachd' measg á ciabhan òir,
'Sa meall-shuil chiùin air òg a gràidh.

E-san a' seinn ri taobh 's i balbh,
Le cridhe leum, 's a snámh' na cheòl,
An gaol bho shuil gu suil a falbh,
Cuir stad air féidh nan sleibhtean mòr.

Nis thréig am fuaim, 's tha cliabh geal mùn,
Rì uchd 's ri cridhe gaoil a' fàs,
'S a bilibh ùr mar ròs gun smal,
Ma bheul a gaoil gu dlù an sàs.

Sòlas gun chrìoch do'n chomunn chaomh,
A dhuisg dhomb m' aobhnas àit nach pill,
A's beauuachd do t-anams' a rùin,
A nighean chiùin nan cuach-chiabh grunn.

'N do thréig thu mì aisling nam buadh?
Pill fathast—aon cheum beag—pill!
Cha chluinn sibh mì Ochoin! 's mì truagh.
A bheannaibh mo ghraidh—slàn leibh.

Slàn le comunn caomh na h-òige,
A's oigheannan bòidheach, slàn leibh,
Cha leir dhonn sibh, dhuibhse tha sambradh,
Ach dhomsa geambradh a chaoidh,

O! cuir mo chluas ri fuaim Eas-mòr
Le chrònan a' tearuadh on chreig.
Bì'dh cruitt agus slige rì'n thaobh,
'S an sgiath a dhian mo shìnsir sa' chath.

Thig le càirdeas thar a chuain,
Osag mhìn a ghluais gu mall,
Tog mo cheò air sgiath do luathais,
'S imich grad gu eilean fhlaithéis.

Far'm beil na laoih a dh-fhalbh o shean,
An cadal trom gun dol le ceòl,
Fosglaibh-sa thalla Oisein a's Dhaoil,
Thig an oidheche 's cha bli'm bàrd air bhrath.

Ach o m'an tig i seal m'an triall mo cheòl,
Gu teach mau bàrd, air àr-bheinn as nach pill.
Fair cruitt 's mo shlige dh-iunnsaidh 'n ròid,
An sin; mo chruitt, 's mo shlige ghraidh, slàn leibh.

Note.—This is a curious and valuable relic of antiquity. It affords internal evidence that the doctrines of Christianity were either wholly unknown to the poet, or had no place in his creed. The Elysium of bards upon Arden, the departure of the poet's shade to the hall of Ossian and Duol, his last wish of laying by his side a harp, a shell full of liquor, and his ancestors' shield, are incompatible with the Christian doctrine of a future state.

That it is a composition, however, long subsequent to the times of Ossian, is evident from the change which the manners of the Caledonians had in the interim undergone; for in the poems of that bard there is scarcely an allusion to the pastoral state. At any rate, the art of taming and breeding cattle was certainly not practised by the Fingalians. Hunting and war seem to have been their sole occupations. Our aged bard, however, lived in the pastoral state of society; a state which many poets have made the subject of that species of poetry denominated pastoral.

Our bard exhibits tender senses, and describes happy situations. He paints the beauties of nature with the hand of a master, and expresses the warmth of his feelings in glowing numbers. His style is nervous, his manner chaste. His fancy wears the native garb of purity and simplicity; and true taste will recognise his composition as the genuine offspring of nature—as real poetry.

The poet has enumerated those rural occupations which afforded him delight in the vigour of life. He has arranged and drawn forth to view rural objects, attended by such circumstances as had made the most pleasurable and lasting impression upon his own mind; and he seems, at the same time, to have been highly sensible of the beauties of nature, and capable of producing those strokes of fancy which evince poetic merit.

This poem shows that men leading a pastoral life are capable of refined feelings and delicate sentiments, and may be actuated by the best affections of the heart; that long posterior to the days of Ossian, the Christian religion had not perhaps been heard of by the Caledonians; and that they were of opinion that the soul was an airy substance capable of existing in a state of separation from the body, and of enjoying, in the region of the clouds, those agreeable occupations which had given it pleasure upon earth.

A' CHOMHACHAG.*

A Chomhachag bhoichd na Sròine,
A nochd is brònach do leabaith,
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Donnaghail,
Cha'n ioghnadh ge trom leat t-aigheadh.

"S co'-aoise mise do'n daraig,
Bha na faillean ann sa' choimntich,
'S iomadh linn a chuir mi romham,
'S gur mi combachag bhoichd na Sròine.

Nise bho na thà thu aosda,
Deun-sa t-fhaosaid ris an t-shagart,
Agus innis dhà gun èiradh,
Gach aon sgeula ga'm beil agad.

"Cha d' rinn mise braid' no breugan,
Cladh na tearmann a bhristeadh
Air m' fhear féin cha d' roinn mi ionluas,
Gur cailleach bhoichd ionraig mise.

Chunnacas mac a Bhirtheimh chalma,
Agus Feargus mor an gaisgeach,
As Torradan liath na Sròine,
Sin na laoiach bha dombail, taiceil."

Bho 'na thòisich thu ri seanachas,
A's èigin do leamhuinn ni's faide,
Gu 'n robh 'n triuir bha sin air foghnadh,
Ma 'n robh Donnaghail ann san Fhearsaid.

"Chunnaic mi Alasdair Carrach,
An duin' is allaile bha 'n Albainn,
'S minig a bha mi ga éisteachd,
'S e aig reiteach nan tom sealg.

Chunnaic mi Aonghas na dheigh,
Cha b' e sin raghaun bu tàire,
'S ann 's an Fhearsaid a bha thuinnidh,
'S rinn e muilleann air Allt-Larach,"

* This poem is attributed to Donald Macdonald better known by the cognomen of *Dòmhnall mac Fhìullaidh nan Dàn*—a celebrated hunter and poet. He was a native of Lochaber and flourished before the invention of fire-arms. According to tradition, he was the most expert archer of his day. At the time in which he lived, wolves were very troublesome, especially in Lochaber, but Donald is said to have killed so many of them, that previous to his death, there was only one left alive in Scotland, which was shortly after killed in Strathglass by a woman. He composed these verses when old, and unable to follow the chase; and it is the only one of his compositions which has been handed down to us.

The occasion of the poem was this: He had married a young woman in his old age, who as might have been expected, proved a very unmeet helpmate. When he and his dog were both worn down with the toils of the chase,

Bu lionmhor cogadh a's creachadh,
Bha'n an Lochabar 'san uair sin
C'àite 'm biodh tusa ga t-fhalach,
Eoin bhig na mala gruamaich.

"S ann a bha cuid mhor de m' shìnnisr,
Eadar an Inuse a's an Fhearsaid,
Bha cuid eile dhiu' ma'n Dèaghlthaigh;
Bhiodh iad ag éigheach 'sa'n fheasgar.

'N uair a chithinnse dol seachad,
Na creachan agus an fuathas,
Bheirinn car beag far an rathaid,
'S bhithinn grathunn sa' Chreig-ghuanaich."

Creag mo chridhe-s' a Chreag ghuanach,
Chreag an dh-fhuair mi greis de m' àrach.
Creag nan aighean 's nan damh sìubhlach,
A chreag ùrail, aighearach, ianach.

Chreag ma'n iathadh an fhaoghait,
Bu mhiann leam a bhì ga taghal,
'N uair bu bhinn guth gallain gaothair,
A' cur graidh gn gabhail chumhainn.

'S linn na h-ìolairean ma bruchan,
'S binn a cuachan, 's binn a h-eala,
A's binne na sin am blaighan,
Ni an laoghan meana-bhreac, ballach.

A's binn leam toraman na'n dös,
Ri uilinn nan corra-bheann cäs,
'S an eilid bhiorach is caol cös,
Ni fois fo dhuilleich ri teas.

Gun de chéil aic' ach an damh,
'S e 's muime dh'i' fear a's cneamh,
Mathair an laogh mheana-bhrìc mhùr,
Bean an fhir mhall-rosgaich ghlain.

and decrepit with age, his "crooked rib" seems to take a pleasure in tormenting them. Fear, rather than respect might possibly protect Donald himself, but she neither feared nor respected the poor dog. On the contrary, she took every opportunity of beating and maltreating him. In fact, "like the goodman's mother," he "was aye in the way." Their ingenious tormentor one day found an old and feeble owl, which she seems to have thought would make a fit companion for the old man and his dog; and accordingly brought it home. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Donald and the owl. It is very unlikely that he had ever heard of Æsop, yet he contrives to make an owl speak, and that to good purpose. On the whole it is an ingenious performance and perhaps has no rival of its kind in the language. Allusion is made to his "half marrow," in the 57th stanza.

'S siùhlach a dh'fhalbhas e raon,
Cadal cha dean e sa'n smùir,
B' fhearr leis na plaide fo' thaobh,
Bàrr an fhraoich bhadauaich ùir.

Gur àluinn sgeamb an daimh dhuinn,
'Thearnas o shireadh nam beann,
Mac na h-eilde ris an t-shonn,
Nach do chrom le spid a cheann.

Eilid bhinneach, mheargant, bhallach,
Odhar, eangach, uchd réidh àrd,
Damb togalach, croic-cheannach, sgiamhach,
Crònach, ceann-riabhach, dearg.

Gur gasd' a ruitheadh tu suas,
Ri leachduinn chruaidh a's i cas,
Moladh gach aon neach an cù,
Ach molams 'n trùp tha dol as.

Creag ma chride-sa chreag mhor,
'S ionnphuinn an lòn tha fo ceann,
'S anns' an lag a th' air a cùl,
Na machair a's mùr uan gall.

M' annsachd beinn sheasgaich nam fuaran,
An riasgach o'n dean an damb ràn,an,
Chuireadh gadhar is glan nuallan,
Féidh na'n ruaig gu Inbhir-Mheorain.

B' annsa' leam na ùirdan bodaich,
Os ceann leic ri eararadh sìl,
Bùirean an daimh 'm bi ghnè dhuinnead,
Air leacann beinne 's e ri sìn.

'N uair bhùras damb Beinne-bige,
'S a bhéucas damb Beinn-na-craige,
Freagraidh na daimh ud da chéile;
'S thig féidh a' Coirre-na-suaige.

Bha mi o'n rugadh mi riabh,
Ann an caidridh fhiadh a's earb',
Ch'an thaca mi dath air bian,
Ach buidhe, riabhach, a's dearg.

Cha mhi-fhìn a sgaoil an comunn,
A bha eadar mi 'sa Chreag-ghuanach,
Ach an aois ga'r toirt o chéile,
Gur grathunn an fhéil' a fhuaras.

'S i creag mo chridhe-s' a Chreag-ghuanach,
A chreag dhuilleach, bhiolaireach, bhraonach,
Na 'n tulach àrd, àluinn, fiarach,
Gur cian a ghabh i o'n mhaorach.

Cha mhinig a bha mi 'g éisdeachd,
Re séideadh na muice-mara,
Ach 's tric a chuala mi mòran,
De chrònanaich an daimh allaiddh.

Cha do chuir mi duil san iasgach,
Bhi ga iarraidh leis a mhadhar,
'S mor gu'm b' annsa leam am fiadhach,
'S bhi air falbh nan sliabh as-t-fhaghar.

'S eibhinn an obair an t-shealg,
'S àit a cuairt an aird gu beachd,
Gur binne a h-aighear 's a fonn
Na long a's i dol fo bheairt.

Fad 'sa bhithinn beò no maireann,
Deò dhe 'n anam an am chorp,
Dh-fhanainn am fochar an fhéidh,
Siu an spreidh an robh mo thoirt.

C'àit' an cualas ceòl bu bhinne,
Na mothar gadhair mhoir a' teachd,
Daimh sheaunga na' ruith le gleann,
Miol-choin a dol ann t'ast'.

'S truagh an dìugh nach beò an fheoghainn,
Gun ann ach an ceò de'n bbuidheann,
Leis 'm bu mhiannach gloir nan gadhar,
Gun mheoghail, gun òl, gun bhruidhinn.

Bratach Alasdair nan Gleann,
A sròl fathrumach ri crann,
Suaicheantas shoilleir shìol Chuinn,
Nach do chuir suim an clann ghall

'S ann an Cinn-Ghiubhsaich na laidhe,
Tha nàmhaid na graidhe deirge,
Lamh dheas a mharbhadh a bhradain,
Bu mhath e 'n sàbaid na feirge.

Dh-fhag mi san Ruaidhe so shios,
Am fear a b' òle dhoms' a bhàs,
'S tric a chuir e ' thagrach an cruathas,
Ann cluais an daimh chabraich an sàs

Raonull Mac-Dhomhnuill ghlais,
Fear a fhuair fòghlum gu deas,
Deagh Mhac-Dhomhnuill a chuil chais,
Ni'm beò neach a chòmbraig leis.

Alasdair cridhe nan gleann,
Gun e bhi ann mor a' chreach,
'S tric a leag thu air an tom,
Slìochd nan sonn leis a chù ghlas.

Alasdair mac Ailein mhòir,
'S tric a mharbh sa' bheim na féidh,
'S a leanadh fad air an tòir,
Mo dhoigh gur Doimhnallach treun.

A's Dòmhnallach thu gun mhearachd,
Gur tu boinne geal na cruaghach,
Gur càirdeach thu do Chlaun-Chatain,
S gur b-e dalt thu do'n Chreig ghuanach.

Ma dh-fhàgadh Domhnall a muigh,
Na aonar a' taigh na' flegadh,
S gearr a' bhios gucaig air bhuil,
Luchd a' chruidh b'f'hdh iad a' staigh.

Mi'm shuidh air sìth-bhruth nam beann,
A' coimhead air ceann Locha-Tréig,
Creag ghuanach am biodh an t-shealg,
Grianan ard am biodh na féidh.

Chi mi na Dù-lochain bhuam,
Chi mi Chruach, a's Beinne-bhreac,
Chi mi Srath-Oisein nam Fiam,
Chi mi ghrian air Meall-nan-leac.

Chi mi Beinn-Neamhais gu h-àrd,
Agus an càrn-dearg ri bun,
A's coire beag eile ri taobh,
Chit' as monadh faoin a's muir.

Gur rìmheach an coire dearg,
Far 'm bu mhiannach leinn bhì sealg,
Coirre nan tulaichean fraoich,
Innis nan laogh 's nan damh garbh.

Chi mi braidh Bhéidean-nan-dòs,
'N taobh so bhos do Sgurra-lidh,
Sgurra-chòinntich nan damh seang—
Iomhuinn leam an diugh na chì.

Chi mi Srath farsuinn a' chruidh,
Far an labhar guth nan sònna,
A's Coire creagach a' mhaime,
A' minig a' thug mo làmh toll.

Chi mi Garbh-bheinn nan damh donn,
Agus Slat-bheinn nan tom sìth,
Mar sin agus an Leitir dhubh,
'S an tric a' rinn mi fuil na' frith.

Soraigh gu Beinn-allta bhuam,
O'n 's i' fhuair urram nam beann,
Gu sìos Loch-Earrachd an fhéidh,
Gu'm b'ionmhuinn leam féin bhì ann.

Thoir soraigh uam thun an Loch',
Far am faicte 'bhos a's thall,
Gu uisge Leamhna nan lach,
Muime nan laogh breac 's nam meann.

'S e loch mo chridhse an loch,
An loch, air am biodh an lach,
Agus iomadh eala bhàn,
'S bh'f'hdh iad a' snàmh air ma seach,

Olaidh mi a' Tréig mo theann-shàth,
Na dheidh cha bhì mi fo mhuilad,
Uisge glan nam fuaran fallan,
O'n seang am fiadh a' nì 'n langan.

'S buan an comunn gun bhristeadh,
Bha cadar mise 's an t-uisge;
Sùgh nam mor bheann gun mhisge,
'S mise ga òl gun trasgadh.

'S ann a' bha 'n communn bristeach,
Eadar mise 's a' Chreag-sheilich,
Mise gu bràth cha dirich,
Ise gu dìlinn cha teirinn.

On labhair mi umaibh gu léir,
Gabhaidh mi fhéin dìbh mo chhead,
Dearmad cha dean mi s' an àn,
Air fiadhach ghleann nam beann beag.

Cead is truaighe ghabhadh riabh,
Do 'n fhiadhaich bu mhòr mo thoil,
Cha 'n fhalbh le bogha fo m' sgéith,
'S gu là-bhràth cha leig mi coin.

Tha blaidh mo bhogha 'n am uchd,
Le agh maol, odhar is àit,
Ise ceanalt 's mise gruamach,
'S cruaiigh an diugh nach buan an t-s'lat.

Mis' a's tusa ghadhair bhàin,
'S tursach air turas do 'n eilean,
Chaill sinn an tathunn a's an dàn,
Ge d' bha sinn grathunn ri ceanail.

Thug a' choille dhìot-s' an earb',
'S thug an t-àrd dhìom-sa na féidh,
Cha n' eil naire dhuinn a' laoiach,
O'n laidh an aois oirnn le chéil'.

'Nuair a' bha mi air an da chois,
'S moch a' shiubhlain bhos a's thall,
Ach a' nis an fhuair mi trì,
Cha ghluais mi ach gu mìn, mall.

Aois cha n' eil thu dhunn meachair
Ge nach feudar leinn do sheachnadh,
Cromaigh tu 'n daime dìreach,
A dh' fhàs gu mìleanta gàsda.

Giorraichidh tu air a' shaoghal,
Agus caochlaidhidh tu ' chasan,
Fagaidh tu cheann gun deudach,
'S nì thu eudann a' chasadh.

A' Shìnead chas-aodannach, pheallach,
A' shream-shuileach, odhar, éitidh,
Cia ma 'n leiginn leat a' lobhair?
Mo bhogha toirt dhìom air éigin.

O'n 's mi-fhìn a' b' fhearr an airidh,
Air mo bhogha ro-math iubhair,
No thusa aois bhothar, sgallach,
Bhìos aig an teallach ad shuidhe.

Labhair an aois a rithist;
 " 'S mo 's ruighinn tha thu leantainn.
 Ris a bhogha sin a ghiùlan,
 'S gur mòr bu chuibhe dhub bàta."

Gabh thusa bhuansa 'm bàta,
 Aois grànda chairtidh na pléide,

Cha leiginn mo bhogha leatsa,
 Do mhathas no d' ar, eigin.

" 'S iomadh laoch a b' fhearr no thusa,
 Dh-fhàg mise gu tuisleach anfhann,
 'N déis fhaobhachadh as a sheasamh,
 Bha rionnhe na fhleasgach meannach."

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RU AidH.

THE real name of this poetess was Mary M'Leod, though she is more generally known among her countrymen by the above appellation. She was born in Roudal, in Harris, in the year 1569, and was the daughter of Alexander M'Leod, son of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who was a descendant of the chief of that clan.*

It does not appear that Mary had done any thing in the poetic way till she was somewhat advanced in life, and employed as nurse in the family of her chief: neither is there any evidence that she could write, or even read. Her first production was a song made to please the children under her charge.

"*An Talla 'm bu ghnà le Mac-Leòid*" was composed on the Laird being sick and dying. He playfully asked Mary what kind of a *lament* she would make for him? Flattered by such a question, she replied that it would certainly be a very mournful one. "Come nearer me," said the aged and infirm chief, "and let me hear part of it." Mary, it is said, readily complied, and sung, *ex tempore*, that celebrated poem.

"*Hithill uthill agus hò*" was composed on John, a son of Sir Norman, upon his presenting her with a snuff-mull. She sometime after gave publicity to one of her songs, which so provoked her patron, M'Leod, that he banished her to the Isle of Mull, under the charge of a relative of his own.

It was during her exile there that she composed "*'S mi 'm shuidh' air an Tulaich*," or "*Luinneag Mhic-Leòid*." On this song coming to M'Leod's ears, he sent a boat for her, giving orders to the crew not to take her on board except she should promise to make no more songs on her return to Skye. Mary readily agreed to this condition of release, and returned with the boat to Dunvegan Castle.

* There was another, though inferior poetess, of the family of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who is sometimes confounded with our authoress. Her name was Flora M'Leod. In Gaelic she is called *Fionaghal Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh*. This poetess lived in Troterness, and was a native of Skye. She was married, and some of her descendants are still in that country. All that we have been able to meet with, of Flora's poetry, is a satire on the clan Mac-Martin, and an elegy on M'Leod of Dunvegan. We have the authority of several persons of high respectability, and on whose testimony we can rely, that Mary M'Leod was the veritable authoress of the poems attributed to her in this work.

Soon after this, a son of the Laird's had been ill, and, on his recovery, Mary composed a song which is rather an extraordinary composition, and which, like its predecessors, drew on her devoted head the displeasure of her chief, who remonstrated with her for again attempting song-making without his permission. Mary's reply was, "It is not a song; it is only a *crònan*,"—that is, a hum, or "croon."

She mentions, in a song which we have heard, but which was never printed, that she had nursed five lairds of the M'Leods, and two of the lairds of Applecross. The song ends with an address to *Tòrmòd nan trì Tòrmòd*.* She died at the advanced age of 105 years, and is buried in Harris. She used to wear a tartan *tonnag*, fastened in front with a large silver brooch. In her old days she generally carried about with her a silver-headed cane, and was much given to gossip, snuff, and whisky.

Mary M'Leod, the inimitable poetess of the Isles, is the most original of all our poets. She borrows nothing. Her thoughts, her verse, her rhymes, are all equally her own. Her language is simple and elegant; her diction easy, natural, and unaffected. Her thoughts flow freely, and unconstrained. There is no straining to produce effect: no search after unintelligible words to conceal the poverty of ideas. Her versification runs like a mountain stream over a smooth bed of polished granite. Her rhymes are often repeated, yet we do not feel them tiresome nor disagreeable. Her poems are mostly composed in praise of the M'Leods; yet they are not the effusions of a mean and mercenary spirit, but the spontaneous and heart-felt tribute of a faithful and devoted dependant. When the pride, or arbitrary dictate of the chief, sent her an exile to the Isle of Mull, her thoughts wandered back to "the lofty shading mountains,"—to "the young and splendid *Sir Tòrmòd*." During her exile she composed one of the finest of her poems: the air is wild and beautiful; and it is no small praise to say that it is worthy of the verses. On her passage from Mull to Skye she composed a song, of which only a fragment can now be procured: we give a few stanzas of it:—

"Theid mi le'm dheoin do dhùthaich Mhic-Leòid,
M' iuil air a mhòr luachach sin,
Bu chòir dhomh gum bi m' eòlas san tìr
Leòdach, mar pill cruadal mi,
Siubhlaidh mi 'n iarr, tro dhùlachd nan sian,
Do'n tùr g'am bi triall thùath-cheathairn;
On chualas an sgeul buadhach gum bhreug,
Rinn acainn mo chlàith bhuaidhachadh.

"Chì mi Mac-Leòid 's prìseil an t-òg,
Rimheach gu mòr buadhalach,
Bho Ollaghair nan lann chuireadh sròlaibh ri crann;
'S Leòdaich an dream uamharra,
Eiridh na fuinn ghleusd air na suinn,
'S feumail ri am cruadal iad,
'Na fiurauaibh gharb an am rusgadh nan àrm,
'S cliutach an t-amm fhuaras leibh.

"Sìol Tòrmòid nan sgiath fòirmeanlach fial,
Dh' eireadh do shluagh luath-lamhach;
Deàlradh nam pìos, tòrman nam pìob,
'S dearbh gu'm bu leibh 'n dualachas;
Thaigis teachdair do'n tìr gu macanta min,
'S ait leam gach nì chualas leam,
O Dhun-bheagan nan steud 's am freagair luchd-theud,
Eòir greis air gach sgeul buaidh-ghloirreach.

"Nuair chuireadh na laoiach loingheas air chaol,
Turas ri gaoith ghluaisle leibh,
O bharraribh nan crann gu tarraunn nam bail,
Teannachadh teann suas rithe,
Iomairt gu leoir mar ri Mac-Leòid,
Charaich fo shròl uain-dhait' i,
Bho àrois an fhion gu talla nam pìes,
Gu'm beannaich mo Rìgh 'n t-uasal ud."

* We knew an old man, called Alexander M'Rae, a tailor in Mellen of Gairloch, whom we have heard sing many of Mary's songs, not one of which has ever been printed. Some of these were excellent, and we had designed to take them down from his recitation, but were prevented by his sudden death, which happened in the year 1833. Among these was a rather extraordinary piece, resembling M'Donald's "*Birlinn*," composed upon occasion of John, son of Sir Norman, taking her out to get a sail in a new boat.

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUaidH.

FUAIM AN T-SHAIMH.

Ri fuaim an t-shàimh
 'S uaigneach mo ghean,
 Bha mis' uair nach b'è sud m' àbhaist,
 Bha mis' uair, &c.

Ach pìob nuallanach mhòr,
 Bheireadh buaidh air gach ceòl,
 'Nuair ghluais' i le meoir Phàdruig.*
 'Nuair ghluais' i, &c.

Gur maing a bheir geill
 Do'n t-saoghal gu leir,
 'S tric a chaochail e cheum gabhaidh.
 'S tric a chaochail e, &c.

Gur lionmhoire chùrs
 Na'n dealt air an driuchd,
 Ann am madainn an tùs maighe.
 Ann am madain, &c.

Cha'n fhacas ri m' ré,
 Aon duine fo 'n ghrein,
 Nach tug e ghreis fein dha sìn.
 Nach tug e, &c.

Beir an t-soghraidh so buam,
 Gu talla nan cuach,
 Far 'm biodh tathaich nan truadh dàmhail.
 Far 'm biodh, &c.

Thun an taighe nach gann,
 Fo 'n leathad ud thall,
 Far beil aighear a s ceann mo mhànnain.
 Far beil aighear, &c.

Sir Tòrmod mo rùn,
 Ollaghaireach thu,
 Foirmeil o thùs t-abhaist.
 Foirmeil o thùs, &c.

A thasgaidh, 's a' chiall,
 'S e bu chleachdadh dhut riann,
 Teach farsuinn 's e fial fàilteach.
 Teach farsuinn, &c.

Bhiodh tional nan Cliar,
 Rè tamul, a's cian,
 Dh-fhios a bhaile 'm biodh triall chairdean.
 Dh-fhios a bhaile, &c.

'Naile chunna' mi uair,
 S glan an lasadh bha d' ghruaidh,
 Fo ghruaig chleachdaich nan dual àr-bhuidh,
 Fo ghruaig, chleachdaich, &c.

Fear dìreach deas treun,
 Bu ro fhirinneach beus,
 'S e gun mhi-ghean, gun cheum trailleil.
 'S e gun mhi-ghean, &c.

De'n liane a b'fhearr buaidh,
 Tha 's na crìochaibh mu'n cnairt,
 Clann fhirinneach Ruairi lán-mhoir.
 Clann fhirinneach, &c.

Cha'n eil cleachdadh mhic rìgh,
 No gaisge, no gnìomh,
 Nach eil pearsa mo ghaoil lán deth.
 Nach eil pearsa, &c.

Ann an treine, 's an lùgh,
 Ann an ceutaidh 's an cliù,
 Ann am féil 's an gnais nàire.
 Ann am féil, &c.

Ann an gaisge, 's an gnìomh,
 'S ann am pailte neo-chrìon,
 Ann am maise, 's am miagh àillteachd.
 Ann am maise, &c.

Ann an cruadal, 's an toil,
 Ann am buaidh thoirt air sgoil,
 Ann an uaisle gun chion càileachd.
 Ann an uaisle, &c.

Tuigs-fhear nan teud,
 Purpas gach sgeil,
 Sushaint gach ceill naduir.
 Susbaint gach, &c.

Gu'm bu chubhaidh dhut sid,
 Mar a thubhairt iad ris,
 Bu tu 'n t-ubhal thar meas aird chraoibh.
 Bu tu 'n t-ubhal, &c.

Leodaich mo rùn,
 Seorsa fhuaire cliù,
 Cha bu thoiseachadh ùr dhaibh Sir.
 Cha bu thoiseach, &c.

Bha fios co sibh
 Ann an ìomartas rìgh,
 'Nuair bu mhulaidich strì Thearlaich.*
 'Nuair bu, &c.

* The celebrated PADRUG mòr Mac Cruinein, one of the family pipers of Mac-Leod of Dunvegan.

* King Charles II.

Slan Ghàeil no Ghaill
 Cha' dh-fhuaras oirbh foill,
 Dh-aon bhuairleadh g'n d'rinn ur namhaid,
 Dh-aon bhuairleadh, &c.

Lochluinnich threun
 Toiseach ur sgeil,
 Sliochd solta bho freumh Mhànais.
 Sliochd soita, &c.

Thug Dia dhut mar ghlibht,
 Bhì gu morghalach glie,
 Chriosd deonaich' dha d'shliochd bhì àdhmhor.
 Chriosd deonaich', &c.

Fhuair thu fortan o Dhia,
 Bean bu shoeraiche ciall,
 'S i gu foisteineach fial nàrach.
 'S i gu foisteineach, &c.

Am beil cannach a's cliù,
 'S i gun mbilleadh na cùis,
 'S i gu h-iriosal ciùin cairdeil.
 'S i gu h-iriosal, &c.

I gun dolaidh fo 'n ghrèin,
 Gu toileachadh treud,
 'S a h-òlachd a reir ban-rìgh.
 'S a h-òlachd, &c.

'S tric a riaraidh thu cuilm,
 Gun fhiabhras gun tuilg,
 Nighean Oighre Dhun-Tuilm, slàn dut.
 Nighean Oighre, &c.

ORAN

DO DHP IAIN MAC SHIR TORMOD MHIC-LECID.*

LUINNEAG.

H-ithill uthill agus ò,
H-ithill ò h-òireannan
H-ithill uthill agus ò,
H-ithill ò h-òireannan
H-ithill uthill agus ò
H-ithill ò h-òireannan
Faillill ò h-àillill ò,
H-ò ri ghealladh h-i-il-an.

Ge do theid mi do m' leabaidh
 Cha'n é cadal is miannach leam,
 Aig ro mheud na tuile,
 'S mo mhuilean gun iarann air,
 Tha mholtais ri paidheadh,
 Mur cailltear am bliadhna mi,
 'S gur feumail domh faighinn,
 Ge do ghabhainn an iasaid i.
H-ithill, &c.

Tha mo chion air a chlachair,
 Rinn m'aigne-sa riarachadh,
 Fear mor, a bheoil mheachair,
 Ge tosdach, gur briathrach thu,
 Gu'm faighinn air m' fhaicail
 Na caisteil ged iarrainn iad;
 Cheart aindeoin mo stàta,
 Gun chàraich sud fiachan orm.
H-ithill, &c.

Ged a thuirt mi riut clachair,
 Air m'fhaicail cha b'fhior dhomh e,
 Gur rioghail do shloinneadh
 'S gur soilleir ri iarraidh e,
 Fìor Leòdach ùr, gasda,
 Foinnidh beachdail, glie falaidh thu,
 De shliochd nam fear flathail,
 Bu mhath an ceann chliaranach.
H-ithill, &c.

Ach a mhic ud Shir Tòrmod,
 Gu'n soirbhich gach bliadhna dhut,
 Chuir buaidh air do shliochd-sa,
 Agus piseach air t-iarmadan;
 'S do'n chuid eile chloinn t-athar,
 Anns gach rathad a thrìallas iad,
 Gu'n robh toradh mo dhùrachd
 Dol nan rùn mar bu mhiannach leam.
H-ithill, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu do'n fhireach,
 'S ro mhath chinneas an fhiadhach leat,
 Le d' lothain chon ghleusda
 Ann ad dheigh 'nuair thrìalladh tu,
 Sin, a's cuilbhear caol, cinnteach,
 Cruaidh, dìreach, gun fhìaradh ann;
 Bu tu sealgair na h-eilid,
 A choilich, 's na liath-chirce.
H-ithill, &c.

Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh,
 Gur luaineach mu d' sgeula mi,
 Fìor bhoinne geal suaire' thu,
 Am beil uaisle na peacaige,
 Air an d'fhàs an cùl dualach,
 'S e na chuachagan teud-bhuidhe,
 Sin a's ùrla glan, suairce,
 Cha bu tuairisgeul breugach e.
H-ithill, &c.

Slan iomradh dhut Iain,
 Gu mu rathail a dh' eireas dut,
 'S tu mac an deagh athar,
 Bha gu mathasach meagrachail,
 Bha gu furbhailteach, daonnachdach,
 Faoilteachail, deirceachail,

* For the air, see the Rev. Patrick Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs, pages 28—163.

Sìr cheannard air *trùp* thu,
Na'n cuirte leat feum orra.
H-i-thill, &c.

Gur àluinn am marcach
Air each an glaic diollaide thu,
'S tu cumail do phears'
Ann an cleachdadh, mar dh' iarrainn dut,
Thigeadh sud ann ad laimh-sa
Lann spainteach, ghorm, dhias-fhada,
A's paidhir mhath *phiostal*
Air crios nam ball sniomhanach.
H-i-thill, &c.

AN TALLA 'M BU GHNA LE MAC-LEOID.

Rìgh! gur muldach ' tha mi,
'S mi gun mhire gun mhànan,
Ann an talla 'm bu gnà le Mac-Leòid.
Rìgh! gur, &c.

Taigh mòr macnasach, meaghrach,
Nam macaibh 's nam maighdean,
Far 'm bu tartarach gleadhraich nan còrn.
Taigh mòr, &c.

Tha do thalla mòr prìseil,
Gun fhasgadh gun dian air,
Far am facadh mi 'm fion bhi 'ga òl.
Tha do thalla, &c.

Och mo dhiobhail mar thachair,
Thainig dìl' air an aitreabh,
'S ann a's cianail leam tachairt na còir.
Och mo dhiobhail, &c.

Chì mi 'n chliar a's na dàimhich,
A'tréigsinn na fàrdaich,
On nach èisd thu ri fàilte luchd-ceòil,
Chì mi 'n chliar, &c.

Shìr Tòrmaid nam bratach,
Fear do dhealbha-sa bu teare e,
Gun sgeim a chuir asad no bòsd.
Shìr Tòrmaid, &c.

Fhuair thu teist, a's deagh urram,
Ann am freasdal gach duine,
Air dheiseachd 's air nìrighioll beoil.
Fhuair thu teist, &c.

Leat bu mhiannach coin lùgh-mhor,
Dol a shiubhal nan stùc-bheann,
'S an gunna nach diultadh re h-òrd.
Leat bu mhiannach, &c.

'S i do lamh nach robh tuisleach,
Dol a chaitheadh a chuspair,
Led' bhogha cruaidh, ruiteach, deagh-neoil.
'S i do lamh nach, &c.

Glac throm air do shliasaid,
An deigh a snaitheadh gun fhìaradh,
'S barr dosrach de sgiathan an coin.
Glac-thorm, &c.

Bhiodh cèir ris na crannaibh,
Bu neo-eisleanach tarrauin,
'Nuair a leumadh an t-saighead o d' mheoir.
Bhiodh cèir ris, &c.

'Nuair a leigte bho d' laimh i,
Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,
Eadar corran a gaine 's an smeòirn.
'Nuair a leigte, &c.

'Nam dhut tighinn gu d' bhaile,
'S tu bu tighearnail gabhail,
Nuair shuidheadh gach caraid mu d' bhòrd.
'Nam dhut tighinn, &c.

Bha thu measail aig naisleann,
'S cha robh beagan mar chruathas ort,
Sud an cleachdadh a fhuair thu t-aois òig.
Bha thu measail, &c.

Gu 'm biodh farum air thaileasg,
Agus fuaim air a chlàrsaich,
Mar a bhuineadh do shàr mhae Mhic-Leòid.
Gu 'm biodh farum, &c.

Gur h-e b' eachdraidh 'na dheigh sin,
Greis air uirsgeul na Feinne,
'S air cuideachda cheir-ghil nan cròc.
Gur h-e b' eachdraidh, &c.

CUMHA DO MHAIC-LEOID.

Gur e naidheachd so fhuair mi,
A dh-fhuadaich mo chiall nam,
Mar nach bitheadh i agam,
'S nach fhaca mi riamh i;
Gur e Abhall an lùs so,
Tha nise ga iargann;
E gun abuchadh meas air,
Ach air briseadh fo chiad bharr.

Gur e sgeula na creiche,
Tha mi nise ga èisdeachd,
Gach aon chneadh mar thig oirn',
Dol an tricead, san deinead,
Na chunnaic, 's na chualas,
'S na fhuaradh o'n cheud là,

Creach uid an t-seobhaic,
Air a sgatha ri aon uair.

Ach a Chlann an fhir allail,
Bu neo mhalartaich' beusan,
Ann an Lunnainn, 's am Páris,
Thug sibh barr air na ceudan,
Chaidh n-ur cliù tharais
Thar talamh na h-Eiphit,
Cheann uidhe luchd ealaídh,
'S a leanan na féileachd.

Ach a fhriambaich nan curaidh,
'S a chuilein nan leughan,
A's ogha an dà sheanar,
Bu chaithreamaich' loistean;
C'àit' an robh e ri fhaotuinn
Air an taobhs' an Roinn-Eòrpa,
Cha b' fhuirradh ri fhaighinn
Anns gach rathad, bu dòigh dhuibh.

Ach a Ruairidh mhie iain,
'S goirt leam fhaighinn an sgeul-s' ort,
'S e mo chreach-sa mac t-athar,
Bhi na laidhe gun eiridh,
Agus Tòrmód a mhac-sa,
A thasgaidh mo chéille!
Gur e aobhar mo ghearrain,
Gu'n chailleadh le chéil' iad.

Nach mòr an sgeul sgrìobhaidh,
S nach ionghnadh leibh féin e,
Duilleach na craoibhe,
Nach do sgaoileadh am meanglan,
An robh cliù, agus onair,
Agus moladh air deagh-bheairt,
Gu daonachdach, carthannach,
Beannachdach, ceutach.

Ge goirt leam an naidheachd,
Tha mi faighinn air Ruairidh,
Gun do chorp a bhi 'san Dùthaich,
Anns an tuama bu dual dut;
Sgeul eile nach fusaadh,
Tha mi clàistim san uair so,
Ged nach toir mi dha creideas,
Gur beag orm ri luaidh e.

Gur ro bheag a shaoil mi,
Ri mo shaoghal gu'n eisdinn,
Gun cluinneamaid Leòdaich,
Bhi ga'm fogradh o'n òighreachd,
'S a'n còraichean glana,
'S a'n fearann gun déigh air
'S ar rannanan farsuinn,
Na'n rach-te 'n am feum sud.

Gu'n eireadh na t-aobhar
Clann-Raonuill, 's Clann-Dòmhnauill,
Agus taigh Mhic 'Illeain,
Bha daingheann 'n-ur seòrsa,
Agus fir Ghlinne-Garaidh,
Nall tharais á Cnòideart,
Mar sud, a's Clann Chama-Shroin,
O champ Iubhir-Lòchaidh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh Clann-Choinnich,
Dheanadh eiridh ri d' ghuaillean,
'S gu'n robh thu na'm fineachd,
Air t-fhilleadh trì uairean,
'S e mo chreach gu'n do Chinneadh
Bhi ma chruinneachadh t-uaghach,
No glaoth do mhna muinntir
'S nach cluinnear, 's an nairs' i.

Tha mo cheist air an oighre,
Th'a stoidhle 's na h-Earadh,
Ged nach deach' thu san tuam' ud,
Far bu dual dut o d' sheanair.
Gur iomadh fuil uaibhreach,
A dh-fhuairich ad bhallaith,
De shloinneadh nan rìghrean,
Leis na chiosaicheadh Manainn.

'S e mo ghaols' an sliochd foirmeil,
Bh'air sliochd Ollaghair, a's Ochraidh,
O bhaile na Boirbhe,
'S ann a stoidhleadh thu'n tòiseach;
Gur ioma fuil mhorgha,
Bha reota sa chorp ud,
De shliochd armunn Chinntire,
Iarl' II', agus Róis thu.

Mhic iain Stiubhairt* na h-Apunn,
Ged a's gasd' an duin' òg thu,
Ged tha Stiubhartach beachdail,
Iad tapaidh 'n àm foinneart,
Na ghabhsa meanmadh, no aiteas,
A's an staid ud, nach còir dhut,
Cha toir thu i dhaindeoin,
'S cha'n fhaigh thu le deòin i.

C'uim' an tigeadh fear coigreach
A thagradh ur'n Oighreachd;
Ged nach eil e ro dhearbhta,
Gur searbh e ri eisdeachd,
Ged tha sinn' air ar creachadh
Mu chloinn mhac an fhir fheilidh,
Sliochd Ruairidh mhoir allail,
'S gur airidh iad fein oir.

* Stewart of Appin was married to a daughter of Mac-Leod of Dunvegan, which made the Mac-Leods afraid that he should claim a right to the estate, on account of Mac-Leod having left no male heir.

MARBH-RANN

DO DH-FHEAR NA COMRAICH.

Tha mise air leughadh le bròn,
O'n là dh-eng thu 's nach beò,
Mu m' fhiuran faighidneach, còir,
Uasal, aighearach, òg,
'S nàisle shuidhe mu bhòrd,
Mo chreach t-fhaiginn gu'n treòir eiridh.

'S tu'n laoch gun laigse, gun leòn,
Macan mìn-geal gun sglèò,
B' fhearail, finealt an t-òg,
De shliochd nam fear mòr,
D'a bu dual a bhì còir,
'S gu'm b'fhiù faiteal do bheòil eisdeachd.

'S tu chlann na h-ireinn a b'fhearr,
Glan an riamh as an dhà,
Cairdeas rìgh as gach ball,
Bha sud sgriobt' leat am bairn,
Fo laimh duine gun mbeang,
Ach thu lion-te de dh-ardan euchdach.

A ruairidh aigeanntaich aird,
O Chomraich ghreadhnaich an àidh,
Mhic an fhir bu mhor gàir,
Nan lann guineach, cruaidh, garg,
Ort cha d'fhuaradh riamh cearb,
Iar-ogha Uilleam nan long breid-gheal.

Fhuair mi m' àilleagan ùr,
'S e gun smal air gun smùr,
Bu bhreac min dearg do ghnuis,
Bu ghorm laoghach do shuil,
Bu ghlan sliasaid, a's glùn,
Bu deas, dainghean, a lùb ghleust thu.

A lùb abhoil nam buadh,
'S maing a tharladh ort uair,
Mu ghlaic Fhionnlaidh so shuas,
Air each crodhanta luath,
Nabaid romhad na ruaig,
Air dhaibh buille cha b'uair eis e.

Ach fhir a's curranta lamh,
Thug gach duine gu cràdh,
'S truagh nach d'fhuirich thu slan,
Ri uair cumaig no blàir,
A thoirt eis dheth do nàmh,
Bu leat urram an là cheudaich.

Bu tu'n sgoileir gun diobradh,
Meoir a's grinne nì sgriobhadh,
Uasal faighidneach, einnteach,
Bu leat lagh an taigh sgriobhaidh,
'S tu nach muchadh an fhirinn,
Sgeul mo chreiche! so shìl do chreachdan.

Stad air m'aighear an dè
Dh'fhalbh mo mharcanta fèin,

Chuir mi'n ciste nan teud,
Dhiult an gobha dhonn gléus,
Dhiult sud mi 's gach leighe
'S chaidh m'onair, 's mo rìgh dh'eng thu.

Thuit a chraobh thun a bhlàir,
Rois an graine gu làr,
Lot thu 'n einneadh a's chràdh,
Air an robh thu mar bharr,
Ga'n dìonadh gach là,
'S mo chreach! bluinig am bàs treun ort.

'N am suidhe na d' sheomar,
Chaidh do bhuidhean an òrdugh,
Cha b'ann mu aighear do phòsaidh,
Le nighean Iarla Chlann-Dòmhuill,
As do dheigh mar bu chòir dh'i,
'S ann chaidh do thasgaidh san t-sròl ghle-gheal.

Ach gur mis' tha bochd truagh,
Fiamh a ghuil air mo ghruaidh,
'S goirt an gradan a fhuair,
Marcaib deas nan each luath,
Sàr Cheannard air sluagh,
Mo chreach, t-fbagail ri uair m'fhéime.

Ach fhuair mi m' àilleagan òg,
Mar nach b'abhaist gun cheòl,
Saoir ri caradh do bhòrd,
Mnai ri spionadh an fheòir,
Fir gun tàilsg, gun cheòl,
Gur bochd fulang mo sgeòil eisdeachd.

'Nuair a thionail an sluagh,
'S ann bha'n tioma-sgaradh cruaidh,
Mur ghàir sheilleam am bruaich,
An deigh na meala thoirt uath,
'S ann bha'n t-eireadh bochd truagh,
'S iad ma cheannas an t-sluaigh threubhaich.

MARBH-RANN DO DH' IAIN GARBH

MACILLECHALUM RARSAIDH.*

Mo bheud, 's mo chràdh,
Mar dh'eirich dha
'N fhear ghleusda, ghraidh,
Bha treun san spàirn,
'S nach taicear gu bràth thu' n Rarsa.

Bu tu 'm fear curranta, mòr,
Bu mhat cumadh, a's treòir,
O t' nìlean gu d' dhòrn,
O d' mhullach gu d' bhròig,
Mhic Muire mo leon,
Thu bhì 'n innis nan ròn,
'S nach faighear thu.

* This celebrated hero was drowned while on a voyage between Stornoway and Raasa.

'S math lùbadh tu pic
O chùl-thaobh do chinn,
'Nam rusgadh a ghill,
Le ionnsaidh nach pill,
'S air mo làmh gu'm bu cinnteach saighead uat.

Bu tu sealgair a gheoidh,
Lamh gun dearmad, gun leon,
Air 'm bu shuarach an t-òr
Thoir a bhuanachd a cheòil,
'S gu'n d'fhuair thu na 's leoir,
'S na chaitheadh tu.

Bu tu sealgair an fhéidh,
Leis an deargta na bein ;
Bhiodh coin earbsach air éill
Aig an Albanach threun ;
C'ait' am faca mi fein
Aon duine fo 'n ghrein,
A dheanadh riut euchd fathasach.

Spealp nach dibreadh,
An cath, nan strì thu,
Casán dìreach, fad' finealt,
Mo chreach dhiobhail
Chaidh thu dhùth oirn, le neart sìne,
Lamh nach dibreadh caitheadh orr'.

'S e dh-fhag silteach mo shuil,
Faicinn t' fhearainn gun sùrd,
'S do bhaile gun smùid
Fo charraig nan sùgh,
Dheagh mhic Chalum nan tùr a Rarsa.

Och ! m' fheudail bhuam,
Gun sgeul sa' chuan,
Bu ghlè mhath snuadh,
Ri grein, 's ri fuachd,
'S e chlaoidh do shluagh,
Nach d' fheud thu 'n uair a ghabhail orr'.

Mo bhèud, 's mo bhròn,
Mar dh' eirich dhò
Muir beucach, mor,
Ag leum mu d' bhòrd,
Thu féin, 's do sheòid
'Nuair reub 'ur seòil,
Nach d'fhaod sibh treòir
A chaitheadh orr.

'S e an sgeul' craiteach
Do'n mhnaoi a d'fhag thu,
'S do t-aon bhrathair,
A shuidh na t'aite,
Diluain Càisge,
Chaidh tonn bàit ort,
Craobh a b' aird' de 'n abhal thu.

CHUMHA MHIC-LEOID.

Cha sùrd cadail,
An runs air m'aigheadh,
Mo shuil frasach,
Gun sùrd macnais,
'S a' chùirt a chleachd mi :—
Sgeul ùr ait ri eiseachd.

'S trom an cùdthrom so dhrùidh,
Dh-fhag mo chùslein gun lùgh,
'S tric snigh' mo shuil,
A tuiteam gu dlù ;
Chail mi iuchair mo chuil :
Ann a cuideachd lùchd-ciùil,
Cha téid mi.

Mo neart 's mo threoir,
Fo thasgaidh bhòrd,
Sàr mhae 'Ic-Leòid,
Nan bratach sròil,
Bu phailt' ma'n òr,
Bu bhuin-caismeachd sgeoil ;
Aig lùchd-astair
A's ceòil na h-Eireann.

Co neach ga'n eòl,
Fear t-fhasain beò,
Am blasdachd beoil,
'S am maise neoil,
An gaisge glois,
An ceart san còir ;
Gun airceas na sgleò féile.

Dh-fhalbh mo sòlas,
Marbh mo Leodach,
Calama, cròdha,
Meanamnach rò-ghlic,
Dhearbh mo sgeoil-sa,
Seanachas eolais ;
Gun chearb foghlaim,
Dealbhach rò-ghlan t-eagaisg.

An treas la de'n Mhàirt,
Dh' fhalbh m'aighear gu bràth,
Bi sùd saighead mo chraidh,
Bhi 'g amharc do bhàis,
A ghnuis fhathasach àilt ;
A dheagh mhic rathail,
An àrmuinn euchdaich.

Mac Ruairidh reachd-mhoir,
Uaibhreich, bheachdail,
Bu bhuaidh leatsa,
Dualchas farsuinn,
Snuadh-ghlaine pearsa ;
Cruadail 's smachd gun eucoir.

'Uaill a's aiteis,
'S an bhuat gu faighte,
Ri uair ceartais,
Fuasgladh facail ;
Gun ghruam gu lasan ;
Gu suairce, snaiste, reusant.

Fo bhùird na ciste,
Chaidh grùnd a ghliocais,
Fear fìugbant, miscal,
Cuilmeach, gibleil,
An robh cliù gun bhriseadh ;
Chaidh ùir fò lic air m' eudail.

Gnùis na glainne,
Chùireadh sunnd air fearaibh,
Air each crùidheach ceann-ard,
'S lann ùr than ort,
Am beart dhlù dhainghinn :
Air cùll nan clann-fhalt teùd-bhuidh.

'S iomadh fear aineoil,
Is aoidh 's lùchd eallaidh,
Bheir turnais tamul,
Air crùn a mbalairt,
Air iùil 's air ainne,
Bu chluith gun aithreis bhreug è.

B tu 'n sìth-thamh charid,
Ri' am tig'h'n gu bail,
Ol dìon aig fearabh,
Gun strì gun charraid,
'S bu mhiam leat mar ruit,
Luchd iuns' air annas sgeula.

Bu tric aoidh chairdean,
Gu d' dhùn adh-mhor,
Suilbhear, fàilteach,
Cuilm-mhor stàtoil,
Gun bhuirb gun àrdan :
Gun diultadh air màl dheirceach.

Thù shliochd Ollaghair
Bha mor morgha,
Nan seòl corra-bheann,
'S nan còrn gorm-ghlas,
Nan ceòl òrgan
'S nan seòd bu bhorb ri eiginn.

Bha leath do shloinnidh,
Ri siol Cholla,
Nan cise tromadh,
'S nam pios soilleir,
Bho choig-amb Coinneach,
Bu lion-mhor do luingeas breid-gheal

'S iomadh gair dalta,
'S mnai bhàs-bhuailt,

Ri là tasgaidh,
Cha 'n fhàth aiteis,
Do 'd chaidinn t-fhaicinn
Fò chlàr glaisde,
Mu thruaidh ! chreach an t-eug sinn.

Inghinn Sheumais nan crùn,
Bean chòilidh ghlan ùr,
Thùg i ceud ghradh ga rùn,
Bu mhòr a' h-aobhar ri sunnd,
Nuair a shealladh i'n ghnais a céile.

Si fhras nach cinin,
A thainig as ùr,
A shrac air siùil,
Sa bhris ar stiùir,
'S ar cairt mbath iùil,
S ar taice cùil ;
'S air caidridh cùil,
Bhiodh againn 'na d' thùr éibhinn.

'S mor an iùnedrain tha bhuainn,
Air a dùnadh 's an uaigh,
Air cuinneadh 's ar buaidh !
Air curam 's ar 'n àill ;
'S ar sùgradh gun ghruaim
'S fad air chuimhne
Na fhuair mi fein deth.

LUINNEAG MHIC-LEOID.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich',
Fo mbulad 's fo ime-cheist ;
'S mi coimhead air Ile,
'S ann de'm ionghnadh san am so.
Bha mi uair nach do shaoil mi,
Gus 'n do chaochail air m' aimsir ;
Gu'n tiginn an taobh so,
A dh' amharc Iuraidh a's Sgarbaidh,

*I h-urabh ò, i h-oirinn ò,
I h-urabh ò, i h-oirinn ò ;
I h-urabh ò, h-ogaidh hù-ro,
H-i-rì-rì rithibh h-ò-i ag ò.*

Gun tiginn an taobh so,
A dh' amharc Iuraidh, a's Sgarbaidh :
Beir mo shoraidh do'n dùthaich,
Tha fo dhubhar nan garbh-bheann.
Gu Sir Tòmod ùr, allail,
Fhuair ceannas air armailt ;
'S gun caint' ann 's gach fearann,
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air.

I hurabh o, &c.

Gun caint' ann 's gach fearann,
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air ;

Fear do cheille, 's do ghliocais,
Do mhisnich, 's do mbeanmairn.
Do chruadail, 's do ghaisge,
Do dhreach, 's do dhealbha;
Agus t-òlachd as t-uaisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leanmhuinn.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Agus t-òlachd, as t-uaisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leanmhuinn;
Dh-fhuil dìreach rìgh Lochluinn;
B' e sid toiseach do sheanachais.
Tha do chairdeas so-iarraidh,
Rìs gach Iarla tha 'n Albuinn;
'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
Cha breug, ach sgeul dearbht' e.

I h-urabh o, &c.

'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
Cha bhreug ach sgeul dearbht' e;
A mhic an fhir eblùtich,
Bha gu fiùghantach ainmeil.
Thug barrachd an gliocas,
Air gach Ridir bha 'n Albuinn;
Ann an cogadh 's an sio'-chainnt,
'S ann an dioladh an airgeid.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Ann an cogadh 's an sio'-chainnt,
'S ann an dioladh an airgeid;
'S beag an t-ionghnadh do mhae-sa,
Bhìdh gu beachdail mor, meanmnach.
Bhìdh gu fùghant', fial, farsuinn,
O'n a ghlachd sibh mar shealb e;
Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,
'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhiu'.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,
'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhiu';
Ach an aon fhear a dh' fhuirich,
Nir chluinnean sgeul marbh ort.
Ach eudail de dh-fhearaibh;
Ge do ghabh mi bh'uat tearbadh;
Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
Gun nìreasaidh dealbha.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
Gun nìreasaidh dealbha;
Cridhe farsuinn, fial, fearail;
'S math thig geal agus dearg ort.
Suil ghorm 's glan sealladh,
Mar dhearcaig na talmhuinn;
Lamh ri gruaidh ruiteach,
Mar mhucaig na feara-dhris.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Lamh ri gruaidh ruiteach.
Mar mhucaig na feara-dhris,
Fo thagha na gruaige,
Cul dualach, nan cama-lub.
Gheibhte sid ann a t-fhàrdaich,
An caradh air ealachuinn;
Miosair a's adhare,
Agus raogha gach armachd;

I h-urabh o, &c.

Miosair a's adhare,
Agus raogha gach armachd;
Agus launtainnean tana,
O'n ceannaibh gu 'm barra-dheis.
Gheibhte sid air gach slios dhiu,
Isneach a's cairbinn;
Agus iubhair chroaidh, fhallain,
Le 'n tafaidin cainbe.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Agus iubhair chruaigh, fhallain,
Le 'n tafaidin cainbe,
A's cuilbheirean caola,
Air an daoirid gu'n ceannaicht' iad.
Glac nan ceann liobhta,
Air chuir sios ann am balgaibh;
O iteach an fhir-eoin,
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn'.

I h-urabh o, &c.

O iteach an fhir-eoin,
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn';
Tha mo chion air a churaidh,
Mac Mhuire chuir sealb air.
'S e bu mhiannach le m' leanabh,
Bhi 'm beannaibh nan sealga;
Gabhail aighear na frìdhe,
'S a dìreadh nan garbh-ghlac.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Ghabhail aighear na frithe
'S a dìreadh nan garbh-ghlac;
A leigeil na'n cuilein,
'S a furan na'n seanna-chon.
'S e bu deireadh do'n fhuaran ud.
Fuil thoirt air chalgaibh,
O luchd nan céir geala;
S nam falluinnean dearga.

I h-urabh o, &c.

O luchd nan céir geala,
'S nam falluinnean dearga,
Le d' chomhlain dhaoi' uaisle,
Rachadh cruaidh air an armaibh.
Luchd aithneachadh latha,
'S a chaithreamh na faire,
'S a b'urainn ga seòladh,
Gu seòl-ait' an tarruinn' i.

I h-urabh o, &c.

AN CRONAN.

An naigheachd so 'n dè
Aighearach i,
Moladh do 'n léigh,
Thug maileart d'am chéil
'Nis teannaidd mi féin ri crònan,
Nis teannaidd &c.

Beannachd do 'n bheul,
Dh-athris an sgeul
Cha ghearain mi féin
Na chailleadh 's na dh-eug
'S mo leanabh na dheidh comh-shlan
'S mo leanabh, &c.

Nam biodh agamsa fion
Gum b'ait leam a dhìol,
Air slainnte do thighinn,
Gud chairdean 's gud thoir,
Mhic àrmuinn mo ghaoil,
Be m' ardan 's mo phrìs,
Alach mo rìgh thogbhail
Alach mo rìgh, &c.

'S fàth mire dhuinn féin,
'S do'n chinneadh gu leir,
Do philleadh on eug,
'S milis an sgeul,
'S binne no gleus òrgain,
'S binne no glus, &c.

'S e m' aiteas gu dearbh,
Gu'n glacair grad shealbh,
An caisteal nan àrm
Leis a mhacan da'n ainm Tòrmod,
Leis a mhacan, &c.

Tha modhuills' ann an Dia,
Guir muirneach do thriall,
Gu Dùn ud nan cliar,
Far bu duthchas do 'm thriath,
Bhiodh gu fiughantach fiall foirmeil,
Bhiodh gu fiugheantach fiall, &c.

Gu Dun turaideach àrd,
Be sud innis nam bàrd,
'S nam fliidh ri dàn,
Far bu mhinig an tàmh,
Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlàs daibh sud,
Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlathas, &c.

Gu àros nach crìon
Am bidh gàrach nam pìob
'S nan clàrsach a rìs
Le dearsadh nam pìos
A' cuir sàradh am fion
'S ga leigeadh an gnìomh òr-cheaird,
'S ga leigeadh an gnòomh, &c.

Buaghach am mar,
Uasal an t-slat,
Dha'n dual a bhi ceart,
Cruadalach pailt,
Duais-mhor am beachd
Ruaineach an neart Leòdach
Ruaineach an neart, &c.

Fiùran a chluain,
Dùisg san òr-eagha uair,
'S dù dhut dol suas,
'N cliù 's ann am buaidh,
'S dùchas do'm luaidh,
Bhìdh gu fiughantach suaire ceol-bhinn
Bhìdh gu fiughantach suaire, &c.

Fasan bu dual,
Fantalach buan,
Socrach ri tuath,
Cosgail ri cuairt,
Cosunta cruaidh,
A'm brosnachadh sluaidh,
A mosgladh an uair foirneart.
A mosgladh an uair, &c.

Leansa 's na treig,
Cleachdadh a's beus,
T-aiteam gu leir,
Macanta seimh,
Pailt ri luchd theud,
Gaisgeil am feum,
Neart-mhor an deigh tòireachd
Neart-mhor an deigh, &c.

Siochd Ollaghair nan laun,
Thogadh sroiltean ri crann,
Nuair a thoisich iad ann,
Cha bu lionsgaradh gam,
Fir a b' fhirinneach bann,
Priseil an dream,
Rioghail gun chall còrach.
Rioghail gun chall, &c.

Tog colg ort a ghaol,
Bi ro-chalma 's gu'm faod,
Gur dearbhtha dhut laoiel,
Dheth na chinneadh nach faoin,
Thig ort as gach taobh gad chònadh,
Thig ort as gach taobh, &c.

Uasal an treud,
Deas, cruadalach, treun,
Tha'n dual'chas dhut féin,
Théid ma d' ghuailibh ri t-fhem,
De shliochd Ruairi mhoir fheil,
Cuir sa suas a Mhic Dhé an t-og Rìgh,
Cuir sa suas a, &c.

Tha na Gàill gu leir,
 Cho cairdeach dhut féin,
 'S gur feaird thu gu t-fheum,
 Sir Domhnall á Sleibht,
 Ceannard nan ceud,
 Ceannsgalach treun rò ghlic,
 Ceannsgalach treun, &c.

'S math mo bhairéil 's mo bheachd,
 Air na fiurain as leat,
 Gu curanntach ceart,
 'S ann de bharrachd do neart,
 Mac-'Ic-Ailein 's a mbac
 Thig le farum am feachd,
 Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart.
 Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart, &c.

A Gleann Garadh a nuas,
 Thig am barantas sluaidh,
 Nach mealladh ort uair,
 Cha bu churantas fuar
 Na fir sin bho chluain Chnòideirt.
 Na fir sin bho chluain, &c.

'S leat Mac-Shimidh on Aird,
 'S Mac Choinnich Chinntail,
 Théid 'nad t-iomairt gun dail,
 Le h-iomadaidh gràidh,
 Cha b'ionghantach dhaibh,
 'S gur lionmhor do phairt dhaibh sin.
 'S gur lionmhor do phairt, &c.

'S goirt an naigheachd 's gur cruaidh,
 Mac 'Illean bhi bhuainn,

Gun a thaigheadeas suas,
 Bha do cheanghal ris buan,
 T-ursainn-chattha ri uair deuchainn.
 T-ursainn-chattha ri uair, &c.

B'iomadh gasan gun chealg,
 Bu deas faicinn fo àrm,
 Bheireadh ceartachadh garbh,
 Is iad a chlaistinn ort fearg,
 Eadar Bràcadal thall as Brolas.
 Eadar Bracadal, &c.

Tha mi 'g aca mo chall,
 Iad a thachairt gun cheann,
 Fo chasan nan Gàll,
 Gun do phearsa bhi ann,
 Mo chruaidh-chas nach gann,
 Thu bhi anns an Fhraing air tògradh.
 Thu bhi, &c.

A Chrosd cinnich thu féin,
 An spiunnadh 's an céill,
 Gu cinneadail treun,
 'N ionad na dh' éug,
 A Mhic an fhir nach d' fhuair beum,
 'Sa ghineadh o'n chré rò-ghlan.
 'Sa ghineadh o'n chré, &c.

A Rìgh nan gràs,
 Bidh féin mar gheard,
 Air feum mo ghràidh,
 Dean oighne slàn
 Do'n Teaghlaich àigh,
 Da'n robh caoimhneas air bharr sùlais,
 Da'n robh caoimhneas air bharr, &c.

IAIN LOM;

OR,

JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER POET.

THIS celebrated individual, a poet of great merit, as well as a famous politician, was commonly called *Iain Lom*, literally, *bare John*; but so named from his acuteness, and severity on some occasions.* He was sometimes called *Iain Manntach*, from an impediment in his speech. He was of the Keppoch family; lived in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and died at a very advanced age about the year 1710.

We know little of the early education of the Lochaber bard. Of him it might be said, "*poeta nascitur non fit*;" but from his descent from the great family, *Clann-Raonaill na Ceapach*, a sept of the M'Donalds, he must have seen and known more of the men and manners of those times than ordinary. His powers and talents soon rendered him a distinguished person in his native country; and subsequent events made him of importance, not only there, but likewise in the kingdom.

The first occurrence that made him known beyond the limits of Lochaber, was the active part he took in punishing the murderers of the heir of Keppoch: the massacre was perpetrated by the cousins of the young man, about the year 1663. The poet had the penetration to have foreseen what had really happened, and had done all he could to prevent it. He perceived that the minds of the people were alienated from the lawful heir in his absence: he and his brother being sent abroad to receive their education during their minority, and their affairs being intrusted to their cousins, who made the best use they could of the opportunity in establishing themselves by the power and authority thus acquired in the land. Although he could not have prevented the fatal deed, he was not a silent witness. He stood single handed in defence of the right. As he failed in his attempt to awaken the people to a sense of their duty, he addressed himself to the most potent neighbour and chieftain Glengarry, who declined interfering with the affairs of a celebrated branch of the great *Clann-Dughail*; and there was no other that could have aided him with any prospect of success. Thus situated, our poet, firm in his resolution, and bold in the midst of danger, was determined to have the murderers punished. In his ire at the reception he met from Glengarry, he invoked his muse, and began to praise Sir Alexander M'Donald.

Nothing can give us a better idea of the power of the Highland clans, and of the state of the nation at this period, than this event, which happened in a family, and among a people, by no means inconsiderable. M'Donald of Keppoch could bring out, on emergency, three hundred fighting men of his own people; as brave and as faithful as ever a chieftain called out or led to battle, that would have shed the last drop of

* Some say he was called *Iain Lom* because he was bare in the face, and never had any beard.

their blood in his cause, and yet he had not an inch of land to bestow upon them. The M'Donald of Keppoch always appeared at the head of his own men, although only a branch of the great clan. He might have got rights, as he had just claims to land for signal services: but "would he care for titles given on sheep skin? he claimed his rights and titles by the edge of the sword!"

The kingdom of Scotland, as well as other nations, often suffered from the calamities that have been consequent on minorities. The affairs of Keppoch must have been in the most disordered state, when a people, warlike and independent in spirit, were trusted to the care, and left under the control of relations—selfish, and, as they proved, unworthy of their trust. The innocent, unsuspecting young men were sacrificed to the ambitious usurpation of base and cruel relatives. Our poet alone proved faithful; and, after doing what he could, it was not safe for him to rest there. The cause he espoused was honourable; and he was never wanting in zeal. Confiding in the justice of his cause, and his own powers of persuasion, (and no man better knew how to touch the spring that vibrated through the feelings of a high-spirited and disinterested chieftain,) he succeeded. Being favourably received by Sir Alexander M'Donald, he concerted measures for punishing the murderers, which met his lordship's approval, and indicated the judgment and sagacity of the faithful clansman.

A person was sent to North Uist with a message to Archibald M'Donald (*An Ciaran Mabach*), a poet as well as a soldier, commissioning him to take a company of chosen men to the mainland, where he would meet with the Lochaber bard, who would guide and instruct him in his future proceedings.

The usurpers were seized and beheaded. They met with the punishment they so richly deserved; but the vengeance was taken in the most cruel manner; and the exultation and feelings of the man who acted so boldly, and stood so firmly in the defence of the right, have been too ostentatiously indulged, in verses from which humanity recoils. How different from his melting strains, so full of sympathy and compassion for the innocent young men whose death he avenged!

The atrocious deed has been palpably commemorated, in a manner repugnant to humanity, by "*Tobar nan Ceann*."

Sometime thereafter the poet and Glengarry were reconciled. The chief well knew the influence of the "man of song" in the country, and had more policy than to despise one so skilled in the politics of the times—who made himself of more than ordinary consequence by the favour shown him by Sir Alexander M'Donald. No one of his rank could command greater deference. There might have been found votaries of the muses that poured out sweeter strains, but he was second to none in energy and pathos, in adapting his art to the object in view, and in producing the desired effect. He was born for the very age in which he lived. To the side he espoused he faithfully stood, and exerted all the energies of his mighty mind in behalf of the cause which he adopted. We shall not say that he was always in the right: in the one already related, he undoubtedly was; in a subsequent and greater cause he made one of a party. A poet is often led away by

* Alluding to vellum.

feeling, by passion and prejudice, when not left to cool reflection, or to the exercise of a better judgment. But *Iain Lom* entered on his enterprise with heart and zeal. A wider scene of action opened to his view. Usurpation, family feuds, and intestine troubles, gave way to civil war; and the vigilant seer became an active agent in the wars of Montrose.

One trait in the character of our poet, though not common, yet is not singular, and may be worthy of a remark or two. He was no soldier, and yet would set every two by the ears. Men of influence in the country, as well as chieftains at a distance, knew this, and dreaded him. An instance will put this in clear light. In the active scenes of those intestine troubles, a great politician and a famous bard was a person not to be neglected. He became an useful agent to his friends, and he received a yearly pension from Charles II. as his bard.

The Lochaber poet was the means of bringing the armies of Montrose and the Argyleshire men together, at Inverlochay, where the bloody battle that ensued proved so fatal to so many brave men, the heads of families of the Campbell clan.

It will be unnecessary to follow here a history so well known. The Argyleshire men, on learning the intentions of their enemies to make a second descent on their country, marched north in order to divert their course, and save Argyleshire from another devastation. John M'Donald's eyes were open to all that was passing. He hastened to the army of Montrose with the intelligence that the Campbells were in Lochaber. Mr Alexander M'Donald, (better known by his patronimic, *Alasdair Mac Cholla*,) who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, took John as guide, and went in search of the Campbells. He, after search was made, and finding no trace of them, began to suspect the informer of some sinister motive; and declared, "if he deceived him, he would hang him on the first tree he met." "Unless," answered the poet, who was well informed of the fact, "you shall find the Campbells all here, for certainly they are in the country, before this time to-morrow, you may do so." The enemy at length appeared, and they prepared to give them battle. "Make ready, John," says the commander to the poet, "you shall march along with me to the fight." The poet, as has been asserted of the greatest of orators, was a coward; yet he too well knew his man to have altogether declined the honour he offered him; for Mr Alexander was not the man to be refused. The other was at his wits end. A thought arose quicker than speech; and it was fortunate for him. "If I go along with thee to-day," said the bard, "and fall in battle, who will sing thy praises to-morrow? Go thou, Alasdair, and exert thyself as usual, and I shall sing thy feats, and celebrate thy prowess in martial strains." "Thou art in the right, John," replied the other; and left him in a safe place to witness the engagement.

From the castle of Inverlochay, the poet had a full view of the battle, of which he gives a graphic description. The poem is entitled *The Battle of Inverlochay*. The natives repeat these heroic verses, as most familiar and recent ones. So true, natural, and home-brought is the picture, that all that had happened, seem to be passing before their eyes. The spirit of poetry, the language, and boldness of expression, have seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed; yet, at this distance of time, these martial strains are rehearsed with different and opposite feelings.

The changes which afterwards took place produced no change in the politics of our bard. He entered into all the turmoils of the times with his whole heart, and with a boldness which no danger could daunt, nor power swerve from what he considered his duty. He became a violent opposer of the union, and employed his muse against William and Mary. It mattered little to him of what rank or station his opponents were if they incurred his resentment. He treated his enemies with the same freedom and boldness whether on the throne, at the head of an army, or in the midst of a clan on whose fidelity the chief might always depend. But his friends who were of the party which he espoused were spared, while he made the nicest distinction between the shades and traits of character. How ingeniously he revenged himself on Glengarry in the praises bestowed on Sir Alexander M'Donald! Yet, would he suffer a hair of the head of any of his clan to be touched? No truly.

But how severe was he against a neighbouring clan that was always in opposition to his own. The Campbells he always lashed with the sharpest stripes of satire. The marquess of Argyre, who, on the score of heroism might have shaken hands with himself, felt the influence of the satire and ridicule of the popular bard and politician so much, that he offered a considerable reward for his head. The conduct of M'Donald on this occasion, indicates well the manner in which the character of a bard was respected and held sacred.

The poet repaired to Inverary, went to the castle, and delivered himself to the marquess, demanding his reward. We have already given an instance of his cowardly spirit. No one would accuse him of rashness; for he proved his prudence, caution, and foresight, from the long experience and trials he had in troublesome times. It was, therefore, on the safety granted to the office of bardship that he depended. Nor did he trust too much. He was perfectly safe in the midst of his enemies; even in the very castle of their chief who offered a reward for his head. The marquess received him courteously, and brought him through the castle; and on entering a room hung round with the heads of black cocks, his Grace asked John:—"Am fac thu riamh Iain, an uiread sin de choilich dhubha an aon àite?"—"Chunnair," ars Iain. "C'àite?"—"An Inbher-Lòchaidh."—"A! Iain, Iain, cha sguir thu gu bràch de chagnadh nan caimbeulach?"—"Se 's duilich leam," ars Iain, "nach urradh mi ga slugadh." i. e. "Have you ever seen, John, so many black cocks together?" "Yes," replied the undaunted bard. "Where?" demanded his grace. "At Inverlochay," returned the poet, alluding to the slaughter of the Campbells on that memorable day. "Ah! John," added his grace, "will you never cease gnawing the Campbells?" "I am sorry," says the other, "that I could not swallow them."

He was buried in Dun-aingal in the braes of Lochaber; and his grave was till of late pointed out to the curious by the natives. Another bard, Alexander M'Donald of Glen-coe, composed an elegy to him when standing on his grave, beginning thus:—

"Na shineadh an so fo na pluic,
Tha gaol an leoghainn 's fuath an tniire, &c."

Iain Lom composed as many poems as would form a considerable volume, the best of which are given in this work.

IAIN LOM.

MORT NA CEAPACH.

'S teare an diugh mo chùis ghàire,
Tigh'n na ràidean so 'n iar;
'G ambare fonn Inbher-làire,
'N deigh a stràchdadh le sìol;
Tha Cheapach na fàsach,
Gun aon aird oirre 's fiach;
'S leir ri fhaicinn a bhràithrean,
Gur trom a bhàre oirnn an t-sion.

'S ann oirne thainig an diombuain,
'Sa 'n iomaghuin gheur;
Mur tha claidheamh ar finne,
Cho minig n' ar deigh;
Paca Thurcach gun sìreadh,
Bhi a pinnadh ar cleibh;
Bhi n' ar breacain g' ar filleadh,
Measg ar ciune mor fein.

'S gearr o chomhairl' na h-aoine,
Dh' fbag a chaidh sinn fo sprochd;
O am na feill-Micheil,
Ge b'e nith rinn mo lot;
Dh' fbag sud n' ar miol-mhùir sinn
'S na'r fuigheall spuirte air gach port;
'Nuair theid gach cinneadh ri chèile,
Bidh sìne sgaoilte mu 'n chnoc.

'S ann di-sathuirne gearr uainn,
Bhuail an t-earrachall orm spot;
'S mi caoidh nan corp geala,
Bha call na fala fo 'n brot;
Bha mo lamhausa croabhach,
'N deigh bhi taosgadh 'ur lot;
Se bhi ga 'r cuir ann an ciste,
Tùrn as miste mi nochd.

B' iad mo ghraidh na cuirp chùraidh,
Anns 'm bu dhù chur na'n sgian;
'S iad na 'n sìneadh air ùrlar,
'N seomair ùr ga 'n cur sìos;
Fo chasan shìol Dùghaill
Luchd a spuilleadh na 'n cliabh;
Dh' fbag àlach am biodag
Mur sgaille ruidil 'ur bian.

C' aite 'n robh e fo 'n adhar,
A sheall n'ur bhathais gu geur,
Nach tugadh dhuibh athadh,
A luchd 'ur labhairt 's 'ur bleus;

Mach o chlainn bhrathair n-athar,
Chaidh 'm bairn an aibhisteir threine;
Ach mu rinn iad bhuir lotsa.
'S trom a rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha sibh 'n cadal thaigh duinte,
Gun smuid deth gun cheò;
Far 'n d' fhuair sibh 'n garbh dhùsgadh,
Thaobh 'ur chùil a's 'ur beoil;
Ach na 'm faigheadh sibh ùine
O luchd ur mhi-rùin bhi beo;
Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
Biodh air' air mùirn 's air luchd-ceoil.

A leithid de mhort cha robh 'n Albuinn,
Ged bu bhorb iad na 'm beus;
'S bochd an sgeul eadar bhràithrean,
E dhol an lathair mhic Dhé;
Mur am bàt air an linne,
Ge b'e shireadh na deigh;
Cha tain' a leithid do mhillleadh,
Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n ghréin.

Tha mulad air m' inntinn
Bhi 'g innseadh bhur beus
'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh
'N uair choaidh 'ur fagail leibh fein
'Sa chuir sibh cungaidd 'ur càsaibh,
Ann an Aros na 'n téud;
'S 'ur buachailleann bàth-chruibh,
Ann an garadh nam péur.

'S ann an sin a bha 'n cinneadh,
Bh' air am milleadh o 'n ceill;
Chaidh a ghlaeadh droch spioraid,
Ann an ionad fiamh Dhé;
Sin am fath mu 'n robh sginean,
Cho minig 'n 'ur deigh;
'S a 'neach nach do bhuailleadh,
Bhi ga bhuain anns a bhréig.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhnuill
'S fad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall,
Dh' fbag tha sìne n'ur breislich,
Nach do fhreasdail thu 'n t-am;
Nach do gleidh thu na h-itean,
Chaidh gun fhios d'ur air chall;
Tha sinn corrach as t-aogais,
Mur chlainn sgaoilte gun cheann.

Gur h-ìom' òganach sgaiteach,
Lub bhachlach, sgiath chom;

Eadar drochaid Allt Eire,
'S Rugha shleibhte nan tonn ;
A dheanadh leat eiridh
Mu 'm biodh do chreuchdan lan tholl ;
'S a rachadh bras ann a t-eirig,
Dheagh Shìr Sheumais nan long.

Chuir Dia oirnn craobh shìo-chaint,
Bha da 'r dìonadh gu leoir ;
Da 'm bu choir dhuinn bhì strìochdadh,
Fhad 'sa 'n cian bhìodhmaid beò ;
Mas sinn fhein a chuir dìth oirr',
B' ole an dìoladh sin oirnn ;
Tuitidh tuagh as na flaitheas,
Leis an sgathar na meòir.

'N glan fhiuran so bh' againn,
'N taobh so fhlaithreas Mhìc Dhé ;
Thainig sgìrsadh a bhàis air,
Chaill sinn thoirt le srachd gear ;
'N t-aon fhiuran a b' àillidh,
Bh' ann 's phairce 'n robh speis ;
Mur gu 'm buaineadh sibh àilean,
Leis an fhàladair gear.

Tha lionn-dubh air mo bhualadh,
'N taobh tuathal mo chleibh ;
'S mu nìhaireas e buan ann,
B' fhearr lean uam e mur chéud ;
Gar an teid mi g'a innseadh,
Tha mi cinnteach a' m' sgeul ;
Luchd dheanadh na sìthne,
Bhì feadh na tire gun deigh.

A BHEAN LEASAICH

AN STOP DHUINN.*

A bhean leasaich an stop dhuinn,
'S lìon an cupa le sòlas,
Mas a brannad no beoir i, tha mi toileach a h-òl
'N deochs' air Captain Chlann-Domhnuill,
'S air Sir Alasdair òg thig an chaoil.

'M fear nach dùirig a h-òl
Gun tuit 'n t-shuil air a bhord as,
Tha mo dhùrachd do'n òigear,
Crann curaidh Chlann-Domhnuill,
Rìgh nan dùl bhì gad chònachd fhir chaoimh.

Greas mu 'n cuairt feagh 'n taigh i,
Chum gun gluaisinn le aighear,
Le sliochd uaibhreach an athar,
A choisin buaigh leis a chlidheimh,
Fìor ga ruagadh 's ga 'n caitheamh gu daor.

Sliochd a ghabhail nan steud thu,
Dh' fhas gu flathasach feile,
Do shìochd gasda Chuinn cheutaich,
'S a bha taghaich an Eirinn,
Ged a fhuair an claidhe 's an t-èug oirbh sgriob.

Bhìodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh,
Aig do fhleasgaichean ùra,
Dol a shìubhal nan stùc-bheann,
Ann 's an uighe gun churam,
Leis a bhuidheann ro 'n ruisgte na gill.

'S tha mo dhuil ann 's an Trianaid,
Ged thainig laigsinn air t-fhion fhuil,
Slat den chuilean blà ciatach,
Dh' fhas gu furanch fialaidh,
Sheasadh duineil air bial-thaobh an rìgh.

'S an am dhut gluasad o ' t-aitreamh,
Le d' cheòl cluais' agus caismeachd,
O thìr-uasal nan glas-charn,
Ga'n robh cruadal 's gaisge,
Gam bu shuaineas barr gaganach fraoich.

'Nuair a thairte fo luchd i,
Bhì tarraim suas air a cupaill,
Bord a fuaraidh 's ruith chuip air,
Snaim air fuathail a fhuich bhuird,
'Sruth mu gualibh 's i suchta le gaoith.

'S nuair a chairte fo seòl i,
Le crainn ghasda 's le corcaich,
Ag iomart chleasan 's ga seoladh,
Aig a comhlan bu bhoiche,
Seal m'an togt' oirre ro-sheol o thìr.

Gu Dun-Tuilm nam fear fallain,
Far an greadhnach luchd ealaidh,
Gabhail failte le caithream,
As na clàrsaichean glana,
Do mhnai òig nan teud banala binn.

Sliochd nan cuiridhean talmhaidh,
Leis an do chuireadh cath garabhach,
Fhuair mi urrad gar seannachas,
Gun robh an turas ud ainmeil,
Gun ro taigh 's leath Alba fo'r eis.

'S ioma neach a fhuair coir naibh,
Ann sann àm ud le'r gòraich,
Ean diu Ròthaich 's Ròsaich,
Mac-Choinnich 's Diùc Gordon,
Mac-'Illeain o Dreolain 's Mac-Aoidh.

Be do shuaicheantas taitneach,
Long, 's leaghan, 's bradan,
Air chuan lìobhara an aigeil,
A chraobh fhigeis gun ghaiseadh,
A chuireadh fion di le pailteas,
Lamh dhearg ro na ghaisgeach nan tìnn.

* This song was composed on account of the laird of Glengarry refusing his aid in apprehending the Keppoch murderers; and in order to provoke the chief, the poet began by singing the praises of Sir Alexander M'Donald of slate, and Sir James his son.

Nuair bu sgèth de luchd-theud e,
 Gheibhte Bioball ga leughadh,
 Le fìor chreideamh a's cèille,
 Mar a dh' orduich mac Dhé dhuibh,
 S gheibhte teagasg na Cléir' uaidh le sìth.

Mhic Shìr Seumas nam bratach,
 O bhun Sleibhte nam bradan,
 A ghlac an fheile 's a mhaise,
 O cheann cèile do leapa,
 Cum do reite air a casan,
 Bì gu reusanta, macanta, mìn.

Sliochd na mìlidh 's nam fearabh,
 Na sròl 's nam pìos 's nan cup geala,
 Thogadh sìoda ri crannaibh,
 Nuair bu rioghal an tarrainn,
 Bhiodh pìob rìmhach nam meallan da seinn.

Gum bu slàn 's gum a h-ìomlan,
 Gach nì tha mì g-iomradh,
 Do theaghlach rìgh-Fionghall,
 Oighre dligheach Dhùn-Tuilm thu
 Olar deoch air do chuilm gun bhi sgi.

ORAN DO SHIOL DUGHAILL.*

'S trom 's gur eisleach m' aigne,
 'N diugh gur feudar dhomh aideach',
 O 'n a dh' eigh iad rium cabar 's mì corr.
 'S trom 's gur, &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh á Clachaig,
 'S mì gun mhànuis gun àitreabh,
 'S nach h-e 'màl a ta fairtleachadh orm.
 Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga 'm fhogradh á m' dhùthaich,
 'S m' fhearaun pòst' aig sìol Dùghaill,
 'S iad am barail gu 'n ùraich iad còir.
 Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh gun aobhar,
 'S nach mì shalaidh mo shaobhaidh,
 Mur mhada-gulla 'sa chaonnag m'a shroin.
 Mi ga m', &c.

Mo nì a's m' carnais feadh monaidh,
 'S mì mar ghearr eadar chonabh,
 Gun chead tearnadh measg loidh no feoir.
 Mo nì a's, &c.

O nach d' fhàs mì 'm fhear morta,
 Gu bhi sathadh mo chuirce,
 Mur bha na cairdean còrta 's taigh mhòr.
 O Nach d' fhàs, &c.

Fuil a taosgadh o lotan,
 Dh-fhaoite thogail le copan,
 Ruith na caochan ma bholtaibh am bròg.
 Fuil a taosgadh, &c.

A Ruadh ropach nam maodal,
 Ged a ròpadh tu caolin,
 Cha n' e do bhogadh a shaoil mì theachd orm.
 A rugh ropach,

Cleas na binne nach maireann,
 Bha 'n sgìre Cille-ma-cheallaig,*
 'Nuair a dhìt iad an gearran 'sa mhòd.
 Cleas a bhinne, &c.

Lagh cho chearr 'sa bha 'm Breatann,
 Rinn am mearlach a sheasamh,
 Bhi ga thearnadh o leadairt nan còrd.
 Lagh cho, &c.

Cleas dân mnaoi a chruiteir,
 Mun ghluionh nàrach rinn musag,
 Thug i lamh air a phluiceadh le dòrn.
 Cleas dana, &c.

A bbean choite gun obadh,
 Bu choir a dochair a thogail,
 Thilg a chlach anns an tobar 's i beo.
 A bbean choite, &c.

'Nuair bha a bheisd air a buaireadh
 Na cionnta fèin's i lan uabhair,
 Theid an eucor an uachdar car seoil.
 'Nuair bha, &c.

Faodar cada! gu seisdeil,
 Aig fadal Shìr Sheumais,
 Leig an ladarnas deisteach ud leo.
 Faodar, &c.

Ach na 'm faicinn do loingear,
 'S mì nach bristeadh a choinneamh,
 Na 'm biodh coiseachd air chomas domh beò.
 Ach na 'm, &c.

Mìre shrutha r'a darach,
 Ga cuir an uigheam gu h-aithghearr,
 Crainne ghiubhais fo sparaibh a seoil.
 Mìre shrutha, &c.

* Women were the judges in this case, and a thief who was brought before them for stealing a horse, was allowed to escape while the horse was condemned to be hanged. The occasion was this:—Some time before the present action was raised, the same culprit had stolen the same horse and was prosecuted; but had the good fortune to get off in consequence of its being his first offence. It seems, however, the horse had found the thief so much the better master that he soon after "stole himself" away and returned, for which, poor fellow he had to suffer the above reward. This story is often referred to among the Highlanders when *law* and *justice* are evidently *different things*, they say—"Cha tugadh an Cille-ma-cheallaig breath bu chlaime."

* After the murder of Keppoch, the Poet was persecuted by the murderer: this song was composed on that occasion.

'Nuair a lagadh a ghaoth oirnn,
Bhiodh seol air pasgadh a h-aoaich.
'S buidheann ghasda mo ghaoil ri cuir bhòd.
'Nuair a lagadh, &c.

Raimh mu 'n dunadh na basaibh,
'S iad a lubadh air bhacaibh,
Sud a chùrsachd o 'n atadh na leis.
Raimh, &c.

Buird ùr air a totaibh,
'S i na deann thun na cloiche,
Muir dhu-ghorm a' sgoltadh m'a bòrd.
Buird ùr air, &c.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

GED' tha mi m' eun fògraidh san tìr-sa,
Air mo ruagadh as na crìochan,
Glòir do Dhia 's do dh' Iarla Shì-phort,*
Cha bli sinn tuille fo 'r binne.

O rò rò seinn, cò nam b'àill leibh?
O rò rò seinn, cò nam b'àill leibh?
Call abhar-inn o, calman-codhail:
Trom orach as o, cò nam b'àill leibh?

Sir Seumas nan tìr 's nam baideal,
Gheibh luchd muirne cuirm a' t-aitreabh,
Ge do rinn thu 'n dùsal cadail,
'S Cìbhinn leam do dhùsgadh madainn.
O ro ro sin, &c.

* "After the murder of the children of Keppoch *Iain Mairnach*, the poet, had to flee for his life to Ross-shire, where he got a place from Seaforth in Glensheal, where he and his family might reside till such time as the murderers could be apprehended, as Seaforth, at the poet's request, had petitioned government for carrying that point into effect. This happened in the time of Sir James M'Donald, sixteenth baron of Slate, anno 1663.

"The government finding it impracticable to bring those robbers to justice in a legal way, sent a most ample commission of fire and sword (as it was then called) to Sir James M'Donald, signed by the duke of Hamilton, marquis of Montrose, earl of Eglinton, and other six of the Privy Council, with orders and full powers to pursue, apprehend, and bring in, dead or alive, all those lawless robbers, and their abettors.

"This, in a very short time, he effectually performed: some of them he put to death, and actually dispersed the rest to the satisfaction of the whole court, which contributed greatly to the civility of those parts.

"Immediately thereafter, by order of the ministry, he got a letter of thanks from the earl of Rothes, then Lord High Treasurer and Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, full of acknowledgments for the singular service he had done the country, and assuring him that it should not pass unrewarded, with many other clauses much to Sir James' honour.

"This letter is dated the 15th day of December, 1665, and signed Rothes. Sir James died anno 1678."—*Extracted from an unpublished Historical MS. of the M'Donalds.*

Slàn fo d' thriall, a Chiarain mhabaich,
Shiùbhladh slabh gun bhiadh, gun chadal;
Fraoch fo d' shìu' gun bhòsd, gun bhagrach;
Chuir thu cò do 'n ròiseal bhradach.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Rinn thu mhoch-eiridh Di-dòmhnaich,
Cha b' ann gu 'n aitreabh a chòmhdach,
Thoir a mach nan eas-cheann dòite,
Chur sradaid fo bhrachaich na feòla.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Mhoire 's buidheach mis' a Dhia ort,
Cuid de 'n atcheuing' bha mi 'g iarraidh,
'N grad spadadh le glas lannaibh liatha,
Tarruinn ghad air fad am fiacal.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Di-ciadainn a chaidh thu t-uidheam,
Le d' bhrataich aird 's do ghilleam dubha,
Sgrìob Ghilleaspig Ruaidh a Uithist,
Bhuail e meall 'an ceann na h-uighe.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Cha d'iarr thu bàta no long dharaich,
Ri àm geamhraidh 'n tūs na gaillinn,
Triubhas teann feadh bheann a's bhealach,
Coiseachd bhonn ge trom do mhealach.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Ach na'n cuireadh tu gach cùis gu àite,
Mu 'n sgaol thu t-itean air saile,
'Nuair dh-eitich thu Inbher-làire,
B' fheid do mheas e meas nan Gàil.
O ro ro sin, &c.

'S ann leam nach bu chruai' an ghaoir ud,
Bh-aig mnaibh galach nam falt sgaoilteach,
Bhi 'gan tarruinn mar bheul-snaoisein,
Sealg nam loc mu dhos na macilseach.
O ro ro sin, &c.

'S maing a rinn fhòghlum san droch-bheirt,
'N dèigh am plaosgadh fhuair bhuir ploidneadh,
Claigneann 'g am faoisneadh a copar,
Mar chinn laogh 'an dèigh am plotadh.
O ro ro sin, &c.

ORAN AIR CRUNADH

RIGH TEAREACH II.

Mi 'n so air m' uilinn,
An ard ghleann muaidh,
'S mor fath mo shulas ri gàire.
Mi 'n so air, &c.

'S ge fad am thosd mi,
Ma 's e 's olc leibh,
Thig an sop a m' bhraghad.
'S ge fad, &c.

O 'n bha sheanns' orinn a chluinntinn,
 Ged bu teann a bha chuing oirnn ;
 Gu 'n do thiondai' a chuibhle mar b'aill leinn.
 O 'n bha, &c.

An ceum so air choisachd,
 Le m' bhata 's le m' phoca,
 'Sa 'n lamh ga stopadh gu sar-mhath.
 An ceum, &c.

Gur h-ole an uith dhuinn,
 Bhi stad am prìosan,
 'N am theachd an rìgh g'a àite.
 Gur h-ole, &c.

Thug Dia dhuinn fortachd,
 As na cliabhan druilde,
 'Nuair dh' iarr sinn iuchair a gharaidh.
 Thug Dia dhuinn, &c.

'Sa Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,
 Ma chaidhe an cruin ort,
 Dia na fhear stiuridh air t-fhardaich,
 'Sa Thearlaich, &c.

Ma chaidh thu 'sa chathair,
 Gun aon bhuille claidheimh,
 'N ainm an athar 's an ard Rìgh.
 Ma chuaidh, &c.

'S thu thigh'n dhachaigh gu d' rìoghachd
 Mur a b' oil le d' luchd mi-ruin
 'N coimneamh ri mìle ciad fàilte.
 'S thu thigh'n, &c.

'S ioma *Subseig* mhor mhisgeach,
 'S measa run dut na mise,
 Tha cuir staigh am *petisean* an drasda,
 'S ioma, &c.

Luchd nan torra-chaisteal liatha,
 Air an stormadh le iarunn,
 B' ole na lorgairean rianh ann do gheard iad.
 Luchd na 'n, &c.

Cha b' fhas' an dùsgadh á cadal,
 Na madadh-rundh chuir a brachlaich,
 'Nuair a fhuaradh thu lag, ach bhi t-aicheadh.
 Cha b' fhas, &c.

Na mearlaich uile chuaidh dh' aon-taobh,
 Ghearr muineal Mhoir-fhear Hunndaidh,
 'S math choisinn le bunndaisd am pàigheadh.
 Na mearlaich, &c.

Lean is eibhinn mur thachair,
 Mur dh' eirich do 'n bhraich ud,
 Bha gach ceann d' i na bachlagan bana.
 Lean is, &c.

Cha robh uidhir nan cairtean,
 Nach robh tionnda' mi-cheart orr',
 Bha mo shuilean ga m faicinn an trath ud.
 Cha robh, &c.

'S ole an leasan diciadain,
 Mur a furtach thu Dhia air,
 A ta feitheamh an Iarla neo bhaidheil.
 'S ole an leasan, &c.

'N am rusgadh a cholair,
 Theid an ceann deth o choluinn,
 Glòir agus moladh do 'n ard-Rìgh.
 'N am, &c.

Le maighdeinn sgorr-shuileach smachdail,
 Dh' fhagas giallan gun mbeartuinn,
 Dhuineas fiair as a Mharcuish mhi-chairdeil.
 Le maighdeann, &c.

'S ged 's e thùs cha 'n e dheireadh,
 Do luchd dhusgadh an teine,
 'S mar mo rùn do 'n chuid eile da chairdean.
 'S ged 's e, &c.

Mur bha *Lusifer* tamull,
 'N deigh air thus bhi na Aingeal,
 Chaidh sgùrsa' le an-ìochd a Phàrais.*
 Mur bha, &c.

Bidh tu nis ann ad dheomhain,
 Dol timchioll an dombain,
 Bhrigh coltais toirt comh-fhillteachd dhasan.
 Bidh tu nis, &c.

'S mor a b' fhearr dhut na moran,
 No na chruinnich thu stòras,
 Bhi tional an oiraich gu d' ghàradh.
 'S mor a b' fhearr, &c.

Na thu fhein 's do gheard misgeach,
 Bhi 'n àit as nach tig sibb,
 Mur sgaile *phictair* 'sa 'n sgathan,
 Na thu fhein, &c.

Na farabhalaich bùreaca,
 Bha taruinn uainn ar cuid beartais,
 Chuir an rìgh mach a *Whitchall* dhuinn.
 Na farabhalaich, &c.

* This poet was of the Roman catholic persuasion. It is said that he could not read himself; but that he was acquainted with the whole of the historical parts of Scripture, his poems are a clear demonstration.

LATHA INBHER-LOCHAIDH.*

LUINNEAG.

*H-i rim h-ò-rò, h-ò-rò leatha,
H-i rim h-ò-rò, h-ò-rò leatha,
H-i rim h-ò-rò, h-ò-rò leatha,
Chaidh an latha le Clann-Dòmhnail.*

An cuala' sibhse 'n tionndadh duineil,
Thug an camp bha 'n Cille-Chnuimein;
'S fad chaidh ainm air an iomairt,
Thug iad as an naimhdean iomain.
H-i rim, &c.

Dh'irich mi moch madainn dhòmhnauich,
Gu barr caisteil Inbher-Lochaidh,
Chunna' mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordugh,
'S bha bualadh an là le Clann-Dòmhnauill.
H-i rim, &c.

Direadh a mach glun Chuil-eachaidh,
Dh' aithnich mi oirbh sìrd 'ur tapaiddh;
Ged bha mo dhuthaich na lasair,
'S éirig air a chèis mar thachair.
H-i rim, &c.

Ged bhiodh Iarlachd a bhraghaid,
An seachd bliadhna so mar tha e,
Gun chur, gun ehlithadh, no gun àiteach,
'S math an riadh bho 'm beil sinn paighte.
H-i rim, &c.

Air do laimhse Thighearna Lathair,
Ge mor do bhosd as do chlaidheamh;
'S ioma oghaich chinne t-athar,
Tha 'n Inbher-Lochaidh na laidhe.
H-i rim, &c.

'S ioma fearr goirseid agus pillein,
Cho math 'sa bha riamh dbeth d' chinneadh,
Nach d' fhead a bhotann thoirt tioram,
Ach faoghlum snámh air Bun-Neimheis.†
H-i rim, &c.

Sgeul a b' àite 'nuair a thigeadh,
Air Cairn-beulaich nam beul slineach,
H-uile dream dhiu mur a thigeadh,
Le bualadh lann an ceann ga 'm bristeadh.
H-i rim, &c.

* This battle was fought between the M'Donalds and the Campbells, on Sunday, February 2, 1645.

† When the Campbells were routed, they endeavoured to cross the river at the above-mentioned ford. To their astonishment, however, the task proved more irksome than they had anticipated; for, some of them losing their footing, their bonnets were carried down by the current. This event delighted and amused the poet; and, in order to make it at the same time ludicrous in itself, and galling to the poor Campbells, he began to address them as follows:—"A Dhuimhneacha Dhuimhneacha, cuimhnichibh 'ur bou-eidean."

'N latha sin shaoil leo dhol leotha,
'S ann bha laoiach ga 'n ruith air reothadh,
'S ioma shladanach mor odhar,
Bha na shineadh air ach 'an-tothair.
H-i rim, &c.

Ge be dhireadh Tom-na-h-aire,
Bu lionor spog ùr ann air d'broch shailleadh,
Neul marbh air an suil gun anam,
'N deigh an sgiùrsadh le lannan.
H-i rim, &c.

Thug sibh toiteal teith ma Lochaidh,
Bhi ga 'm bualadh na na srònan,
Bu lion'or claidheamh clais-ghorm comhnard,
Bha bualadh an lamhan Chlann-Dòmhnauill.
H-i rim, &c.

Sin 'nuair chruinnich mor d'bragh na fhalachd,
'N am rusgadh na 'n greidlein tana,
Bha iongan nan Duimhneach ri talamh,
An deigh an luithean a ghearradh.
H-i rim, &c.

'S lionmhor corp nochte gun aodach,
Tha na 'n sineadh air chnocain fhraoiche,
O 'n bhlar an greaste na saoidhean,
Gu ceann Leitir blar a Chaorainn.
H-i rim, &c.

Dh' innsinn sgeul eile le firinn,
Cho math 'sa ni cleireach a sgrìobhadh;
Chaidh na laoiach nd gu 'n dicheall
'S chuir iad maoin air luchd am mì-ruin.
H-i rim, &c.

Iain Mhuideartaich nan seol soilleir,
Sheoladh an cuan ri la doillear,
Ort cha d' fhuaradh briste coinnidh,
'S ait' leam Barra-breac fo d' chomas.
H-i rim, &c.

Cha b' e sud an siubhal cearbach,
A thug Alasdair do dh' Albainn,
Creachadh, losgadh, agus marbhadh;
'S leagadh leis coileach Strath-bhalgaidh.
H-i rim, &c.

An t-eun dona chaill a chentaiddh,
An Sasunn, an Albainn, 's 'n Èirinn,
Is it e a curr na sgeithe,
Cha miste leam ged a gheill e.
H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan a geur lann sgaiteach,
Gheall thu 'n dé a bhi cuir as daibh,
Chuir thu 'n retreuta seach an caisteal,
Seoladh gle mthath air an leantuinn.
H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan geur lann guineach.
Na 'm biodh agad armuinn Mhuile;
Thug thu air na dh' fhalbh dhuibh fuireach,
'S retreat air pràbar an duileisg.

H-i rim, &c.

Alsdair Mhic Cholla gbasda,
Lamh dheas a sgoltadh nan caisteal;
Chuir thu 'n ruaig air Ghallaibh glasa,
'S ma dh-ol iad càl gun chuir thu asd' e.

H-i rim, &c.

'M b' aithne dhuibhse 'n Goirtean-odhar,
'S math a bha e air a thothar,
Cha 'n inneir chaorach, no ghobhar;
Ach fuil Dhuimhneach an deigh reothadh.

H-i rim, &c.

Bhur sgrios mu 's truagh leam 'ur caradh,
'G eisdeachd an-shocair 'ur pàistean
Caoidh a phannail bh' ann 's 'n àraich
Donnalaich bhan Earraghàil.

H-i rim, &c.

LATHA THOM-A-PHUBAILL.*

LUINNEAG.

*Hù-rò 's fada, 's gur fada,
'S cian fada gu leoir,
O 'n a chait' thu air thuras,
Do bhaile Lunnainn nan cleoc;
Na 'n cluinneadh tu fatuinn,
Le rabhadh an eoin;
'S gu 'n taoghladh tu 'n rathad,
'S mi nach gabhadh dheth bròn!*

Air leith-taobh Beinne-buidhe,
Sheas a bhuidheann nach ganu;
Luchd dhearcadh an iubhair,
'Sa chur siubhal fo chrann;
'S dìonbach mise d' ur saothair,
'Nuair a dh' aom sibh a nall,
Nach deach a steach air Gleann-Aora,
Ghearradh braoisg nam beul cam.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

A Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Dòmhnuaill,
Chum thu chòdhail gu duineil;
'Nuair a shaoil an t-larl Aorach,
Do chuir gun aobhar a Muile;
Bha thu roimhe 'n Dun-eideann,
'S dh' fbagh thu leigheart mu choinne,
'S gun aon eislein a' t-aighe,
Dh' eisd thu chasaid an Lunnainn.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Dòmhnuaill,
'S fad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall;

A laoiach aigeantaich phriseil,
Oig rimheich an àigh;
Tha maise an fhìona,
Ad ghruaidh dìreadh an àird;
'S tha thu shliochd nan trì Cholla,
Ga 'm biodh loingeas air sàil.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S truagh nach robh iad na ciadan,
Do luchd sgaith agus lann;
Do na h-oganaich threubhach,
Nach eiradh adbhans;
Cha bhi'mid ag eigheach,
Co da 'n eireadh an call;
'S ann aig geat Iubher-Aora,
Ghabh mo laoiach-sa gu càmp.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'M brudar chunnaic mi 'm chadal,
B' fhearr gu 'm faicinn e 'm dhùisg;
'S mi nach fuireadh ni b' fhaide,
Ann am plaide air m' àigh,
Sealladh 'n sin do d' ghuùis aobhach,
'Nuair a phlaosgadh mo shuil,
B' ionann eiridh do m' aighe,
'S leum a bhradain am bùrn.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Gur mise bha tùrsach,
'N am dhomh dùsgadh o m' bhrudar;
Bhi faicinn do chursaibh
Dol a null air Druim-uachdair;
Bhi gad chuir 'sa 'n tolla-dhubh,
'S gun mo dhuil thu thig 'n uaithe;
Laidh smal air mo shugradh,
Gus an daisgear an uagh dhomh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Tha prùip air do chul-thaobh,
'S math a b' fhuin dhut am faighneachd;
Eoin Abrach o 'n Ghiùbsaich,
Cha toir cubair a gheim deth;
'S Gilleasbuig a Bhraighe,
Gu latha bhrath nach bi 'm foill dut;
Mac Iain 'sa chinneadh,
Gu 'n imicheadh an oidhche leat.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S ioma marcaiche statail,
Gar an air' mi ach cuid diu;
Eadar geata bhraigh Arinn,
Gu slìos Blair nam fear luidheach;
Mur ghabh sud a's braigh Ard-dhail,
Agus braighe Bochuidir;
Ghabhadh leigeadh gu statail,
'N eirig là Tom-a-phubail.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S ioma èganach guineach,
Laidir, duilich, do-aithneicht;

* This battle was fought between the Campbells of Argyle and the men of Athol.

Eadar braigh' uisge Thurraid,
'S caol Mhuile nan canach ;
Ghearradh beum le 'n arm guineach,
Ga 'n iomain do 'n fheamainn ;
Ann an eirig nam muineal,
Chaidh a chor sa 'n Aird-reanaich.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S fad o'n chuala' mì seanchas,
'S mì 'm sheana-ghiullan gòrach ;
Mu 'n do chuir mì crios-féilidh,
Os ceann leine no còta ;
Bhì ga innse gu soilleir,
Anns' gach coinnidh a's còdhail,
Gu 'm bu chairdeach an sloinneadh,
Sìol Mhoire 's Clann-Domhnuill.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

A Rìgh ! nach robh iad an geambairn,
Lan teampuill do shluagh ;
Do luchd nam beul eama,
'S cha b' ainid sud uainn ;
'S ioma claidheamh gear guineach,
Laidir fulangach cruaidh ;
Th' aig mo chinneadh ga 'm feitheamh,
'S aig Clann-'Illeain nam buadh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S b' fhearr gu 'n tigeadh iad fhathast,
Clann 'Illeain nan tuagh ;
'S cha bhiodh sgian ann am fraighe,
No claidheamh an truail ;
Bheirte mach na h-airm chatha,
'S cha bhiodh an latha sin buan ;
'S ged bu ghuineach na Duimhnich,
'S iad sìol Chuinn a bha cruaidh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Tha mo run air na gillean,
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg ;
Dh-eireadh fearg orra 's frioghan,
Dhol an iomairt nan arm,
Dhol a null thar an linne,
Le gillean na Cairge ;
'S ioma marbh bhiodh ri shireadh,
Air am pilladh do Chearara.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

LATHA AIRDE-REANAICH.

SLAN gun dith dhut a Mhareuis,
Direach, maiseach, gun chromadh ;
Da shuil ghorm fo d' chaol mhala,
Nach d' fhas gu balachail, brounach ;
Cheart cho chinnteach 'sa 'm bàs,
Ged tha thu 'n dràs as an t-sealladh ;
Gu 'm beil mulad fo d' chom ort,
Mu bhas Ghoud Iarla Moire.*

* See the sixth stanza of the foregoing Song.

'S ceart 's cho cheart mar mo dhurachd,
Le beachd mo shul gur mì chunnaic ;
Cha robh againn do sgathan,
Ach greasad trà do 'n taigh grunnaich ;
"Aisling caillich mar a dùrachd,"
Gach mìo-rùn bha do 'n duin ud ;
Ged bu ladurna 'n cùl-chainnt,
Stad a chuis air an iomall.

Cha b e aingeachd na tuatha,
Gluais am marcus le dhaoine ;
Ach togail a bhrataich,
'G iarraidh smachd air luchd aobhair ;
Fhuair thu iuchair na còrach,
Gu t-ordugh le d' dhaoine ;
Agus fosgladh gach caisteil,
Fad slait Inbher-Aora.

Gheill Dun-staf-innis grad dut,
Innis fharsuinn nam faochag ;
Ged bu daingheann a chlach i,
Fhuair thu steach air bheag saoitreach ;
Cha robh cuilibheir caol glaice.
No gunna praise gan sgaoileadh ;
Eadar Innis-Chonnain nan canach,
Gu ruig bail' Inbher-Aora.

'S ard *Lieutenant* o 'n rìgh thu,
Thug thu sgrìob do dh' Earr'ghàil,
Bu leat Tairbeart 's Cinn-tìre,
'S gach aon nith bh'anns an ait ud ;
Agnus Ile bheag riabhach,
Mu 'n iath a mhoir shàile ;
'S goirt a chnead a ta' m chliabh-sa,
Fhad 's bha 'n t-iasad gun phàigheadh.

Thighearn oig Ghlinne-garaidh,
Na bi falach do rùn oirnn ;
Oighre 'n duin' thu tha maireann,
Tha thu 'd charaid dhunn dubailt ;
Cha bheo e 's cha mhairean,
Na nì ar sgaradh o d' chul-thaobh,
A luchd nan ceanna-bhearta' crabhaidh,
Thionndaidh falach a chrùn ruibh.

'S e do charaid mor dealaidh,
Mac 'Ic-Ailein a Muideart,
Slìochd an Alasdair Gharaidh,
Luchd tharruinn nam fiùran ;
Cha do chuir cainb shalach ;
Na tafaid ealamh ri d' chùl-chraun ;
Bheireadh beum air a h-athlorg,
Fhad sa mhaireadh a fiudhaidh.

Na 'm biodh Tighearn na Learguinn,
Ann an Albainn 's e mar-riut ;
Agus Tighearn an Tairbeirt,
'S iad nach tairgeadh do mhealladh :

Luchd na 'm peighinnean talmhaidh,
'S tu dh'fhoadadh earbs' asd gu daigheann ;
Cha 'n eil iad beo do shliochd Cholla,
Na ni 'n comunn ud aithris.

Gur a h-ioma fear goirseid,
Gunna stoilte, 's laun dù-ghorm ;
Le 'n gunnaichean caola,
'S na daormuinn ga 'n gùlan :
Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachuinn,
'S Mac-an-Ab o Ghleann-Dochart,
Mac-Neachduinn, 's Mac-Dhughaidh,
'S Mac-Iain-Stiubhairt o 'n Apuinn.

Cha 'n iongnadh thusa bhi fiamhach,
'N taobh shìos do Bhun-atha ;
Ged theid Duimhnich gu 'n dìcheall,
'S gu dideann a chlàidheimh ;
'S leat na thubhairt mi chianamh,
Ceart cho dìreach ri saighead ;
'S leat Mac-Iomhuinn an t-Stratha
Agus da Mhac-'Illeain.

'S fearr leam fhaicinn na chluinntinn,
Gu 'n do stad a chuimh air am muineal ;
Nis o 'n thionndaidh a chuibhle,
'S fad bhios Duimhnich gun urram ;
Ged a Shaoil le Mac-Cailein,
E bhi na bharrach air Muile ;
B' fhearr dha chumail na bh'aige,
Na bhi 'g agradh air tuille.

Na 'm biodh fear a bheoil mhoir ann,
O nach doirteadh gloir bhreannais !
Naile chailleadh sibh geoigh ris,
Nach b' fhiach an ròstadh ri teallaich :
Fhuair sibh sgapadh nan caorach,
Na 'm biodh a dhaoine air an talamh ;
'S ged a ghlac sibh le foill e,
B' e fhein an saighdear bu ghlaine.

Gur mairg a dh' earbadh a cairdeas,
Neach a dh-fhas dheth an t-sloinneadh,
Na 'm biodh cuimhn' air an lath' ud,
Fhuair iad t-athair fo 'n comas ;
Chuir iad smuid ri tur-arda,
Chaisteil Bhlair gu gle shoilleir ;
'S beag bha dhòchas an là sin,
Gu 'm biodh iad pàighte na 'n com inn.

'S mor tha eadar dha latha,
Ged bha e grathunn gun tighinn ;
Chaidh thu 'n cuirt na bu leatha,
'N deigh t-athar a mhilleadh ;
Gun aon bhuille claidheamh,
Gun sathadh bidaig no sgine ;
Mur gu 'm bathadh tu coinnlean,
Chail e 'n oighreachd 'sa 'n cinneach.

'S beag a b' fhiach do Mhac Mhoirich,
Dhòl n' ur coinneamh ach ainneamh ;
Na ghabhail mar chompach,
Ach fear da 'n geallt' bhi na charaid ;
'N deigh a Chom-sàir Stiùbhairt,
Thain' sibh 'n tos air le h-an-ìochd,
Thugadh an ceann deth gun sgrubadh,
Ann an tìr *Lady Murray*.

Buail an tend sin gu seallbhach,
'S na dean searbh i gun bhiuneas ;
'S na toir t-aghaidh neo-chearbhadh,
Do 'n fhear nach earb thu do shlinnein ;
Ma chuir an rìgh an t-slat sgiùrsaidh,
'N glaic do dhuirn gun a sireadh ;
Uair mu seach air an fhurnais,
Mur bhuill' àird air an innein.

Gloir do 'n Rìgh th' air a chathair,
'S mairg a ghabhadh mun chluinneadh ;
No ghuidheadh na bhreig e ;
Gach ni dh-eirich sa chunnaic ;
Mu 's ann le droch-bheart Iudais,
Dh-fhuair thu chùd air an Luannain ;
Chail thu 'n luireach 's na breidean,
'S gach aon eideadh bha umad.

'N cuala' sibhse 'sa 'n duthaich,
'N ranntar-bùth bh' aig na luchan ;
'S iad a trusadh ri chèile,
Na 'n droch reisemeid churta ;
'Nuair bha eagal a chait orr' ;
Chaidh droch sgapadh an cuid diu ;
'S bheid mhor 'sa 'n robh plaigh dhiu,
Sgrìos gun agh oirr' mar fhurtachd.

Sin 'nuair labhair Dubh-na-b-àmrai,
A bheid ghrannud 'sa chraiu mhullaich ;
Cha robh an sabhal nan àth dhiu,
Beid le 'n àl nach do chruinnich,
Nuair bha 'm mòd ga 'r cruaidh shàrach'
'S na cuid a fagadh ma 'r muineil ;
'S ann an sud a bha 'n gatur,
Co a chàradh iad umaibh.

B' ionann sin sa 'm bun rutha,
Cha 'n eil iad buidheach da' r 'n an-ìochd ;
Mar ehlach an ionad an uible,
Na 'm biodh luitheachd na 'n teangaidh ;
B' ionann sin 's do shliochd Dhiarmaid,
Bhi ga 'r biadhachd an an-ìochd ;
Math an agaidh an uile,
Chuir mi luchd-sa 'n Aird-reanaich.

'Nuair bha 'n ad oirbh n-uiridh,
Bha sibh urranta mòdhar ;
Am blaidhna chail sibh an currachd,
'S eiginn fuireach gle shamhach :

Chaill an t-iarl air 'ur turas,
Mheid 'sa bhuinn e mhàl oirbh;
Gar am b' fhiach leis an duin' ud,
Bhì ri cruinneachadh cuàmhaig.

B' ole a b' fhiach do dhiuc-Atholl,
Dholl an coinne riut *Eardsaidh*,
'N deigh latha Roinn-Lìothunn;
Thug sibh ioc-shlaint mar earlais,
Mheall sibh null thar an abhuinn,
Marcus Atholl 'sa bhrathair;
Chuir sibh 'n laimh an toll-dubh iad,
'S loisg sibh duthaich iarl Earlaidh.*

Tha thu 'd mharcus am bliadhna,
'S ad shàr iarl air Tulaich-bheardaunn;
'S ged a dheanadh iad diùc dhìot,
'S ro mhath b' fhiu thu an t-aite;
Tha do thìotal cho lionor,
Chumail dìon air do chairdean;
Geard an rìgh fo d' smachd orduidh,
'S tha thu d' mhòir-fhear Baile-mhanaidh.

ORAN AIR RÌGH UILLEAM

AGUS BAN-RÌGH MAIRI.

LUNNEAG.

*Hì-rinn h-à rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Hì-rinn h-à rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Biodh gach duine agaibh brònach,
Air son foirneart mo rìgh.*

'N duine euala' mi naidheachd,
Air alt nach b'aimhealach leinn,
'N an cumadh e ehasan—
'S gu boidh an t-ath-cgeul cho binn—
Rìgh Seumas le farum,
Cur a dharaich na still;
O'n 's leat uachdar na mara,
Gluais a's taruinn gu tìr.
Hì-rinn, &c.

Mhic Mhuire na h-òighe,
Coinhead foirneart mo rìgh;
Co b'urrainn da'r smàladh—
Ach do lamhans' bhì leinn:
Faic a nis prionns Orans',
Cur na còir os a cinn;
Ach as do chobhair, a Shlan'ear,
Thig furtachd a's slaint air gach tinn.
Hì-rinn, &c.

A Rìgh eumhaichdaich, fheartaich,
Ga 'm bèil beachd air gach nì,
Cum air aghaidh an ceartas—
An lagh seachranach pill:

* A title formerly in Strathmore, now extinct.

Faic luchd nam breid dàite,
Bhì gun dealt ann ri'n linn;
'S ma tha 'n eucòir nan aigneadh,
Beum do shlat os an cinn.
Hì-rinn, &c.

'N uair a thainig thu Shasunn,
'S tu rinn aiseag a bhreamais;
Sheilbh chòir thoirt air eiginn,
O athair ceile thug bean dut.
Cha bi reull nan dùilean,
Bha deanadh iuil dut 'san ain-eol;
Mar bha roimh na trì rìghrean,
'N uair bha Iosa na leanabh.

Hì-rinn, &c.

Thug thu 'm follais an t-Slàn'ear,
Sgeula gràin do luchd teagasig;
'S gur mòr am fà nàire,
'S an coig àintean a bhriseadh.
A nighean fhéin, 's mac a pheathar,
'N aghaidh labhairt an Sgrìobhtair,
Mar bhreun ghearran 'sa chatlhair,
'S nach b'fhear-taighe da 'n sliechd e.

Hì-rinn, &c.

'S fìor mballaichte 'n lánan,
Chum an *Spàin* anns an roinn ud;
Seilbh chòir thoirt a dh-aindeoin,
Le mùtha malairt an t-slaighteir;
Ged 'a stadadh an claidheamh,
Gun bhuille chaith' ach na rinn e,
Bì'dh gach fuil 'g eigheach am flaitheas,
A d' dheigh a latha 's a dh' oidhehe.

Hì-rinn, &c.

'S ma'ig a chreideadh droch naidheachd,
Thig tro amhaich a nàmhaid,
Chuireadh fùdar na ghreadan,
An grund' na h-eaglaise gnàthaicht;
'S lionor luinn tha na teine,
'S a ghrund 'n do spealadh an grain-shop
Ach, chì sinn fhathasd sud dìolte,
Mas' a fìor a ta 'n fhàistinn.
Hì-rinn, &c.

'N uair chaidh *Whitchall* losgadh,
Bu mhaill do choiseachd gun bhrògan;
'S mi nach rachadh le pairti,
Air mhìre, bhàthadh, na tòite.
Mas' a daoine rinn suas e,
B'fhaoir an cruaidh, 's an seoltachd;
Cha 'n eil mi gearan—mo thruaighe!
Ach a lughad 's a fhuair dhiu an ròstadh
Hì-rinn, &c.

Cha tig ach rùcas a's cealgan,
O chruitean cealgach an ràbuill;
Cuiribh an t-aibhisdear saoil ris—
Biodh Dia a's daoine ga aicheadh.

Cleas end bean a chruiteir,
 Fhuair a cursadh 'n sgàth gàraidh ;
 Thog iad airsan mar uirsgenl,
 Gu 'n do mhurt e dhearbhbhrathair.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Gu 'm bu ghrann da n sgeoil sin,
 Thog na deomhain ga dhìbeirt !
 'S nach b' urr' iad ga dhearbhladh,
 Ach mar bhuille searbh da 'n luchd mi-ruin ;
 Gu 'n cuirte isean a chlamhain,
 An nead clannach an fhireoin ;
 Mac muice a bhalaich,
 Shalcha fala nan righrean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S maigr rìgh a rinn cleamhnas,
 Rì Dùitseach shantach gun trocair ;
 Cha b'e 'n onair bu ghnàs da,
 Ged' 's tu brathair-mathair an rògar.
 Ged' a thug thu dha Màiri
 Air laimh, chum a pòsaidh,
 Ghabh e t-oighreachd a t-an-toil
 Thar do cheann, a's thu d' bheo-shlaint.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Bha mac aig rìgh Daibhidh,
 'S bu deas àill air ceann suailgh e,
 Chaidh e 'n aghaidh an athar,
 S am fear nach cùir da bhuaireadh ;
 'N uair a sgaoileadh an blàr sin,
 Thug Dia pàigheadh na dhuais da ;
 'S o'n bu droch dhuine cloinn e,
 Chroch a choill air a ghruaig e.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach buaidh an droch sgeoil sin,
 Do phrionns Orains gun diadhachd,
 Ged' a rachadh do bhàthadh,
 Cha b' ionann bàs dut 'sa dh' iarrainn ;
 Ach mo suilean bhì t-fhaicinn,
 Eadar eachabh ga d' stialladh ;
 Dol a d' smaladh 's an adhar,
 Mar luaithe dhaigte ga criathradh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgrìos gun iarmad, gun duilleach,
 Cha 'n iarruinn tuille am dbàn duibh ;
 Gun sliochd a dh-iathadh mu t' uilinn,
 Do ghuimh broinne droch Mhàiri ;
 Ged' a ghlacadh na theum e,
 'S farsuinn beul a mhic-lamhaich ;
 A shean staoile bhì 'n cunnart,
 Aig na rinn thu thrusadh a cràineig.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach seun gun tuisleadh air Màiri,
 'S ole an làn tha na togsaid ;

'N ar fhaicear laogh càraid,
 Nuas gu làr as a poca.
 Cha bhì 'n sean fhacail claoite,
 Air neo 's claon theid a thogail ;
 Tha 'n dà shant 's an droch mhnaoi ud,
 'S annsadh * * * le no bōban.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach na 'n tigeadh an rìgh sin,
 'S a mbac dileas air aidmheil,
 Ged' a theireadh prionns Orains,
 Nach h-i choir a bhì againn,
 Cha bu mho orra Uilleam,
 Air sràid Lunnainn an Sasunn,
 'N ceann fhuadach deth mhùineal,
 Na cluais cuilein an radain.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Prionns Orains a mhì-rath,
 Mas' toil le Rìgh thoirt gu creideamh,
 'S còir an duilleag so thìondadh,
 Air a bhan-rìgh nach creid e.
 Ma shaoil am bith-shanntach sanntach
 Na mbac-sambla ga ghoid sud ;
 Na a ruitheachd le lannan,
 Air nighean *Seana-lair Huitsein*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

B'fhearr gu 'n buaileadh e'n *stailse*,
 Tus a bhàidse bu chòir dha,
 N'am bu tuiteam 'sa phlaigh dhuinn,
 Mar fhuair rìgh Phàro, 's a sheorsa ;
 Mar bha chomhairle bhreige,
 Chuir rìgh Seumas air fògradh ;
 Aithris cleas nan droch righrean,
 Leis 'n do dhiteadh *Rìgh-boam*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgeul buan e do'n mhearcaid.
 'S nach tog a mac a cuid oighreachd ;
 'S ion dìth cùram a ghabhail,
 Mu'n dùinear cathair na soills' orr ;
 Thoil i mallachd a h-athar,
 O'n ghabh an t-aibhisteir greim dh'i ;
 'S ole an dùchas a lean rith,
 Chuinnt a seanair na throiteir.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S math an toiseach ar seannsa,
 Ma rinn am Frangach a thapadh—
 Ma ghlacadh leis *Monsai*,
 Cha sgeul tum-sgeul ach ceartas,
 Bu mbath gu'm biodh an *adhbhansa*,
 Air a thìodadh gu Sasunn ;
 Na gu faicte an enntar,
 Cho ghrad ri tìonda nan cairtean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

* Rehobam, poetically.

Ach ma stad air an diùe sin,
'S nach e a run tigh'n nì's fhaide ;
Leig e cadal do'n chirein—
Stad a sgrìob mar a chleachd e ;
Ma leig gach saighdear a ghleus deth :
'N uair tha leigheart mu'n chaisteal,
B'fhearr gu'm faicinn an coileach,
No, gu'n gaireadh a chaismeachd.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Mu tha e'n dân dhut teachd dhachaigh,
'S nàr dhut t-fhaicinn gun speurad ;
Ged' a fhuair thu pairt leonaidh,
Ri àm fògraidh rìgh Sheumais ;
Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raipair,
Seall air slachdan a ghleusaidh,
Leis an do spionadh mo sgròban,
Ma's fìor *Tòmas an Rùmair.*
Hi-rinn, &c.

AN IORRAM DHARAICHL

DO BHATA SIR SEUMAIS MHC-DOMHNUILL.

Moch, 's mi 'g eirigh sa mhadainn,
'S trom euslainteach m'aigne,
'S nach eighear mi'n caidreamh nam braithrean,
'S nach eighear mi'n, &c.

Leam is aith-ghearr a cheilidh,
Rinneas mar ris an t-Seumas,
Ris na dhealaich mi'n dè moch la Càisge.
Ris na dhealaich mi'n dè, &c.

Dia na stiùir air an darach,
A dh' fhalbh air tùs an t-siùil mhara,
Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne de thràghadh.
Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne, &c.

Ge b'e àm cur a choire e,
'S mi nach pilleadh o stoc uat,
'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach do bhàta.
'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach, &c.

'Nuair bhiodh càch cur ri gnìomhadh,
Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dlèth dìomhain,
G' ol uag ucagan fion' air a fàradh.
G' ol na gacagan fion, &c.

Cha bu mharcaich eich leumnaich,
A bhuin'geadh gwall reis ort,
'Nuair a thogadh tu breid eusann sàile.
'Nuair a thogadh tu breid, &c.

'Nuair a thogadh tu tonnag.
Air chuan meanmach nan dronnag,
'S ioma gleann ris an cromadh i h-earrach.
'S ioma gleann ris an cromadh, &c.

'Nuair a shuidheadh fear stiùir oir',
'N àm bhì fagail na dùtchea,
Bu mhear riuth a chuain dù-ghlais fo h-earrlinn.
Bu mhear riuth a chuain, &c.

Cha b' iad na Luch-armainn mheabhna,
Bhiodh m'a cupuill ag eileadh,
'Nuair a dh'eireadh mor shoirbheas le bàirlinn.
'Nuair a dh'eireadh, &c.

Ach na fuirbirnich threubhach,
'S deis a dh'iomradh, 's a dh'eigheadh,
Bheireadh tulg an tùs clè air ramh bràghad.
Bheireadh tulg an tùs clè, &c.

'Nuair a d'fhalaichte na buird d'i,
'S nach fàighte lan siuil d'i,
Bhiodh luchd taghaich sìor lùthadh nar àlach.
Bhiodh luchd taghaich, &c.

'S iad gu'n eagal gun euslain,
Ach ag freagradh dh'a chèile,
'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach 's gach aird orr'.
'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach, &c.

Dol tiomchioll Rugha na Caillich,
Bu ro mhat siubhal a daraich,
Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh Chaoil-Acuin.
Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh, &c.

Dol gu uidhe chuain fhiadhaich,
Mar bu chubhaidh leinn iarraidh,
Gu Uist bheag riabhach nan cràgh-gheadh.
Gu Uist bheag riabhach, &c.

Cha bu bhruchag air meirg' i,
Fhuair a treachladh le h-eirbheirt,
'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas le gàbhadh.
'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas, &c.

Ach an Dubh-Chnoideartach, riabhach,
Luchd-mhor, ard-ghuailleach dhionach,
Gur lionmhor lann iaruin m'a h-earraich.
Gur lionmhor lann iaruin, &c.

Cha bu chrann-lach air muir i,
Shinbhal ghleann gun bhì curaidh,
'S buill chainne ri fulagan àrda.
Buill chainneaba ri, &c.

Bha Domhnull an Duin innt,
Do mhae oighre 's mor cùram,
'S e do stòile fhuair cliù measg nan Gàid.
'S e do stòile fhuair cliù, &c.

Do mhae Uisteach gle-mhor,
Dh'am bu chubhaidh bhì'n Sléibhte,
O'n Rugha d'an eighthe Dun-sgathaich.
O'n Rugha d'an eighthe, &c.

Og misneachail treun thu,
('S blath na brìc ort san eudainn)
Mur mist' thu ro mhead 's a do nàir innt.
Mur mist' thu ro mhead, &c.

Gur mor mo chion fein ort,
Ged nach cuir mi an ceill e,
Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh na Braigheich.
Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh, &c.

Ceist nam ban 'o Loch-Tréig thu,
'S o Shrath Oisein nan reidhlean,
Gheibhte broic, agus féidh air a h-aruinn.
Gheibhte broic, agus féidh, &c.

Dh'eireadh buidhean o Ruaidh leat,
Lùbadh iubhar mu'n guaillean,
Thig o Bhrughaichean fuar Charn-na-Làirge.
Thig o Bhrughaichean fuar, &c.

Dream eile dhe d' chinneadh,
Clann Iain o'n Einnean,
'S iad a rachadh san iomairt neo-sgàthach.
'S iad a rachadh san iomairt, &c.

'S iomadh òganach trenbhach,
'S glac-crom air chùl sgéith air
Thig a steach leat o sgéith meall-na-Lairge.
Thig a steach leat, &c.

'S a fhreagradh do t-eigheach,
Gun eagal, gun easlain,
'Nuair chluinneadh iad féin do chrois-tàra.*
'Nuair a chluinneadh iad féin, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.

GUR fad tha mi 'm thamh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,
Rìgh ! 's deacair dhomh tàmh 's mi beò.
Gur fad tha, &c.

'Se do thuras do 'n Dùn.
Dh-fhag suith' air mo shùil,
'Sa bhi faicinn do thùr gun cheò.
'Se do, &c.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,
Gun eich ga 'm modhadh le sreìn,
Dh-fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas òg.
Tha do bhaile, &c.

'Nuair a rachadh tu strì,
Ann an armait an rìgh,
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air mìl-each gorm.
Nuair a racha', &c.

'Nuair a rachadh tu mach,
B' ard a chluinnte do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leoid.
Nuair a, &c.

'S leat Mac Pharlain na 'n cliar,
Bh-aig fir t-ait-sa riamh,
Mac-an Aba le chiad na dhò.
Fear chann, &c.

Clann Iain a nuas,
'S fir a bhraighe so shuas,
'S Mac Ghriogair o Ruadh-shruth chnò.
Chlann Iain, &c.

Clann Cham-Shroin a nall,
O bhraighe nan gleann,
Chuireadh iubhar le srann an feoil.
Clann, &c.

'S leat Mac-Dhomhnuill a rìs,
Na 'm bratach 's na 'm piob,
Crunair gasda na 'n rìgh bhrat sròil.
'S leat, &c.

Gu 'm faiceadh mo Dhia,
Do mhac air an t-sliabh,
Ann an duthaich nan cliar 's mi beò.
Gu 'm faiceadh, &c.

Thig a Atholl a nios,
Comhlan ghasda gun sgios,
Ceannard rompa 's e finealt òg.
Thig a Atholl, &c.

Coinnlean geala de 'n cheir,
'S iad an lasadh gu geur,
Urlar farsuinn mu 'n eighite 'n t-òl.
Coinnlean, &c.

Bhiodh do ghillea mn seach,
A lionadh dibhe b' fhearr blas,
Fion Spainnteach dearg ac agus beoir.
Bhiodh do, &c.

Uisge-beatha na 'm pios,
Rachadh 'n tairgead ga dhiol,
Gheibhte 'n gleoin e mar ghriog an òir.
Uisge beatha, &c.

* "Crois-tàra," or "crann-tàra," was a piece of wood, half burnt and dipt in blood, sent by a special messenger as a signal of distress or alarm. The person to whom it was sent, immediately despatched another person with it to some one else; and thus was intelligence passed from one to another over immense distances in an incredibly short time. One of the latest instances of its being used, was in 1745, by lord Breadalbine, when it went round Loch Tay, the distance of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The above method was used only in the day-time; for in the night, recourse was had to the "Sgorr-luine," a large fire kindled on an eminence. See Ossian's "Carrig-thura." The last mentioned signal is spoken of by Jeremiah to denote distress, chap. vi. l.

'S ann na shineadh 'sa 'n àlta,
Tha deagh cheann-taighe an aigh,
Ged a thuit e le dearmad leo.
'S ann na, &c.

Buidheann eile mo ghaoil,
Ga 'm bu shuaithcheantas fraoch,
Och mo chreach! nach d'-fhaod iad bli beò.
Buidheann, &c.

Buidheann eile mo ruin,
Air nach cualas mi-chliù,
Thig le Alasdair sunndach òg.
Buidheann, &c.

Bhiodh mnathan òg an fhuit réidh,
Gabhail dhàn dhaibh le 'm beul,
Aun ad thalla gu 'n éisde ceòl.
Bhiodh, &c.

Fhìr a dh' fhuilig am bàs,
'S a dhoirt t-fhuil air ar sgath,
Na leig mulad gu bràth na 'r coir.
Fhìr a, &c.

Nis on sgithich mo cheann,
Sior thuireadh do ramnt,
Bì'dh mi sgr anns an àm is còir.
Nis o 'n sgithich, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUBH GHILINNE-GARAIDH.

Mi 'g eiridh 'sa mhadainn,
Gur beag m' aiteas ri sùgradh,
O 'n dh' fhalbh nachdran fearail,
Ghlinne-Garaidh air ghiùlan;
'S ann am flaitheas na fàilte,
Tha ceannard àillidh na dùthcha;
Sàr choirnileir foinnidh,
Nach robh folleil do 'n chrùn thu.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho rò 's fada 's gur fada,
'S cian fada mo bhròn,
O 'n latha chàradh gu h-ìosal,
Do phearsa phriscil fo 'n fhòd,
Tha mo chrid-sa ciùirte,
Cha dean mi sùgradh ri m' bheò,
O 'n dh- fhalbh ceannard na 'n uaislean,
Oighre dualchas an t-Sròim.*

'S maing a tharladh roi' d' dhaoine,
'Nuair thogte fraoch ri do bhrataich;

Dh' éireadh stuadh an clàr t-aodainn,
Le neart feirg agus gaisgidh;
Sud am phearsa neo-sgàthach,
'N t-sùil bu bhlaithie gun ghaiseadh;
Gu 'm biodh maoim air do naimhdean,
Ri linn dut spainnteach a ghlacadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu 'n cliù sin o thoiseach,
'S cha b' olc e ri innseadh;
Craobh chosgairt sa bhlàr thu,
Nach gabhadh sgàth roimh luchd phicean;
No roi' shaighdeirean dearga,
Ged a b' armailtean rìgh iad;
Le 'n ceannardan fuilteach,
'S le 'n gunnaichean cinnteach.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Gur farsuinn do ranntaibh,
Ri sheanachas 's ri shloinneadh;
Gur tu oighre 'n Iarl Ilich.
Nach tug cis le gnìomh foilleil;
Marcaich ard na 'n each cruitheach,
Nan srian ùr 's na 'n lann soilleir,
Lamh threin ann an cruadal,
Ceannard sluaigh a toirt teine.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,
Bha meas 's ainm air fear t-fhasain;
Ann an gliocas 'sa géire,
An cliù, an ceuaidh 'sa gaisge;
Thug Dia ghibhtean le buaidh dhut,
Cridhe fuasgailteach farsuinn;
Fhìr bu chiùine na mhaighdeann,
'S bu ghairge na 'n lasair.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'S goirt an t-earchall a thachair,
O 'n chaidh an iomairt so tuathal;
O latha blàir Sliabh-an-t-Siorram,
Chaill ar cinneach an uaislean;
Thionndaidh chuibhl' air Clann-Domhnuill,
'N treasa conspunn bhi bhuatha;
Ceann a's colar Chlann-Ràghnuill,
'N fhuil àrd 's i gun truailleadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Nis o 'n dh-fhalbh an triùir bhràithrean;
Chleachd mar àbhaist bhi suairce;
Laoich o Gharaidh nam bradan,
Caipteine' smachdail a chruadail;
Dh-fhalbh Sir Domhnuill a Sléibhte;
Bu mhor reusan a's cruadal;
Cha tig gu bràth air Clann-Domhnuill,
Triuir chonnsppunn cho cruaidh riu.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Chriosda dh-fhuilig am bàs duinn,
 O 'n 's tu ar *patron* ùrnaigh;
 Cum an t-aog o dha bhrathair,
 Fhad 'sa b' àill leinn le dùrachd;
 Dheanadh treis do 'n àlach,
 So dh-fhag e gun sùilean;
 'S liochd an t-seobhaig 'sa 'n àrmuinn,
 Nach tugadh each an sgiath chùil deth.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'Nuair threig each an cuid fearainn,
 'S nach d-fhan iad 'sa 'n rìoghachd;
 'Sheas thusa gu fearail,
 'S cha b' ann le sgainnell a shìn thu;
 Chuir thu fuaradh na fàise,
 Seach ar dorsaibh g' 'ar dìonadh;
 Gu 'n robh t-fhaigsein cho làidir,
 Rì leoghainn ard do 'n fhuil Rìoghail.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Cha robh Iarl ann an Albuinn,
 Gheibheadh earbsa na run riut;
 Gu 'm biodh toiseach gach naidheachd,
 Gu lamhan a chùrteir;
 Seobhag firinneach suaire,
 Choisinn cruadal gach cùise;
 Ceannard mhaithlean a's uaislean,
 Aig an t-sluagh 's iad ga ghiùlan.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Sgeula b' ait' leam ri ìneadh,
 Sa bhi g' a leirsinn le 'r sùilean;
 Do mhac oighr' ann a t-fhearann,
 Mur bu mbath le luchd dùrachd;
 Ach aon neach leis am b' oil e,
 Luaidhe ghlas le neart fùdair;
 Troimh' 'n cridh' air a fiaradh,
 Chor 's nach iarradh iad tionndadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

CUMHA MHONTROISE

Mi gabhail Srath Dhrum-uachdair,
 'S beag m'aighear anna an uair so,
 Tha'n lath' air dol gu gruamachd,
 'S cha'n e tha buain mo sprochd.

Ge duilich leam, 's ge diobhail,
 M'fhear cinnidh math bhi dhàth orm,
 Cha'n usa leam an sgrìobh',
 Thairting air an rìoghachd bhoichd.

Tha Alba dol fo chios-chain
 Aig Farbhalaich gun fhirinn,
 Bhar a chalpa dhirich
 'S e cuid de m'dhiobhail ghoirt.

Tha Sasunnaich 'g ar foireigneadh,
 'G ar creach', 'g ar mort', 's 'g ar marbhadh
 Gu 'n ghabh ar n-Athair fearg rinn,
 Gur dearmad dhuinn, 's gur bochd.

Mar a bha cloinn Israel
 Fo bhruid aig rìgh na h-Eiphit,
 Tha sin ann a chor cheudna,
 Cha'n eigh iad rinn ach "siuc."

Ar rìgh an dèis a chrìuadh,
 Mu'n gann a leum e ùr-fhas,
 Na thaistealach bochd, ruigte,
 Gun *gheard*, gun chùirt, gun choisid'.

'G a fharr-fhuadach as àite,
 Gun duine leis deth chàirdean,
 Mar luing air uachdar sàile,
 Gun stiùir, gun ràmh, gun phort.

Cha téid mi do Dhun-eideann,
 O dhoirteadh fuil a Gbreunnaich,
 An leoghann fearail, treabhach,
 'G a cheusadh air a chroich.

B'e sud am fìor dhuin uasal,
 Nach robh de'n linne shuaraich,
 Bu ro mhath ruidhe gruadhach,
 'N àm tarrainn suas gu trod.

Deud chaile, bu ro mhath dlùthadh,
 Fudh mhala chaoil gun mhugaich,
 Ge tric do dhàil gam' dhùsgadh,
 Cha ruig mi chach e nochd.

Mhic Neill,* a Asainn chianail,
 Na'n glacain ann am lìonn thu,
 Bhiodh m'fhacal air do bhinn,
 'S cha diobrainn thu o'n chroich.

* Captain Andrew Munro sent instructions to Neil Macleod, the laird of Assynt, his brother-in-law, to apprehend every stranger that might enter his bounds, in the hope of catching Montrose, for whose apprehension a splendid reward was offered. In consequence of those instructions, Macleod sent out various parties in quest of Montrose, but they could not fall in with him. "At last the laird of Assynt being abroad in arms with some of his tenants in search of him, lighted on him in a place where he had continued three or four days without meat or drink, and only one man in his company. Assynt had formerly been one of Montrose's own followers, who immediately knowing him, and believing to find friendship at his hands, willingly discovered himself; but Assynt not daring to conceal him, and being greedy of the reward which was promised to the person who should apprehend him by the council of the estates, immediately seized and disarmed him."* Montrose offered Macleod a large sum of money for his liberty, which he refused to grant. Macleod kept Montrose and his companion prisoners in the castle of Aird-bhreach, his principal residence, for a few days. He was from thence removed to Skibo castle, where he was kept two nights, thereafter to the castle of Braan, and thence again to Edinburgh.

• Bishop Wishart.

Nan tachrainns a's tu féin,
Ann am boglachan Beinn-Eite
Bhiodh uisge dubh na féithe,
Dol troimh chéile a's ploc.

Thu féin as t-athair céile
Fear taighe sin na Leinne,
Ged chrochte sibh le chéile
Cha b'eirig air mo lochd.

Craobh rùisgt' de'n Abhall bhreugach,
Gun mheas, gun chliù, gun cheutaidh,
Bha riamh ri murt a chéile,
'N ar fuigheall bheum, as chore.

Marbh-phasg ort a dhì-mheis,
Nach olc a reic thu'm firean,
Air son na mine Lìtich
A's da trian d'i goirt.*

C U M H A

DO SHIR DOMHNUL SHLEIBHTE.

'S CIAN 's gur fàda mi 'm thàmh,
'S trom leam 'm aigne fo phràmh,
'S nach cadal dhomh seamh 's tìm eiridh.
'S cian 's gur fada, &c.

Laidh an aois orm gach uair,
Dreach an aoig air mo ghruaidh,
Is rinn e eudail bhochd thruadh da féin diom.
Laidh an aois, &c.

Tha liunn-dubh orm gach là,
'S e ga m' theugmhail a ghnà,
Air mo chùise cha rà-sgeul breig e.
Tha liunn-dubh orm, &c.

Tha gach urra dol dhiom,
Bho faighinn furan le miadh,
Cuig urrad sa b' fhiach mi dh-eirig.
Tha gach urra dol, &c.

Chaill mi àrmainn mo stuic,
Mo sgiath laidair 's mo phruipe,
Iad ri àiteach an t-sluic a's féur orr'.
Chaill mi àrmainn mo stuic,

Fàth mo mhìre 's mo cholg,
Thaobh gach iomairt so dh'fhalbh,
Luathais air 'n imeachd air lòrg a chéile.
Fàth mo mhìre, &c.

Mhùch mo mheoghail 's mo mheas,
Na daoil bhi cladhach bhuir flios,
Chaidh mo raoghainn fo lùc de leugaibh.
Mhùch mo mheoghail, &c.

Bhuail an t-earrach orm spot,
'S trom a dh-fhairich mi lot,
Chuir e lùghad mo thoirt 's beag 'm fheum air.
Bhuail an t-earrach, &c.

Bàs Shir Domhnuill bho 'n Chaol,
Chuir mo chomhuidh fa-sgaoil,
Dh'fhàg mi 'm aonar sa 'n aois ga 'm lùireadh.
Bàs Shir Domhnuill, &c.

'S ann ruit a labhrainn mo mbiann,
Gu dàna ladurna, dian,
Ge do bhithinn da thrian sa 'n eacoir.
Saun ruit a labhrainn, &c.

Tha iomad smuainte bochd truadh,
Teachd air 'm aire 's gach uair.
Bho 'n la chaochail air snuadh fir t-eugais.
Tha iomrad smuainte, &c.

Leoghann fireachail àigh
Miuine, spioradail, àrd,
Umhail, iriosal, fearragha, treubhach.
Leoghann fireachail, &c.

Léig nan arm a's nan each,
Reumail, aireil, gun aire,
Gheug thu 'n Armadail ghlas nan déideag.
Leig nan arm is nan each &c.

Bha do chinneadh fo phràmh,
Do thuath 's do phaighearann màil,
Uaislean t-fhearainn 's gach làn-fhear-feusaig.
Bha do chinneadh, &c.

Bha mhnai bheul-dearg a bhruil,
Ri càll an crille sa'm fuil,
Cach ag éideadh do chuirp air déile.
Bha mhnai bheul-dhearg, &c.

Moch sa' mhadainn dir-daoin,
Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,
Deis a phasgadh gu caol 's na leintean.
Moch sa' mhadainn, &c.

An ciste ghiubhais nam bòrd,
'N truail chumhainn na's leoir,
'N deis a dhùsgadh bho 'n t-sròl air speiccan.
'N ciste ghiubhais nam, &c.

Gu euglais Shleibhte nan stuadh,
Chosg thu fein ri cuir suas,
Ge d' nach d'fhuirich thu buan ri sgleutadh.
Gu euglais Shleibhte, &c.

* Damaged meal bought in Leith, was given to M.T. Col of Assynt for betraying the duke of Montrose.

Dh-fhalbh na spalpain a null,
Bha fial farsuinn na'n grunn,
Cha b'iad na fachaich gun rùm gun leud iad.
Dh-fhalbh na spalpain, &c.

Domhnall gorm bu glan gnùis,
Fear bu mhin bha de 'n triùir,
Cha bu chorr-cheann thu 'n cuir rìgh Seurlas,
Domhnall gorm bu, &c.

Chunnaic mis thu air trian,
'S cha bu gna leat bhì crìan,
'S gu'm bu nolaig le fion do réidhlean.
Chunnaic mis thu air, &c.

Cha bhola phàididh do mhiann,
'N am dhaibh falbh bhua gu dian,
'N cois na tràghad ga'n lionadh réidh leat.
Cha bhola pàididh, &c.

De dh-uisge-beatha 's do bheor,
'S iad a gabhail na's leoir,
Mur a thoilicheadh beoil ga eigheach.
De dh-uisge-beatha, &c.

Mu bhòrd gun time gun ghruaim,
Le òl, 's le iomart, 's le sluadh,
Is ceol bu bhinne na cuach 's a cheitean.
Mu bhòrd gun time, &c.

Fhuair thu deannal na dho,
Dh-fhag do pannal fo bròn,
Gu'm bu ghearran a leon m'un eighe.
Fhuair thu deannal, &c.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan stràc,
Far na bhuannaich thu 'm blàr,
Chaill thu t-uaislean a's t-armainn ghleusta.
Air Raon-Ruairidh, &c.

Air an talamh chrìon, chruaidh,
Nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluais,
Fhuair sibh deannal na luaidhe leughta.
Air an talamh, &c.

Bu neo chraobhaidh na seòid,
Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leòn,
B' ann diu Raonull a's Eoin a's Seumas.
Bu neo chraobhaidh, &c.

Cha dean mi rùn ach gu foil,
Do n-àl ùr 's th'air teachd òrnn,
Bho nach dùisgear le ceòl Sir Seumas.
Cha dean mi rùn, &c.

Dh-fhalbh thu fein 's do chuid mac,
Mala gheur sibh gu neart,
'S fada bho chéile fo cheapaibh réisg sibh.
Dh-fhalabh thu fein, &c.

'S blàth an leab' air bbur cinn,
Seach daormainn thasgaidh nan suim,
Sibh bu sgapach air buinn le féile.
'S blàth an leab, &c.

Thuir mi 'n urrad ud ribh,
Tha mi m' urainn a sheinn,
'S lann ar muineal ma pill sibh breig mi.
Thuir mi 'n uraid, &c.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

NO,

GILLEASPUIG RUADH MAC-DHOMHNUILL.

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Ciaran Mabach*, was an illegitimate son of Sir Alexander M'Donald, sixteenth baron of Slate. He was contemporary with *Iain Lom*, the Lochaber bard, and his coadjutor in punishing the murderers of the lawful heirs of Keppoch.

In no one could his father more properly have confided matters of importance, requiring sagacity, zeal, and bravery, than in this son. Accordingly he made use of his services when necessary; and put the greatest dependence in his fidelity, prudence, and activity. *Ciaran Mabach* was no doubt amply requited by his father, who allotted him a portion of land in North Uist. Grants of land were in those times commonly given to gentlemen of liberal education, but of slender fortune; where amid their rural occupations they enjoyed pleasures unknown to those who in similar stations of life were less happily located. Of this our bard was very sensible during his stay in Edinburgh, as we learn from his poem on that occasion.

It does not appear that our poet was a voluminous writer; and of his compositions there are very few extant. It is to be regretted that so few of his poems have been preserved, as his taste, education, and natural powers, entitle him to a high place among the bards of his country. Gentlemen of a poetical genius could have resided in no country more favourable to poetry than in the Highlands of Scotland, where they led the easy life of the sportsman, or the grazier, and had leisure to cultivate their taste for poetry or romance.

B' ANNSA CADAL AIR FRAOCH.

GÈ socrach mo leabaidh,
B' annsa cadal air fraoch,
Ann an lagan beag uaigneach,
A's bad de'n luachair ri 'm thaobh,
'Nuair dh'eirinn sa' mhadainn,
Bhi siubhal ghlacagan caol,
Na bhi triall thun na h-Abaid,
'G eisdeachd glagraich nan sàor.

'S oil lean càradh na frithe,
'S mi bhi 'n Lite nan long,
Eadar ceann Sailleas Sì-phort,
A's rutha Ghrianaig nan tonn,

Agus Uiginnis riabhach,
An tric an d'iarr mi damh-donn,
'S a bhi triall thun nam bodach,
Dha'm bu chosnadh cas-chrom.

Cha'n eil agam cù gleusda,
A's cha'n eil feum agam dha,
Cha suidh mi air bachdan,
Air sliabh fad o chàch,
Cha leig mi mo ghaothar,
Chaidh faogh'd au tuim bàin,
'S cha sgaoil mi mo luaidhe,
An Gleann-Ruathain gu bràth.

B'iad mo ghradh-sa a ghraidh uallach,
 A thogadh suas ris an àird,
 Dh'itheadh biolair an fhuarain,
 'S air bu shuarach an càl,
 'S mise féin nach tug fuath dhuibh,
 Ged a b'fhuar am míos Màigh.
 'S tric a dh'thuilig mi cnadal,
 A's moran fuachd air 'ur sgàth.

Be mo ghradh-sa fear buidhe,
 Nach dean suidhe mu'n bhòrd,
 Nach iarradh ri cheannach,
 Pinnt leanna na beoir;
 Uisge-beatha math dubailt,
 Cha be b'fhiù leat ri òl,
 B'fhearr leat biolair an fhuarain,
 A's uisge luaineach an lòn.

B'i mo ghradh-sa a bhean uasal,
 Dha nach d'fhuaras riamh lochd,
 Nach iarradh mar chluasaig,
 Ach fìor ghualainn nan cnoc,
 'S nach fuilgeadh an t-sradag,
 A lasadh r'i corp,
 Oeh! a Mhuire mo chruaidh-chas,
 Nach dh'fhuair mi thu nochd.

Bean a b'aigeanntaich cèile,
 Nam eiridh ri driùchd,
 Cha'n fhaigheadh tu bend da,
 'S cha bu leir leis ach thu
 Sibh an glacaibh a chéile,
 Am fìor eudainn nan stùc,
 'S ann am eiridh na grèine,
 Bu ghlan leirsinn do shùl.

'Nuair a thigeadh am foghar,
 Bu bhinn leam gleadhair do chlàibh,
 Dol a ghabhail a chrònain,
 Air a mhointich bhuig réidh,
 Dol an coinneamh do leannain,
 Bu ghile feaman a's céir
 Gur h-i 'n eilid bu bhòiche,
 A's bu bhrisge lòghmhorra ceun.

Note.—This song was composed in Edinburgh while the poet was under the care of a surgeon for a sprain in his foot.

MARBHIRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.*

B' FHEARR am mor ole a chluinntinn,
 Bhrìgh iomradh na fhaicinn;
 Dhomhsa b' fhuasad' sud innse,
 Rug air 'm iuntinn trom shac dheth;
 O 'n is mi bha 'sa 'n fhulang.
 Bu chruaidh duilich ri fhaicinn;
 Rainig croma-sgìan o 'n aog mi,
 Cha do shaor i bun aisne.

'S e dh' fhàg fodha dhomh 'n coite,
 Aon a mhoichead a dhùisg mi,
 'S mi gun fhear air barr agam,
 Thogadh 'm aigneadh a dùsal;
 'Nuair a bheum an sruth tràigh orm,
 Rug muir bàith' air a chul sin,
 Cha d' fhiosraich mi 'm bàs dut,
 Gus an dh' fhàg mi thu 'n crùiste.

Fath m' acainn 's mo thùrsa,
 Nach duiogear le teud thu,
 Na le tòrgan na fìdhle,
 Mo dhìobhail 's mo leir-chreach;
 Fhìr a chumadh i dìonach,
 Dh' aindeoin sìontan ga 'n eiread,
 Thu 'n diugh fo leacan na h-ùrach,
 Gun mo dhuil ri thu dh' eiridh.

'S bochd an ealtainns' thug so sgrìob mi,
 Thug dhìom m' earr agus m' fhéusag,
 'S geur 's gur goirt spuir an ràsair,
 Thrusas cnàmhan a's fèithean;
 Dh-fhag sud mise dheth craiteach,
 Dh-aindeoin dàil gu ro chrenchedach;
 Cha dean ballan no sàbh dheth,
 Mise slàn gus an eug mi.

Ge b' e chuireadh dhomh 'n umhail,
 Do mhor chumha ga m' leònadh,
 Na mo dhosan a liathadh,
 Coig bliadhna roimh 'n òrdugh;
 Tha mi 'n diugh a toirt paigheadh,
 A' meud m' àilleas as m' òige,
 O 'n rug deireadh do bhàis orm,
 Os cionn chàich cha b' e m' òrdugh.

'S fhad tha mi 'm Oisein gun mheoghail,
 As do dheaghaidh bochd dòlm,
 Osnadh fharbairneach, frithir,
 Tha m' fhéith-chridh' air a leònadh;
 Leigam fios thun a bhreitheamh,
 Nach iarr slighe gu dò-bheart,

* The poet's brother.

Gur b-e "Port Raoghnuill uidhir,"*
Mur nach bu dlìgheach is ceòl domh.

'S bochd mo naidheachd r'a h-innse ;
Ge b' e sgrìobhadh i 'n tàth-bhuinn ;
O 'n là rinn thu feum duine,
Gus 'n do chuireadh 'sa 'n làr thu ;
Bha mo dheas-lamh dol sìos leat,
An cladhan crìche mo chràdh-sblad ;
'S mor na b' fheadar dhomh fhulang,
Mo bhuan fhuireach o m' brathair.

'S bochd an ruinnlìg fhuathais,
Rug air uaislean do chairdean,
'S goirt a bhonnag a fhuair iad,
'N latha ghluaisleadh gu tàmh leat ;
Ge b' e neach is mo buannachd,
'N lorg luathair a bhàis so,
'S mise pearsa 's mo tuairghe,
'Sa 'nuair so th' air t-àruinn.

Cha chuis fharmaid mo lethid ;
'S ann tha mi 'n deigh mo spùillidh ;
Bhuin an t-eug dhiom gu buileach,
Barr a's iomall mo chùirte ;
'S feudar tamailte fhulang,
Gun dìon buill' air mo chùl-thaobh,
Stad mo chladheamh na dhuille,
'S bàth dhomh fuireach r'a rùsgadh.

* *Raoghull odhar* was a piper. There is a story told about this worthy, to the following purpose:—He was a great coward; and being in the exercise of his calling in the battle-field one day along with his clan, he was seized with such fear at the sight of the enemy, whom he thought too many for his party, that he left off playing altogether, and began to sing a most dolorous song to a lachrymose air, some stanzas of which had been picked up and preserved by his fellow soldiers; and which, on their return from the war they did not fail to repeat. When an adult is seen crying for some trifling cause, he is said to be singing "*Port Raoghnuill uidhir*," "Dun Donald's tune;" and when a Highlander is threatening vengeance for some boisterous and uproarious devilment which has been played off upon him, he will say: "*Bheir mis ort gu seinn thu 'Port Raoghnuill uidhir*," "I will make you sing 'Dun Ronald's tune.'" The following are a few of the stanzas:—

"Be so an talamh mi sheallbhach !
Tha gun chladach gun gharbhach gu'n chòs ;
Anns an rachainn da'm fhalach,
'S sluagh gun athadh a teannadh faisg oirn.

*Tha mi tinn leis an eagal,
Tha mi cinnteach gur beag a bhios beò
Chi mi lasadh an fheadair,
Chuinn mi sgailcadh nan dù-chlach ri òrd !*

Fhuair mi gunna nach diult mi,
Fhuair mi claidheamh nach lùb ann am dhòrn,
Ach ma ni iad mo mharbhadh,
Ciod a feum a ni 'n àrmach sin dhomh.s?"

Tha mi tinn, &c.

Ged do gheibhinn-sa sealbh,
Air làn a chaisteal de dh' airgead 's de dh-òr,
Oich ! 'ma ni iad mo mharbhadh !
Ciod a feum a ni 'n t-airgead sin domh.s?"

Tha mi tinn, &c.

Bhuin an t-eug creach gun toir dhiom
Dh' aindeoin oigrìdh do dhùthcha ;
Dh' fhag e m' aigneadh fo dhòruinn,
'S bhuail e bròg air mo chuinnleadh ;
'S trom a dh' fhuasgail e deoir dhombh,
Bu mhor mo choir air an dubladh ;
Mu cheann-uighe nan deoiribh,
Bhi fo bhòrd ann an dùnadh.

Bu deas déile mo shior-ruith,
'S gu 'm bu dìonach mo chlàraidh ;
Bha mo chala gun dìobradh,
Ga mo dhion as gach sàradh ;
Riamh gus 'n tainig an dil òrn,
Dh' fhag fo m'bhighean gu bràth mi ;
'S ard a dh' éirich an stailc-s' orm,
Chuir i as domh ma m' àirnean.

Call gun bhuinig gun bhuannachd,
Bha ga m' rùsgadh' o 'n tràth sin ;
Cha b' i 'n iomairt gun fhuathas,
Leis 'n do ghluais mi mar chearrach ;
'N cluich a shaoil mi bhi 'm buannachd,
Dh' fhaoidte ghluasad air tàileasg ;
Thainig goin a's cur suas orm,
'S tha fear fuar dhomh na t-àite.

O 'n chaidh mail' air mo fhradharc,
'S nach taoghail mi 'n ard-bheann ;
Chuir mi cul ris an fhìadhadh,
Pong cha n' iarr mi air clàrsach ;
Mo cheol laidhe a's eiridh,
M' osnadh gheur air bheag tàbhachd ;
Fad mo rè bidh mi 'g acainn,
Mheud 'sa chleachd mi dheth t-àilleas.

Ach dleasaidh faighidinn furtachd,
Nach faic thu chuisle ga luaithead ;
Air fear na teasaich 'sa 'n fhiabhras,
'S gearr mu shioladh a bhruidleinn ;
Muir a dh' eireas ga bhraisead,
Ni fear math beairte dh' i suaineach ;
Ach e dh' iomairt gu tapaidh,
Ceann da shlaht thuig a's uaithe.

'Nuair a bha mi am ghille,
'S mi 'n ciad iomairt Shir Seumus,
Mar ri comblan dheth m' chuinnleadh,
Seoladh air spinneig do dh' Eirinn ;
'S ann aig I Chalum Chille,
Ghabh mi giorrag mu d' dheighinn ;
Chaill thu lan mèise feodair,
Air do shròin do 'n fhuil ghilè dhearg.

Luchd a chaitheadh nan cuaintean,
'S moch a ghluaisleadh gu surdail,
Le 'n àlach chalpannan cruaidhe,
Bu bheag roimh' 'n fhuaradh an curam ;

Bu choma co dheth na h-uaislean,
 Ghlacadh gluasad na stiùrach ;
 'S fear math bearit air a gualainn,
 B' urrainn fuasgladh gach cuise.

'N am gluasad o thìr dhuinn,
 Bu neo-mhiodhoir ar lòistean,
 Cornach, cupanach, fionach,
 Glaineach, lìontaidh a stòpaibh ;
 Gu cairteach, taileasgach, disneach,
 'S tailc air uigh na 'm foirneibh ;

Dhomb-sa b' fhuasad' sud innse
 Bu chuid do m' gnoimh o m' aois òige.

Bu ro-eibneach mo leabaidh,
 'S bha mo chadal gle chomhnard,
 Fhad 'sa dh' fhuirich thu agam,
 An caoin chadal gun fhòtus ;
 Bu tu mo sgaith laidir dhileas,
 Ga mo dhion o gach dòrainn,
 'S e cuid a dh' aobhar mo leith-truim,
 Bhi 'n diugh a seasamh do chòrach.

DIORBHAIL NIC A BHRIUTHAINN;

OR,

DOROTHY BROWN.

THIS poetess belonged to Luing, an island, in Argyleshire. It is uncertain when she was born; but she was cotemporary with *Iain Lom*; like him was a Jacobite, and also employed her muse in the bitterest satire against the Campbells. Indeed there must have been great pungency in her songs; for, long after her death, one Colin Campbell, a native of Luing, being at a funeral in the same burying-ground where she was laid, trampled on her grave, imprecating curses on her memory. Duncan MacIachlan, of Kilbride, in Lorn, himself a poet, and of whom the translator of *Ossian* makes honourable mention as a preserver of Gaelic poetry, being present, pulled him off her grave, sent for a gallon of whisky, and had it drunk to her memory on the spot. Her song to Alasdair Mac Cholla, was composed on seeing his *birlinn* pass through the sound of Luing on an expedition against the Campbells, in revenge for the death of his father, whom they had killed some time before. She is the only poetess who at all approaches *Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruaidh* as a successful votary of the muse. She composed a great many songs, but, not being much known out of her native island, perhaps, the following piece is the only thing of hers now extant. A tomb-stone, with a suitable Gaelic inscription, is about to be erected to her memory, in Luing, by a countryman of her own, Mr Artt M'Laichlan, of Glasgow, a gentleman well known for his zeal in every thing tending to promote the honour of Highlanders, and the Highlands.

ORAN DO DH' ALASDAIR MAC COLLA.

ALASDAIR a laigh mo chéile,
 Co chumaid no dh' fhad thu 'n Eirinn,
 Dh' fhad thu na mìltean 's na ceudan,
 'S cha d' fhad thu t-aon leithid féin ann,
 Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eutruim,

Cas chruinneachadh 'n t-sluaigh ri chéile,
 Cha deanar cogadh as t-éugais,
 'S cha deanar sìth gun do reite,
 'S ged nach bi na Duimhnich reidh riut,
 Gu 'n robh an rìgh mur tha mi féin dut.

*E-hò, hì u hò, rò hò eile,
E-ho, hì u ho, 's i rì rì ù,
Hò hì ù ro, o hò ò eile,
Mo dhiobhail dìth nan ceann-fheadhna.*

Mo chruit, mo chlarsach, a's m' fhiodhall,
Mo theud chiùil 's gach àit am bithinn,
'Nuair a bha mi òg 's mi 'n nighinn,
'S e thogadh m' inntinn thu thighinn,
Gheibheadh tu mo phòg gun bhrùithinn,
'S mar tha mi 'n diugh 's math do dhlighe oirr'.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo run am frionn,
Cha bhuachaille bhò 'sa 'n innis,
Ceann-feadhna greadhnach gun ghiorraig,
Marcaich nan steud 's leoir a mhìre,
Bhuidhneadh na cruintean d'a ghilleann,
'S nach seachnadh an toir iomairt,
Ghaolaich na 'n deanadh tu pilleadh,
Gheibheadh tu na bhiodh tu sìreadh,
Ged a chaillinn ris mo chinneach—
Pòg o ghruagach dhuinn an fhirich.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

'S truagh nach eil mi mar a b' àit leam,
Ceann Mhic-Cailein ann am achlais,
Cailein liath 'n deigh a chasgairt,
'S a 'n Crunair an deigh a ghilacadh,
Bu shunndach a gheibhinn cadal,
Ged a b' i chreag chruaidh mo leabaidh.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

M' eudail thu dh' fheara' na dìlinn,
'S math 's eol dhomh do shloinneadh innse,
'S cha b' ann an cagar fo 's 'n iosal,
Tha do dhreach mar dh' òrdaich rìgh e,
Falt am boineid tha sìnteach,
Sàr mhusg ort no cuilibhear,
Dh'eighte geard an cuirt an rìgh leat,
Ceist na 'm ban o 'n Chaisteal Heach,
Dorn geal mu 'n dean an t-òr sniamhan.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Domhnallach gasda mo ghaoil thu,
'S cha b' e Mac Dhonnchaidh Ghlinne-Faochain.
Na duine bha beò dheth dhaoine,
Mhic an fhir o thùr na faoileachd,

Far an tig an long fo h-aodach,
Far an òlte fion gu greadhnach.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo rùn an t-òigear,
Fiughantach aigeantach spòrsail,
Ceannard da ceathairne moire,
'S mise nach diultadh do chòmhradh,
Mar ri cuideachd no am onar,
Mhic an fhir o 'n innis cheolar,
O 'n tir am faighte na geoidh-ghlas,
'S far am faigheadh fir fhalamh stòras.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Bhuailte creach a's speach mhor leat,
'S cha bhiodh chridhe tigh'n a t-fheoraich,
Aig a liuthad Iarla a's mòrair,
Thigeadh a thoirt mach do chòrach,
Thig Mac-Shimidh, thig Mac-Leod ann,
Thig Mac-Dhonnall duibh o Lochaidh,
Bìdh Sir Seumus ann le mhor fhir,
Bìdh na b' annsa Aonghas òg ann,
'S t-fhuil gbreachnach fein bhì ga dortadh,
'S deas taruinn nan geur lann gleoiste.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

'S na 'n saoiladh cinneadh t-athar,
Gu 'n deanadh Granntaich do ghlaidheadh,
'S ioma fear gunna agus claidheamh,
Chotaichean uain' 's bhreacan dhathan,
Dh' eireadh leat da thaoibh na h-amhunn,
Cho lionmhor ri ibht an draighinn.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's iad mo run an comunn,
Luchd na 'n cul buidhe a's donna,
Dheanadh an t-iubhar a chromadh,
Dh' oladh fion dearg na thonnadh,
Thigeadh steach air mointich Thollaidh,
'S a thogadh creach o mhuinntir Thomaidh.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Note.—As the air to which this piece is sung is rather a kind of irregular chant than a tune, the poetess was not necessitated to make all her stanzas of equal length. We know of other even good songs in similar style; and, perhaps, it is in some measure owing to this circumstance that the fertility of imagination, and raciness of language, so apparent in the compositions of some of our untutored bards is to be attributed. *Marbhrann Iain ghairbh*, at page 26, is an instance of this.

SILIS NIGHEAN MHIC RAONAILL.

CICELY or JULIAN M'DONALD lived from the reign of Charles II. to that of George I. She was daughter to *Mac Raoghnaill na Ceapach*, and of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Consequently she was an enemy to Protestantism, and hence devoted the earliest efforts of her muse against the House of Hanover. It is said that in her young days she was very frolicsome. She then composed epigrams, some of which are very clever, and in our possession. She was married to a gentleman of the family of Lovat, and lived with him in *Moràghach Mhic-Shimidh*, a place which she describes in a poem, as bare and barren in comparison to her native Lochaber. This celebrated piece begins with, "*A theanga sin 'sa theanga shròil*," which was the first piece she composed after her marriage. During her residence in the North she composed "*Slan gu bràch le ceòl na clàrsaich*," as a lament for Lachlan M'Kinnon the blind harper. This harper was a great favourite of our poetess, and used to spend some of his time in her father's family. He was also in the habit of paying her a yearly visit to the North, and played on his harp while she sung:—

"Nuair a ghlacadh tu do chlàrsach,
Sa bhiodh tu ga gleusadh lamh rium,
Cha mhath a thuigte le umaidh,
Do chuir chiul-sa, 's mo ghabhail dhan-sa."

During her residence in the North she composed several short pieces, among which is an answer to a song by Mr M'Kenzie of Gruineard called "*An obair nogha*." Her husband died of a fit of intoxication, while on a visit to Inverness. She composed an elegy on him which is here given. The song "*Alasdair a Glimme-Garaidh*" is truly beautiful, and has served as a model for many Gaelic songs. After the death of her husband, she was nearly cut off by severe illness; and upon her recovery, engaged her muse in the composition of hymns, some of which are still in use, as appears from a Hymn-book printed at Inverness in 1821. She lived to a good old age, but the time of her death is uncertain.

MARBHIRANN AIR BAS A FIR.

'S i so bliadhna 's faid' a chlaoidh mi,
Gu'n cheol gu'n aighear gun fhaoiltens,
Mi mar bhàt air tràigh air sgaoileadh,
Gun stiùir, gun seol, gun rann, gun taoman.

*O 's coma' leam fhìn na co dhiubh sin,
Mìre, no aighear, no sùgradh,
'N dèigh o shìn mi r'a chumtadh,
'S e ceann na bliadhna thug riadh dhìom dàbailt.*

'S i so bliadhna 'a chaisg air m' àilleas,
Chuir mi fear mo thaighe 'n càradh,
'N ciste chaoil 's na saoir 'ga sàbhadh;
O! 's mis tha faoin 's mo dhaoine air m' fhàgail.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Chaill mi sin 's mo chuilean gràdhach,
Bha gu foinnidh, fearail, àillidh,

Bha gun bheum, gun leum, gun ardan ;
Bha guth a bheil mar theud na clàrsaich.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Ma 's beag leam sud fhuair mi bàrr air
Ceannt mo stòic is prùip nan càirdean,
A leag na ceud le bheum 's na blàraibh,
Ga chuir fo 'n fhòd le òl na gràisge.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Ciod na creachan a thug bhuainn thu ?
Thug do dh' Inbheirnis air chuairt thu,
Dh' òl an fhiona lās do ghruaidhean
'S a dh'fhag thu d' chorp gu'n lot gun luaidhe.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

'S mor a tha gun fhios do d' chairdean
San tìr mhoir tha null o 'n t-sàile,
Thu bhi aig na Gaill ga d' chàradh
'S do dhuthaich fèin ga mort' le nàmhaid.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Bu tu 'n Curaidh fuilteach, buailteach,
Ceanntgalach, borb, laidir, uasal,
Na 'm b' ann am blàr no 'n spàirn a bhuaill' thu,
Gu 'm biodh do chairdean a' tàir-leum suas orr'.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Curaidh gasta, crodha, fumail,
Tionntgalach, garg, beodha, euchdach ;
'N Coille-chrìothnaich 's là an t-sléibhe,
Bu luath do lann 's bu teann do bheuman.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Mo chreach long nan leoghann garga,
Nam brataichean sròil 's nan dath dearga,
Gur tric an t-eng gu geur g'ur sealg-sa
Leagail bhuir crann-siùil gu fàirge.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Nise bho na dh'fhalbh na braithrean
'S nach eil ach Uilleam dhiu lathair,
A rìgh mhoir, ma 's deonach dàil da,
Gus an dìong an t-oighre t-àite.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Ach a rìgh mhoir tog 's an aird iad,
Mar chraoibh ubhlán, mheulair mhiaghair,
Mar ghallan ùr nach lùb droch àimsir,
Mar phreasa fiona 's lionmhor leanmhuinn.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

O 's e so deireadh 'n t-saoghail bhrìonnaich
Aird-rìgh dean sinn orsta cuimhneach ;
An deigh an latha thig an oidhche
'S thig an t-aog air chaochladh Staidhle.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' ALASTAIR DUBH GHILINNE-GARAIDH.

ALASDAIR a gleanna-garadh,
Thug thu 'n dìugh gal air mo shuilean,
'S beag ioghnadh mi bhi trom creuchdach,
Gur tric g'ar reubadh as ùr sinn,
'S deachdar dhombhsa bhi gun 'n osnaidh,
'S meud an dosgaidh th'air mo chàirdean,
Gur tric an t-eug oirn a' gearradh,
Tagha nan darag is airde.

Chaill sinn ionnan agus còmhla,
Sir Dòmhnall, a mhac, 'sa bhrathair,
Ciod e 'm feum dhuinn bhi ga ghearan ?
Dh-fhan Mac-'Ie-Ailein sa bhlàr bhuaín,
Chaill sinn darag laidir liath-ghlas,
Bha cumhail dìon air a chairdean,
Capull-coille bharr na giubhsaich,
Seobhag sul-ghorm, lugh-mhor, laidir.

Dh-fhalbh ceann na céille 's na comhairl,
Ann 's gach gnothach am bi cùram,
Aghaidh shocrach, sholta, thaitneach,
Cridhe fial, farsuinn, mu'n chluineadh ;
Bu tu tagha nan sàr-ghaisgeach,
Mo ghualainn thaice-'s,—mo dhiubhail ;
Smiorail, fearail, foineamh, treabbach,
Ceann-feadhna chaill Seumas Stiubhart.

Na b' ionnan do chach 's do ghoill,
Mu'n dh-imich an long a mach,
Cha rachadh i rithist air sàil,
Gun 'n fhios cia fath a thug i steach,
Ach 'nuair chunaig sibh an tràth sin,
A bhi g'ar fagal air faonthragh,
Bhrìst bhuir cridheachan le mulad,
'S leir a bhuil cha robh sibh saogh'lach.

Bu tu 'n lasair dhearg g'an losgadh,
'S bu tu sgoilteadh iad gu'n sailtean,
Bu tu gualann chur a chatha,
Bu tu 'n laoch gun atha laimhe,
Bu tu 'm bradan ann san fhìor-uisg,
Fìor-eun on ealtainn is airde,
Bu tu 'n leoghann thar gach beathach,
'S bu tu damh leathann na craice.

Bu tu loch nach faighe thaomadh,
'S tu tobar faoilidh na slainte,
'S tu Beinn-Neamhais thar gach aonach,
Bu tu chreag nach fhaoite thearnadh,
Bu tu clach mbullaich a chaistail,
Bu tu leac leathann na sràide,
Bu tu leig loghmhor nam buadhan,
Bu tu clach uasal an fhàine.

Bu tu'n t-iubhair as a choille,
 Bu tu'n darach dainghean laidir,
 Bu tu'n cuileann bu tu'n dreaghunn,
 Bu tu'n t-abhall molach blath-mhor,
 Cha robh meur annad do' chritheann,
 Cha robh do dhlighe ri fearna,
 Cha robh do chairdeas ri leamhan,
 Bu tu leannan nam ban àluinn.

Bu tu céile na mnà priseil,
 'S oil leam fhìn ga dìth an drasd thu,
 Ge d' nach ionnan dhomhsa is dhì-se
 'S goirt a tha mi-fhìn ma càradh,
 H-uile bean a bbios gun chéile,
 Guidheadh i Mac Dhé na àite,
 O 's e 's urrainn bhì ga comhnadh,
 Annus gach leon a chuireas càs oirr'.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
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Guidheam do mhac bhì na t-àite,
 'An saibhreas an àiteas 's an cùram,
 Alasdair a Gleanna-Garadh,
 Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilean.

THA MI AM CHADAL &c.

DO DH' FHEACHD RÌGH SEUMAS.

Gur diombach mi 'n iomairt,
 Chuir gach fin' air fògradh;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi
 Gun aighear gun eibhneas,

† The above four lines are lost.

'S gu'n reiteach o Dheòrsa;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.
 Gur h-ioma bean uasal,
 Tha gu h-uaigneach na seomar,
 Gun aighear gun eibhneas,
 'S i 'g eiridh na h-onar,
 Sior chaoidh na 'n uaislean,
 A fhuair iad ri phòsadh;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.

Mo thruaighe a chlann,
 Nach robh gann na 'n curaisde;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi,
 'N am bualadh na 'n lann,
 An am na 'm buileanan;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.
 Ge d' tha sibh 'sa'n àm,
 Feadh ghleann a's mhunaineann,
 Gu nochd sibh 'ur ceann
 'N am teannadachd mar churaidhnean,
 'Nuair thig Seumas a nall,
 'Si bhur lann bhios fuileachdach.
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.

'S e rìgh na muice,
 'S na Cuigse, rìgh Deòrsa;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi,
 Mu 'n tig oirnn an t-samhainn,
 Bidh amhach 's na còrdaibh;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi;
 Na 'n eireadh sibh suas,
 Le cruadal a's duinealachd,
 Eadar islean a's uaislean,
 Thuath agus chumanta,
 'S gu'n sgiùrsadh sibh uaibh e,
 Rìgh fuadain nach buineadh dhuinn;
 Dheanainn an cadal gu suundach leibh.

NIALL MAC-MHUIRICH.

NEIL MACVURICH, the family bard and historian of Clanronald, *Mac-Dhònuill, Mhic-'Ic-Ailein*, was born in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He lived in South Uist, where he held a possession of land which is known to this day, as marked out and designated *Baile-bhàird*, i. e. the bard's farm. He was of a succession of poets that the illustrious family kept to record the history of their ancestors, and to fill the station so indispensably requisite in those days, in the halls of chiefs of renown. There were several poets of the name of *Mac-Mhuirich*, lineal descendants of the same man, who were distinguished from each other in various ways, as specified in the brief account given of *Lachunn mor Mac-Mhuirich Albannaich*; Neil was simply, if not emphatically, called *Niall Mac-Mhuirich*, Clanronald's *Seanachaidh*, or family historian.

He had written, in the Gaelic language, the history of the great clan whose records he kept, and the strains in which distinguished individuals were commemorated for their talents and prowess. But he satisfied not himself with writing what related to the family that honoured him with the office of bard: he likewise had written ancient poetry, and the history of past times.—See the Highland Society's account of the *Red Book*.

While this celebrated bard was most careful in recording every thing worthy of preservation, it is to be regretted that so little of his own history and works have been preserved. This has been often the case with men of genius. Very few Gaelic bards were at the trouble of writing their own productions: they trusted too much to memory; seldom reflected on what might happen in the lapse of time; never apprehended that succeeding generations would be indifferent about what seemed to them to be of the greatest moment. Neil M'Vurich, while he adopted the best method of handing down to posterity the invaluable relics of antiquity, might not think it worth his trouble to write his own poems, or record any anecdotes concerning himself. These, like many others, have been lost, with the exception of the two pieces given in this work. He lived to a great age, and was an old man in 1715.

To throw more light on the history of this tribe of poets, we beg to give the following, which is a copy of the declaration of Lachlan M'Vurich, a son of the bard, written in Gaelic, and addressed to Henry M'Kenzie, Esq., at the time he was writing the Highland Society's report of Ossian:—

BARRA, 9th August, 1800.

ANN an taigh Phadruig Mhic-Neacail an Torluim goirid o Chaisteal Bhuirghi ann an Siorramachd Inbhernis, a naoidhamh latha de chiad mhios an fhoghair, anns an dà fhichead bliadhna agus naoidh-deug d'a aois, thainig Lachlunn mac Nèill, mhic Lachluinn, mhic

Nèill, mhic Dhòmhnuill, mhic Lachuinn, mhic Nèill mhòir, mhic Lachuinn,* mhic Dhòmhnuill, do shloinne chlànn Mhuirich, ann an lathair Ruairidh Mhic Nèill tighearna Bhàra, thabhairt a chòdaich, mar is fìosrach e-san, gur e féin an t-ochdamh glàn déug o Mhuireach a bha leanmhuinn teaghaich Mhic-'Ic-Ailein, ceannard Chlànn-Raonuill, mar bhàrdàibh,

* This is LACHUNN MOR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH, or Lachlan mòr MacVuirich of Scotland, the second of this famous tribe of bards.

Where there are several individuals of the same name, it is necessary to have some marks to distinguish them. This has been always attended to by the Gaël though in various ways. It is common to call persons by their patronimies; and among clans, where many have the same name and surname, they could not be distinctly called and recognised otherwise: instead of saying Alexander M'Donald, where two, three, or four were found of the same name, in the same place, they called one, Alexander, the son of Allan, the son of John; another, Alexander, the son of Donald, the son of Neil; and another, the son of Rory, the son of Dugald, &c.

The Gaelic language being susceptible of describing beings and objects most minutely; individuals are frequently distinguished and described from their appearance, or qualities external and internal. Thus our author has been called Lachlan Mòr, in contradistinction to another of the same name who was less. Mòr signifies great in respect of one's person or mind. Its literal meaning is magnitude, and this is the sense in which it has been applied here. But there is another mark by which this bard was distinguished, namely, by his country, Albanach, or of Scotland. Irish bards, or minstrels, were once no strangers in Scotland, and especially the Highlands; for Albainn, the Gaelic term for Scotland, had been particularly applied to the Highlands. The cognomen, Albannach, had been given Lachlan mòr MacVuirich *emphatically*, being the great poet of his day. The language of the two countries being the same, the Scottish Highlanders and Irish understood each other; and there was frequent intercourse between them. They, in fact, were originally the same people; and, instead of disputing about the origin of the one or the other, historians ought to regard them as one and the same, removing from the one kingdom to the other as occasion or necessity required. Of the works of this famous poet, all now extant is an extraordinary one—a war song, composed almost wholly of epithets arranged in alphabetical order, to rouse the Clan Donuil to the highest pitch of enthusiasm before the battle of Harlaw. This poem is entitled in Gaelic:—“BROSACHA-CATHA LE LACHUNN MÒR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH DO DHOMHNUL A ILE RÌGH-INNSE-GALL AGUS IARLA ROIS LATHA MACRAICH CHATH-GAIRIACH.”* The piece has a part for every letter in the Gaelic alphabet till near the end consisting altogether of three hundred and thirty-eight lines. It would occupy too much space to print it in this work. Here follow the two first, and also the thirteen last lines of the poem:—

A chlanna Cuinn cuimhneichibh,
Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

* * * * *

Gu ur-labhrach, ùr-lambach neart-mhor,

Gu coisneadh na cath-làrach,

Ri bruidhne 'ur hìubhaidh,

A chlanna Chninn cheud-chathaich,

'Si nis uair 'ur n'aithnaichidh.

A chuireanan chonfhadach,

A bheirichean bunanta,

A leoghainnean lan-ghasta

Aon-chonnaibh iorghuilleach

De laochaibh chrodha, churanta

De chlannaibh Chùinn cheud-chathaich

A chlanna Chuinn, cuimhneichibh

Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

This poem is very valuable in two respects:—First, It is the best proof that could be given of a language, so copious and abounding in epithets, that the number poured out under each letter is almost incomprehensible. What command of language! How well deserved our bard the

* This battle was fought, anno 1411, at a small village called Harlaw, in the district of Garioch, within ten miles of Aberdeen. The cause of it was this:—Walter Lesly, a man nobly born, succeeded to the Earldom of Ross, in right of his lady, who was daughter of that house. He had by her a son, who succeeded him, and a daughter, who was married to the Lord of the Isles. This son married a daughter of the duke of Albany, son of Robert II., at that time governor of Scotland; but dying young, left behind him only one child. It is said that she was somewhat deformed, and rendered herself a religious. From her the governor easily procured a resignation of the Earldom of Ross in favour of John earl of Buchan, his second son, to the prejudice of Donald lord of the Isles, who was grandson of the said Lesly, and supposed the nearest heir. He claimed his right accordingly, but finding the governor, who probably regarded him already as too powerful a subject, not inclined to do him that justice he expected, he immediately raised an army of no less than 10,000 men within his own isles, and putting himself at their head, made a descent on the continent, and, without opposition, seized the lands of Ross, and after increasing his army with the inhabitants, he continued his march from Ross until he came to Garioch, within ten miles of Aberdeen, ravaging the countries through which he passed, and threatening to enrich his men with the wealth of that town. But before he could reach that place, his career was stopped by Alexander Stewart, the grandson of Robert II., and earl of Marr. For this brave youth, by orders from the governor, drew together, with great expedition, almost all the

agus o an àm sin gu robh fearann Staoileagairi agus ceithir peighinean do Dhriomasdal aca mar dhuais bàrdachd o linn gu linn, feadh chuig ghlùn-déug: Gu'n do chaill an siathamh-glun déug ceithir peighinean Dhriomasdail, ach gu do ghleidh an seachdamh glùn diu fearann Staoileagairi fad naoi bliadhna déug de dh' aimsir, agus gu robh am fearann sin air a cheangal dhaibh ann an còir fhad 's a bhiodh fear do Chlann-Mhuirich ann, a chumadh suas sloinneadh agus seachas Chlann-Dòmhnnull; agus bha e mar fhiachan orra, 'nuair nach biodh mac aig a bhàrd, gu tugadh e fòghlum do mhac a bhrathar, no dha oighre, chum an còir air an fhearann a ghlèidheadh, agus is ann a rèir a chleachdaidh so fhuair Niall, athair féin, ionnsachadh gu leughadh, sgrìobhadh, èachdrai agus bàrdachd, o Dhòmhnnull mac Nèill mhic Dhòmhnnull, brathair athar.

Tha cuimhne mhath aige gu robh "Saothair Oisein" sgrìobht' ar craicnean ann an glèidhteanas athar o shinnsiribh; gu robh cuid dheth na craicnean air an deanamh suas mar leabhraichean, agus cuid eile fuasgailt o chéile, anns an robh cuid do shaothair bhàrd eile, bharachd ar "Saothair Oisein."

Tha cuimhne aige gu robh leabhar aig athair ris an canadh iad an "Leabhar dearg," de phaiper, a thainig o shinnsiribh, anns a robh mòran do shean eachdraidh nam fineachan Gàèlach, agus cuid de "Shaothair Oisein" mar bha athair ag innseadh dha. Chan eil a h-aon de na leabhraichean so r'a fhaotainn an diugh, thaobh is 'nuair a chaill iad am fearann, gu do chaill iad am misneach agus an dùrachd. Cha'n eil e cinnteach ciod e thainig ris na craicnean, ach gu bheil barail aige gun tug Alasdair mac Mhaighstir Alasdair 'Ic-Dhòmhnnull ar falbh cuid diubh, agus Raonull a mhac cuid eile dhiubh; agus gum fac e dha no trì dhiubh aig tàileirean ga 'n gearradh sìos gu criosan tomhais: Agus tha cuimhne mhath aige gu tug Mac-'Ic-Ailein air athair an "Leabhar dearg" a thabhairt seachad do Sheumas Mac Mhuirich a Bàideanach; gu robh e goirid o bhi cho tiugh ri Bioball, ach gu robh e na b' fhaide agus na bu leatha, ach nach robh ùrad thinghaid sa chòmh-dach; gu robh na craicnean agus an "Leabhar dearg" air an sgrìobhadh anns an làmh anns an robh Gàèlig airasgrìobhadh o shean an Albainn agus ann an Eirinn, mu'n do ghabh daoine cleachdadh air sgrìobhadh na Gàèlig anns an làmh Shasunnaich; gum b'aithne dha athair an t-shean làmh a leughadh gu math; gu robh cuid de na craicnean aige féin an deigh bàis athar, ach a thaobh is nach d' ionnsaich e iad, agus nach robh acbhar meas aig' orra, gu deach' iad ar chall. Tha e ag ràdh nach robh h-aon de shinnsiribh air a robh Pall mar ainm, ach gu robh dithis dhiubh ris an canadh iad Cathal.

Tha e 'g ràdh nach ann le h-aon duine a sgrìobhadh an "Leabhar dearg," ach gu robh adnomen Albanach! He lived in the fifteenth century. He could not be ignorant of letters. He was well acquainted with all the idioms of his native language, and had the greatest command over its powers and energies. Nor was he ignorant of the genius of the people whom he addressed. Clann-Dòmhnnull was the most powerful of the clans in his time. They were foremost in battle, and entitled to take the right in the field; which was never disputed, till the battle of Culloden, which proved so fatal to many. Our poet, therefore, exhausted the almost exhaustless *copia verborum* of the language, for the purpose of infusing the spirit of the greatest heroism and love of conquest into the breasts of the warriors.

nobility and gentry between the two rivers Tay and Spey, and with them met the invader at the place above mentioned, where a long, uncertain, and bloody battle ensued; so long, that nothing but the night could put an end to it; so uncertain, that it was hard to say who had lost or gained the day; so bloody, that one family is reported to have lost the father and six of his sons. The earl of Marr's party, who survived, lay all night on the field of battle; while Donald, being rather wearied with action than conquered by force of arms, thought fit to retreat, first to Ross, and then to the Isles.—*Abercromby's Hist.*

e air a sgrìobhadh o linn gu linn le teaghlach Chlann-Mhuirich, a bha cumail suas seana-chas Chlainn-Dòmhnuaill, agus ceannardan nam fineachan Gàelach eile.

An deigh so a sgrìobhadh, chaidh a leughadh dha, agus dh-aidich e gu robh e ceart, ann an làthair Dhòmhnuaill Mhic-Dhòmhnuaill, fear Bhaile Raghail; Eoghain Mhic-Dhòmhnuaill, fear Gheara-sheilich; Eoghan Mhic-Dhòmhnuaill Fear Ghriminis; Alasdair Mhic-Ghill-eain, fear Hoster, Alasdair Mhic-Neacail, ministear Bheinne-bhaoghla; agus Ailein Mhic-Chuinn, ministear Uist-a-Chinne-*tuath*, a fear asgrìobh a seanachas so.

(Signed)

LACHUNN X MAC-MHUIRICH.

RUAIRIDH MAC-NEILL, J.P.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

In the house of Patrick Nicolson, at Torlum, near Castle-Burgh, in the shire of Inverness, on the ninth day of August, compeared in the fifty-ninth year of his age, Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Donald, son of Lachlan, son of Neil *Mòr*, son of Lachlan, son of Donald, of the surname of Mac Vuirich, before Roderick M'Neil, laird of Barra, and declared, That, according to the best of his knowledge, he is the eighteenth in descent from Muireach, whose posterity had officiated as bards to the family of Clanronald; and that they had from that time, as the salary of their office, the farm of Staoiligary and four *pennies* of Drimisdale during fifteen generations; that the sixteenth descendant lost the four *pennies* of Drimisdale, but that the seventeenth descendant retained the farm of Staoiligary for nineteen years of his life. That there was a right given them over these lands as long as there should be any of the posterity of Muireach to preserve and continue the genealogy and history of the Macdonalds, on condition that the bard, failing of male issue, was to educate his brother's son, or representative, in order to preserve their title to the lands; and that it was in pursuance of this custom that his own father, Neil, had been taught to read and write history and poetry by Donald, son of Neil, son of Donald, his father's brother.

He remembers well that works of Ossian, written on parchment, were in the custody of his father, as received from his predecessors; that some of the parchments were made up in the form of books, and that others were loose and separate, which contained the works of other bards besides those of Ossian.

He remembers that his father had a book which was called the *Red Book*, made of paper, which he had from his predecessors, and which, as his father informed him, contained a good deal of the history of the Highland Clans, together with part of the works of Ossian. That none of these books are to be found at this day, because when they (his family) were deprived of their lands, they lost their alacrity and zeal. That he is not certain what became of the parchments, but thinks that some of them were carried away by Alexander, son of the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, and others by Ronald his son; and he saw two or three of them cut down by tailors for measures. That he remembers well that Clanronald made his father give up the red book to James Macpherson from

Badenoch; that it was near as thick as a Bible, but that it was longer and broader, though not so thick in the cover. That the parchments and the red book were written in the hand in which the Gaelic used to be written of old both in Scotland and Ireland before people began to use the English hand in writing Gaelic; and that his father knew well how to read the old hand. That he himself had some of the parchments after his father's death, but that because he had not been taught to read them, and had no reason to set any value upon them, they were lost. He says that none of his forefathers had the name of Paul, but that there were two of them who were called Cathal.

He says that the red book was not written by one man, but that it was written from age to age by the family of Clan Mhuirich, who were preserving and continuing the history of the Macdonalds, and of other heads of Highland clans.

After the above declaration was taken down, it was read to him, and he acknowledged it was right, in presence of Donald M'Donald of Balronald, James M'Donald of Garyhelich, Ewan Mac Donald of Griminish, Alexander Mac Lean of Hoster, Mr Alexander Nicolson, minister of Benbecula, and Mr Allan Mac Queen, minister of North-Uist, who wrote this declaration.

(Signed)

LACHLAN X MAC VUIRICH.

RODERICK MAC NIEL, J.P.

ORAN. DO MHAC-MHIC-AILEIN.*

Gua è naigheachd na ciadain,
Rinn mo chruitheachd a shiaradh.
Le lunn-dubh, 's le bròn cianail,
Gu'n dhrùidh i trom air mo chrìochaibh,
Mo sgeul duilich nach iarr,
Mi 'ur còmhradh.
Mo sgeul, &c.

M' uaildh, m' aighear, is m' aiteas,
Tha fo bhinn aig fir shasuinn.
Ar tighearn' òg maiseach,
An t-ogh ud Iarla nam bratach,
Mac an fhir thug dhomh fasga
'Nuair b' òg mi.
Mac an fhir, &c.

'S truagh gu'n mise bhi lamh ruit,
'Nuair a leagadh 's bhlàr thu,
Gu cruaidh curanta laidir,
Agus spionnadh nan Gàid,

Nàile dhiolainn do bhàs,
Dheanaim feòlach,
Nàile dhiolainn, &c.

Uidhist aighearach, òibhinn,
Dhubhach, ghalanach, dheurach,
Nis o rug ort am beum so,
'S goirt r'a fhuilg ni 's òiginn,
Linnhad fear a tha 'n deigh air
Mac-Dhomhnuid.
Linnhad fear, &c.

Cha 'n é 'n Domhnall sin roimhe,
Ach mac sin Dhomhnuill ogh Iain,
Ailean aoibhinn an aigheir,
Urram féile; righ flatha,
Ceannard meagbreach gu caitheamh
Na mòr-chuis.
Ceannard, &c.

'Nuair a chlaradh an feasgar,
Gum biodh branndaidh ga losgadh,
Fion Frangach ga chosg leith,

* The bard composed this song when a very old man, on hearing that his master was wounded at Sherrifmuir.

Coinnlein céire gan losgadh,
Sàr Cheann-feadhna 'toirt brosnachadh,
Ceòil duibh.
Sàr Cheann-feadhna, &c.

Gum biodh fìdheall ga rùsgadh ;
Buidheann thaitneach air ùrlar ,
Pìob a 'sgala nan sìonsar,
Fuaim talla r'a chùl sin,
'G iomairt chleas air chrìos cùil
Nam fear òga.
'G iomairt chleas, &c.

M' ulaidh m'aighear am fiùran,
An t-Ailean aighearach aoidheil,
Bha gu macanta miùnte,
Dh-fhàs gu h-aigheantach ùiseil,
Fhuair mi aobhneas a d' chùirt,
Cha be'n dòlum,
Fhuair mi, &c.

Bu tu m' urram is m' annsachd,
Cha seinn mi eachdraidh do bhàis ort,
Aig eagal droch fhàisneachd,
'N dùil gum faiceamsa slàn thu,
Mar a faic gun toir Gàclig,
Ni's mò bhuam.
Mar a faic, &c.

Tha mi sgìth 's gu'n mi ullamh,
S mi 'n deigh mo chuire,
Gu'n dùil ri sud tuille ;
B'fhearr nach bitheadh na h-urrad,
O'n là chualas gu'n chuireadh
Do leòn ort.
O'n là, &c.

MARBIL-RANN MHIC-'IC-AILEIN.

A MHRABHADH SA BHLADIUNA 1715.

Ocu ! a Mhuire mo dhunaidh,
Thu bhi d' shìneadh air t-ùilinn,
An taigh mòr Mhoirear Drumad,
Gun ar dùil ri d' theachd tuille,
Le fàilte 's le furan,
Dh-fhios na dùthecha da'm buineadh,
A charaid Iarla Choig-Ulainn,
'S goirt le ceannard fir Mhuile do dhiol.
'S goirt le ceannard, &c.

Dh-fhalbh Dòmhnall nan Dòmhnall
A's an Raonnall a b' òige,
S Mac-'Ic-Alastair Chnòideart,
Fear na misniche mòire,
Dh-fheuch am beireadh iad beo ort,

Cha ro'n sud dhaibh ach gòrraich,
Feum cha robh dhaibh nan tòireachd,
'S ann a fhuair iad do chòmhra gu'n chli.
'S ann a fhuair iad do chòmhra, &c.

Mo chreach mhòr mar a thachair,
'S è chuir tur stad air m' aiteas,
T-fhuil mhòrghalach reachdar,
Bhi air bòcadh a d' chraiceann,
Gun seòl air a casgadh ;
Bu tu rìgh nam fear feachda,
A chum t-onoir is t-fhacal,
'S cha do phill thu le gealtachd a nìos.
'S cha do phill thu le geallachd, &c.

Mo cheist ceannard Chlann-Raonuill,
Aig am biodh na cinu-fheadhna,
Na fir ùr air dheagh fhoghlum,
Nach iarradh de'n t-shaoghal,
Ach airm agus aodach,
Le 'n cuilbheirean caola,
Sheasadh iad air an aodann,
Riun iad sud is cha d'fhaod iad do dhìon.
Rinn iad sud, &c.

'S mòr gàir ban do chinnidh,
O'n a thòisich an iomairt,
An sgeul a fhuair iad chuir tiom orr',
T-fhuil chraobhach a' sìleadh,
'S i dortadh air mhìre,
Gu'n seol air a pillleadh,
Ge d' tha Raonnall a d'ionad,
'S mòr ar call ged a chinneadh an rìgh.
'S mòr ar call ge do chinneadh, &c.

'S trom puthtar na luaidhe,
'S goirt 's gur chumhann a bualadh,
Nach do ruith i air t-uachdar,
'Nuair a dh-ionntain iad nath thu,
Thug do mhuinntir gàir chruaidh asd ;
Ach 's è òrdugh a fhuair iad,
Ceum air 'n aghaidh le cruadal,
'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig air a druim.
'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig, &c.

Dheagh Mhic-Ailein mhic Iain,
Cha robh leithid do thaighe,
Ann am Breatunn r'a fhaighinn ;
Taigh mor fughantach, flatbail,
'M bu mhòr sìgradh le h-aighear.
Bhiodh na h-uailean ga thaghaich,
Rinn iad cuims' air do chatheamh,
Ann an toiseach an latha dol sìos.
Ann an toiseach an latha, &c.

'S iomadh gruagach 's bròideach,
Eadar Uidhist is Sléibhte,
Chaidh am mugha mu d' dheibhinn,
Laidh smal air na spèuraibh,

Agus sneachd air na gèugaibh,
Ghnuil eunlaith an t-shlèibhe,
O'n là chual iad gun d' eng thu,
A cheann uidhe nan ceud bu mhòr prìs.

A cheann-uidhe nan ceud, &c.

Gheibht' a d' bbaile ma fheasgar,
Smùid mhòr, 's cha b' è 'n greadan ;
Fìr ùr agus fleasgaich,
A' losga' fùdair le beadradh,
Cùirn is cupaichean breaca,
Pìosan òir air an dealtradh,
'S cha b' ann falaibh a gheibht' iad,
Ach gach deoch mar bu neart-mhoire brìgh.
Ach gach mar bu, &c.

'S iomadh clogaid a's targaid,
Agus claidheamh chinn airgeid,
Bhiodh mar coinneamh air ealachuinn,
Dhombas b' aithne do sheanchas,
Ge do b' fharsuinn ri leanmhuinn,
Ann an eachdraidh na h-Alba ;
Raonuill òig dean beairt ainmeil,
O'n bu dual dut o d' leanmhuinn mòrghnìomh.
O'n bu dual, &c.

'S cha bu lothagan cliata,
Gheibht' ad stàbuill ga'm biathadh ;
Ach eich chruidheacha shrianach,
Bhiodh do mhiol-choin air iallaibh,
'S iad a' feitheamh ri fiadhach,
Ann sna coireanaibh riabhach,
B' è mo chreacha nach do liath thu,
M' an tainig teachdair ga d' iarraidh on rìgh.
M' an tainig teachdair, &c.

SEANACHAS SLOINNIDH

NA PIOBA BHO THUS.

Aonroman muice hò ! hò !
Air a sheideadh gu h-ana-mhòr,
A cheud mhàla nach robh binn,
Thainig o thùs na dìlinn.
Bha seal ri aodromain mhuc,
Ga lìonadh suas as gach pluic,
Craiceann seana mbuilt na dhéigh sin,
Re searbhadas agus ri dùrdail.
Cha robh 'n uair sin ann sa phìob,
Ach seansair agus aon lìop,
Agus maide chumadh nam fonn,
Da 'm b' ainnm an sumaire.
Tamull daibh na dheigh sin,
Do fhuair as-innleachd innleachd,
Agus chinnich na trì chroinn innt,
Fear dhiu fada, leobhar, garbh,
Ri dùrdan reamhar ro shearbh.

Air faighinn an dùrdain soirbh,
Agus a ghòthaich gu loma léir,
Chraobha-sgaol a chramaghail mar sin,
Ri searbhadas agus ri rùchdail.

Pìob sgreadanach Ian Mhic-Artair,
Mar ean curra air dol air ais,
Lan ronn 's i labhar luirgneach,
Com galair mar ghullbneich ghlaiss
Pìob Dhòmhnuill do cheòl na Cruinne,
Crannaghail bhreòite 's brenn roi' shluagh,
Catbhadh a mùin tro màla grodaidh,
Bo 'n tuil ghraimnde robaich ruaidh :
Ball Dhòmhnuill is dös na pìoba,
Da bheist chursta ' chlaigeinn mhaòil,
Seinnidh Corra-ghluineach a gathuinn
Fuaime trùileach an tabhainn sheirbh.

Do-cheòl do bhi 'n ifrinn iochdrach,
Faobnar phìoban nan dös cruaidh,
Culaidh a dhùsgadh nan deamhan,
Liùgail do mheoir reamhair ruaidh.
Air fheasgar an earraich mùn,
Mar gheum mairt caòile teachd gu thus,
Thig sgreadail a chroinn riabhaich,
Mar bhr. . . tòine 'n di. . . . duibh.
Chuir Vénus a bha seal an Ifrinn,
Mar dhearbhadh sgeul gu fìr an Dombain.
Gur h-e corranach bhan is pìob ghleadhair,
Da leannan cìvil cluas nan Deamhan.

* * * * *

Fàileadh a ch . . dheth na mhàla

'S fàileadh a mhàla dheth 'n phìobair.

Note.—The Author of this piece is *Niall mòr Mac-Mhuirich*. We have heard the following anecdote, in illustration of this poem. Neil had lately returned to his father's house from the hards' college, in Ireland, from whence, along with the stores of genealogical and other lore with which he had stored his head, he had in addition, brought over a back-burden of the small-pox, and was lying asleep, on a settle bed, at the back of the house near the fire, when John and Donald M'Arthur, two pipers, came in, and, sitting down on the bed-stock, began tuning their pipes preparatory to playing. The horrid and discordant sound of the pipes roused the bard, who, bursting with indignation, in the true style of his profession, began to inveigh against the pipers, in the following mock genealogy of the bag-pipe. It would appear from this, as well as from hints in other poems, that the bag-pipe was never a favourite with the hards; but was rather regarded by them as trenching on their province. The poem was evidently intended to resent the intrusion of the pipers on the bard's slumbers. Nor did it fail of the desired effect; for, the pipers it seems, had intended to make good their quarters for the night; but, on hearing the odd and ludicrous invective against their favourite instrument, enunciated from behind them, they started from their seats with astonishment looking round for an explanation. But when the swollen and pocky countenance of Neil met their view, wrought up we may suppose with no ordinary excitement, terror added wings to their feet, and they fled in the utmost consternation. Neil's father on hearing the poem to the end exclaimed " *Math thu fein a mhic, tha mi facian nach bu thrasa caillt' a thug thu dh' Iarinn* ;" i.e. "Well done my son, I see your errand to Ireland has not been lost."

IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN 'IC-AILEIN.

JOHN M'DONALD, commonly *Iain Dubh Mac Iain 'Ic-Ailein*, i. e. John of black locks, son of John, the son of Allan, was a gentleman of the Clanronald family, and was born about the year 1665. He received all the advantages of education, together with the opportunities that the times in which he lived offered to a man of observation. He was immediately descended from the Maer family—a great branch of the Clanronalds—of whom many individuals were highly distinguished for prowess, wit, and poetical powers. He resided in the island of Eig, on the farm of Grulean.

Mr M'Donald was not a poet by profession, although he was considered by good judges not inferior to any bard of his age. He lived in easy circumstances. Amid his rural pursuits, he had ample time to woo the muses, or pass his leisure as inclination or opportunity occurred. He, therefore, put himself under no restraint, but sung when inspired, and made observations on men and manners; and his remarks were generally allowed to be shrewd and just. Few anecdotes can be expected of a man who passed a quiet life in such circumstances. He always held a respectable rank in society. His poems display taste and elegance, and his compositions, occasional and gratuitous as they were, must have been numerous.

ORAN DO MHIAC-MHIC-AILEIN.

A Bhliadhna gus an Aimsir so,
Gu'm b' fhoirmeil sinn an Ormaicleit,
'N cùirt an leoghainn mhearcasaich,
Ge fear-ghalach ro mhorghalach,
Ge smachdail, reachdail calmar' thu,
'S ro-anamanta neo morchuiseach,
Am bèul o'm blas-d' thig argamaid,
'S tu dhearbhadh le ceart còlas i.

Gur h-e fhad 's o'n dh' fhalbh thu uainn,
Dh' fhag ime-cheisteach an comhnaidh sinn,
Gu'm b' fhearr leinn thu bhí sealgair eachd,
Air talamh garbh na mor-thìre,
Thu féin 's do bhuidheann ainmeineach,
Na n éireadh farragradh fòpa-san,
Bhiodh sunndach lughor arm-cleasach,
Sluagh garbh-bhuilleach, garg, comhragach.

Gu'm bi fid a gheala-bhratach,
'S neo-chearbach an tùs comh-stri i,
Tha chuis nd ar a dhearbhadh leibh,
Aig ro mhiad fearrdha 's cròdhalachd,
A luthad òigear barraideach,
A bhuaileadh tailm le stròic-lannabh,
O Sheile ghlas nan geala-bhradan,
Gu Inbhear gainnbhich Mor-thìre.

Tha Cana 's Eig a' geilleachdainn,
Do 'n treun fhear ud mar uachdaran,
O'n 's ann leatsa dh' eireas iad,
Deun féin gach treud dhiu' bhuachailleachd,
Am fìubhaidh gasda threubhach sin,
Nach labhar beuirtean truailleidh leo,
An laochraidh thaitneach gheur-lannach,
A thóid air ghleus gu fuathasach,

A Uidhist thig na ceudan ort,
 Fir bheur 'a reubadh choainteanan,
 Nach gabhadh sgreamh no deistinne,
 Roimh fhrasan geur a cruaidh-shneachda,
 Bhur samhail riabh cha d' èirich dhuibh,
 An làthair feum no cruaidh-chuise,
 Gu cnoidheach, lotach, bèumanach,
 Gu fuilteach, creuchdach, luath-lamhach.

'S mor a bhuaidh 's na tiolaicean,
 'S an inntinn ata fuaighte riut,
 Tha gràdh gach duine chì thu ort,
 Cha 'n eòl dhomh fhìn fear fuatha dhut,
 Fear sgipidh, measail, fìrinnach,
 Fear sìthmalte, sèamh, suairceil thu,
 Fear sunndach, muirneach, briodalach,
 Sàr chùirteir gu'n ghniomh buathanta.

Fear borb rò-gharg do-chaistg thu,
 Na'n èireadh strì no tuasaid ort,
 Do bhuirb ri t-fheirg ga miadachadh,
 'S tu 'n leoghann neimneach, buan-thesgach,
 Mar bhuinne reothairt fìor bhras thu,
 Mar thuinn ri tìr a bualadh thu,
 Mar bharr na lasrach fìor-loisgeach,
 'S tu an dreagan ri linn cruadh-chogaidh.

Mo chionsa an t-àrmunn priseil ud,
 Mo sheobhag fìor-ghlan usal thu,
 An onoir ghleidh do shìmsireachd,
 'S e miad an goimh a fhuair dhaibh i,
 Gu'n d' fhàg iad daingheann sgriobht agad,
 Fo lamh an rìgh le shuaicheantas,
 Bhiodh t-àrd fhear coimheid d'ilis air,
 'N uair dh-fhas an rìoghachd tuair-shreupach.

Cur ro glan na friamhaichean,
 'S a fhion-fhuil as 'n do bhuaineadh tu,
 Mo Raonullach bras mìleanta,
 Cruaidh cinnteach de mhein-chruaghach thu,
 Ar caraig dhaighean dhìleas thu,
 Cha 'n ann gu'n strì' theid gluasad ort,
 Ar ceanna-bheairt 's ar sgiath dhìdein thu,
 'S ar claidheamh dìreach buan-sheasach.

Bu blàth ann àm na sìochthaimh thu,
 'S bu phriunusalach ma t-uaislean thu,
 Air mhiad 's ge 'n cosg thu chisìn ris,
 Cha 'n fhaic thu dìth air tuathanach,
 Do bhanntaichean 's do dhìleachdain,
 Gur h-e do nì-sa dh' fhuasgladh orr',
 Deanamaid urnaidh dhìcheallach,
 Gu 'n cumadh Crìosda suas dhuinn thu.

M A R B H R A N N

DO MHAIC MHEIC-AILEIN.

A bhliadhna leuma d'ar mìleadh,
 An coig-deug 's a mìl' eile,
 'S na seachd ceud a roinn imeachd,
 Chaill sinn ùr-ros ar finne,
 'S geur a leus air ar cinneadh ra'm beò.
 'S geur a leus air, &c.

Mo sgèul cruaidh 's mo chràdh cridhe,
 Ar triath Raonullach dlìtheach,
 Dh-ordaich Dia dhuinn mar thighearn'
 Gu là-bhràth nach dean tighiun,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-Phephri fo' rìthe na'm bòrd,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-phephri, &c.

Marcach sunndach nam pillein,
 Air each cruidheach nach pilleadh,
 Nach d' ghabh cùram no giorag,
 An àm dùblachaidh 'n teine,
 Mo sgeul geur bha do spiorad ro-mhor,
 Mo sgeul geur, &c.

Cuirtear aigeantach, mìleant'
 Muirneach, macnasach, fìor-ghlic,
 Ga 'n robh cleachdadh gach tìre,
 Agus fasan gach rìoghachd
 Teanga bhlada ri innse gach sgeòil.
 Teanga bhlada, &c.

Leoghann tartarach, meanmnach,
 'S cian 's as fad a chaidh ainm ort,
 Beul a labhradh neo-chearbach,
 Bu mhor do mheas aig fìr Alba,
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh calma do'n t-shlògh.
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh, &c.

Fìuran gasda, deas, dealbhach,
 'Sgàthan tlachdar na h-Armait,
 'N uair a dh èireadh an fhearg ort,
 B' ann air ghile 's fiamh dearg oirr,
 Cha rùin pillidh bha meamna 'n laoiach òig.
 Cha rùin pillidh, &c.

Bha thu teom ann 's gach fearra-ghniomh,
 Bu tu sgiobair na fàirge,
 Ri là càs 's i tighin gailbheach,
 'N nair a dheireadh i garbh ort,
 'S tu gu'n dìobradh an t-anabhar ma bòrd.
 'S tu gun dìobradh, &c.

'N àm siubhal a gharbhlaich.
 Butu taghadh an t shealgair,
 As do laimh bu robh m'earbsa,
 Air an fhiadh bu tu 'n cealgair,
 'S tu roinn gaoith' agus talbhuinn ma shroin.
 'S tu roinn gaoith, &c.

Oirne dh' imich am fuathas,
 An sgrìob so thainig o thuath oirun,
 Tha ar càbaill air fuasgladh,
 Chaidh ar n-eirithre sguabadh,
 A's sinn mar chuileanan cuaine gu'n treòir.
 A's sinn mar chuileanan, &c.

Chaill sinn reulla nan dualamh,
 Chaidh ar riaghailt a ghluasad,
 Ar cairt-foil air falbh uainne,
 Bhris ar stinir ; mo cheud truaighe,
 Sinn mar luing ann a' chuan 's i gu'n seòl.
 Sinn mar luing, &c.

Sinn mar linne gun mhathair,
 Mar threud gun bhuachaille gnàthaicht
 Sinnfobhruid aig ar nàmbaid,
 Il-uile fear a' toirt tàir dhuinn,
 'S na coin luirge gach là air ar tòir.
 'S no coin luirg, &c.

Dhuinn 's neo-shubbach an geamhradh,
 An ruaig a thug sinn gu Galltachd,
 Cha bu bhuannachd ach call dhuinn,
 Nis mar cholaing gun cheann sinn
 O roinn Raonull a's t-shamhradh uainn fàlbb.
 O roinn Raonull, &c.

A gunnais a b' àillidh ri sirreadh,
 An t-shùil bu bhlaithie gu'n tioma,
 An leoghann àrd air dheagh-oilean,
 'Nach d' chuir ùigh an gnìomh fòilleil,
 Ach an rioghalachd shoilleir gu'n leòin,
 Ach an rioghalachd, &c.

'S oil leam càradh do chéile,
 'S bean na h-aonar a'd' dhéidh i,
 'N deigh a sgaradh o ceud-gradh,
 Mhic 'Ic-Ailein o'n dheug thu,
 Fhir a leanadh an fheisd mar bu chòir.
 Fhir a leanadh, &c.

Ach fhir thug Maois as an Euphaid,
 'S a sgoilt a mhuir na clàr réidh dhaibh,
 Thug an trìnir as an èigin
 O bhi daghadh an ereuchdan ;
 A Rìgh nan rìgh na leig eucoir da'r còir.
 A Rìgh na'n rìgh, &c.

M A R B H I R A N N

DO SHIR IAIN MAC-ILLEAN TRIATH DHUHHAIRT.

IOBRAICH mo bheannachd,
 Gu Bann-tighearna Thamair,
 Bean 's am beil barrachd,
 De charantachd nàduir ;

Chunaic mise gu dlìgheil,
 A suilean ri snithe,
 'S i 'g àireamh mar mbi-àdh,
 Sior Iain da fàgail :
 Bha dòrainn a cridhe,
 Cho mòire ga ruighinn,
 'S mar gu 'm biodh e air tighinn,
 O dhearbh nighean a màthar :
 Gu cronachadh sgéula,
 Bhiodh fada 'na dhéigh sin,
 Thug Mairiread na féile,
 Spòr gheur do'n fhear-dhàna.

Nach ionghnadh ri ehlàistin,
 Gu'm beil mise o cheann fada,
 Ann an turecdaich cadail,
 Agus m' acaid ro-chraiteach ;
 Tha cneidh air mo ghéulan,
 S mi leisg air a dùsgadh,
 Air eagal le ' bùrach,
 Gun ùraich i'm bàs dhomh,
 Gidheadh cha sgeul-rùine,
 Ach sgeula 's mor cùram,
 Sir Iain gu'n dùsgadh,
 An dlù chiste chlaraibh ;
 B'e so an fhras chiùraidh,
 A mhill ar n-abhall's ar n-ubhlán :
 Roinn ar dosgann a chrùnadh,
 Fhrois am flùr bhàrr a ghàraidh.

B'e féin ar crann dosrach
 A chomhdaich le choltas
 Gur á coilltichin solta
 'N dh-fhas toiseach a fhreamha
 Gu'n dreadhunn gu'n chrìonach,
 Gun chrìtheann gu'n chrìn-fhìodh,
 Ach geugan ro phrìseil,
 Do dh-fhìon-fhuil na Spàine,
 Bha fios aig luchd leubhaidh,
 'S aig seanachaidhean geura,
 Air ar teachd o *Ghathelus*,
 As an Euphaid a thàinig,
 Sliochd mhìlìdhean treuna,
 Fhuair ceannas na h-Eireann,
 Mar bha fir na féile,
 Agus Eirimon dàna.

O'n ghin sibh o Scota,
 Bha bhuaidh air bhuir cordai,
 A' dearbhadh 's a còmhdaich,
 Am pòr as an d' fhàs sibh,
 Far an gabhadh sibh còmhnaidh,
 Bu leibh ceannas na fòid sin,
 Le iomadaidh còrach,
 Agus moran a bhàrr air,
 Ciad nighean Mhic-Domhnuill,
 Mar mbairiste pòsda,
 B'e n seanaleir còmhraig,
 'N ciad Thòisich a's àrmaid.

* * * * *

O'n shuidhich sibh lù-chairt,
Bha dh-àileachd 'nar n-àrais,
Gur h-iomarcach dùthaich,
Bh'air an cùinneadh le pairt dhibh,
Bha de dh-àirde 'nar giubhsaich,
'S nach tugadh càch pùic dhibh,
'S nach bu tric le luchd diumba,
Ar lubadh le tàire,
Ach 's e n rud a thug sgiùrs oirbh,
Gu'm bu chinne le crùn sibh,
'S gu'm b'è dligh bbur dùthchais,
Bhìdh san iùil dheth 'm biodh iadsan,
Ge d' bha sin ann sa tìm sin,
Na mbios 's na mhor mhisleàn,
Tha e nis gu truagh lionte,
Daor trì-filte pàighte.

Tha seann-fhacal eil ann,
Tha cho fìor 's mar a their iad,
Ge b'è neach air am beir e,
Bi'dh chneidh dheireannach craiteach,
Ge d' tha sinne ri achdair,
Na dh-fhalbh o cheann fad orinn,
Bhiodh ar dùil ri bhì' beartach,
Na m biodh againn na dh-fhàg sin,
Ach tha ar nadur cho truaghe,
'S nach faic sinn ar buannachd,
"Cha léir math an fhuarain,
Gus an uàir sin an tràigh e,"
Tha e nios na nì' soilleir,
Da'r nàbuidhean comunn,
Gun do bhristeadh mar phronnaig,
Gara'-droma nan Gàidh.

Fear gasda gun chaine,
Bha ainmeil san rioghachd,
Cha bu tric a luchd mì-ruin,
Ri n innsadh no 'n àireamh,
Bu chompanach rìgh thu,
Am fear meannach mor fir-ghlic,
Cha 'n fhaicte e fo dhiobradh,
Ach am prìsealachd stàta,
Ann an cogadh luchd strithe,
Cha robh masl' air ri innse,
Ghleidh e onoir a shìnnsrìdh,
'S ann a mhìodaich e n-àrdachd,
Cha robh e, cha b' fhiach leis,
Bhì falbh fo bhrat fìlte,
Eadar e bhiodh na mhin-fhear,
Agus fìnid a làithean.

Bha e mor ann a miadachd,
Bha e mor gu bhì rioghail,

Bha e mor ann an grìde,
Ann an fìrinn 's an càirdeas,
Bu mhor e ri fhàinn,
Bu mhor air gach achd e,
Bu mhor e na phearsa,
Na ghaslachd 's na àilleachd,
Bha e mor air son diùlaich,
Bha e mor gu bhì sùgach,
Bha e mor an dheagh ghiùlan,
Ann an cuirteannan àrda,
Bha e mor ann a misnich,
Bha e mor ann an gliocas,
Bha e mor gun cheist idir,
'S sàr ghibhteannan nàduir.

Na m biodh e ri fhuasgladh,
O n bhàs a thug buaidh air,
Gur a h-iomadh laoch cruadail,
A ghluaiseadh 'na fhabhar,
An t-ainm coithcheanta mor sin,
Ri'n gairte Clann-Dòmhuill,
O thoiseach an còrdais,
'S iad bu phòr da chiad màthair,
Agus uaislean nan Leòdach,
Thaobh fala agus feola,
Mur lanain ùr phòsda,
Leis 'm bu deonach bhì' gràdhach,
Chunnacas mar phuthar,
An gruaidhean air dubhadh,
Mar gun deanadh làn phuthar,
Geur chumha ma brathair.

Cia ma 'n fàgann an dìochuimhn',
Dream eile da dhìseal?
Bha na cinn bu mhò prìs dhìu,
Ro dhìleas am pairt dhut,
Fir ghasda gun chaine,
Bha ainmeil 's an rioghachd,
Mar bha'n cùineadh mor prìsil,
So shìolaich o Bhàncho,
O thoiseach an dualchais,
Cha robh smal air an cruadal,
Ach 'm beagan beag suarach,
So fhuair iad an dràsda,
'S e n tabhar a lot sin,
Nach e gnìomh a bhla lochdach,
Ach an dearbha mhi-fhorton,
Bha'n toiseach 's an àbhar.

Na m b'aithne dhomh innse,
Bha e mor ann san rioghachd,
Ann am fala gun isle,
'S ann an lìonmhoireachd chairdean,
Le seanachas ri fìrinn,
O thoiseach an lìune,
'S e fèin 's Iarla-Shi-Phort,
Shìochd dìreachd da brathar,
Agus triath Ghlinne-Garaidh,
Ann an dlù-cheangal fala,

E cho teann air a cheangal,
 S nach e sgaradh a b'aill leo,
 'S e leantainn o'n tìm sin,
 Gu'n mhiosginn gu'n mhì-ruin,
 'S nach gluasair le imleachd,
 Gu dìlinn 's gu bràth e.

Bu cheart sheannachas, 's cha tagradh,
 Thaobh falachd is caidreamh,
 Dhut Caipitín Chlann-ra'uill,
 Bha mar riut, sa' ghàbhadh
 Do chois-nàbhaidh taitneach,
 'S do chompanach leapa,
 N am marcachd a's astair,
 'S 'nuair stadadh am màrsal,
 Bha thu ad t-chianais air sìleadh,
 A chréuchdan, cho-mìre,
 Ri bras easraich pinne,
 'S a spiorad 'ga fhàgail,
 Agus uaislean a dhùthcha,
 Rì caoidhearán rùrsach,
 'S an crìdh air a chiùrradh,
 Ma mhùirneinn nan Gàid.

Thaobh dlig' agus dualchais,
 Bu daimheil ma d' ghuailibh,
 Mac-Néill o na cuaintaibh,
 'S a dhaoin' uaisle gu'n tàire,
 'Nuair a dheireadh oirbh trioblaid,
 'S ann da iunnsaidh a thigeadh,
 Le iarrtas cho bige,
 Rì Litir a làmhche,
 Chunnaic cach é cho soilleir,
 Teachd le cabhlachin troma,
 De luchd nan gath loma
 Na choimnigh do dh-Aros,
 'N uair a thachradh e rin,
 Mar Thriath 's mar cheann-uidhe,
 Dheanadh fhiontan iad sabhach,
 'S bu bhuidheach 'n àm fhàgail.

Mar choir bho na fhlaithes,
 Bha ranntanan mhatla,
 Mac Ionmhainn an t-Sràtha;
 'S cha ghabhadh e fàth air:
 Ann an aimsir na ruige,
 'N uair a ruigeadh luchd fuath e,
 Ba ghasda an ceann sluagh e,
 'N uair a ghluasta leis àrmuinn:
 Bha e-san 's an tìm sin,
 Gu'n mhasla, gun mhì-chlì,
 Ann an fochar a shìnsriath,
 Le gnìomharadh dàna;
 Nis o chaochail iad cleach-lath,
 As an àite bu cheart daibh,
 Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachair,
 Dhaibh ann an cath Mhàra.

Ach 's e raghainn a nì mi,
 Bheir mi glòir so gu fìnid,

'S nach gliocas no eriondachd,
 Dhomb mhiad 's tha mi 'g raithe,
 Gur h-e Fionnachd san tìm sibh,
 Ann an àireamh no 'n innseadh,
 'N uair a bha sibh gu'n dìobradh,
 'N-ar miad is 'n-ar àirde,
 Eadar Sgalpa 's caol-lle,
 Ge do b' fharstuinn na crìochan,
 Bha roinn do gach tìr dhin
 Fo chis duibh a' pàigheadh,
 Nis o thuit na stuic fhion-fhuil,
 Rìs an abairt na rìghrean,
 Tha na geugan bu dils' dhaibh,
 Air crìonadh 'na'n aobhar.

O R A N

NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

'S i so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar
 An targanach dhuinn,
 'S bras meannach fir Alba
 Fo 'n armaibh air thùs;
 'N uair dh' éireas gach treun-laoch
 Nan éideadh glan ùr,
 Le rùn feirg' agus gaige
 Gu seirbhìs a chrùn.

Theid mathaibh na Gàiltachd
 Gle shanntach sa chùis,
 'S gur lìomhor eadh seang-mhear
 A dhamsas le sunnd,
 B' dh Sasunnaich caillte
 Gun taing dhaibh ga chiomn,
 B' dh na Frangaich nan campaibh
 Gle theann air an cùl.

'N uair dh' éireas Clann-Dòmhnail
 Na leoghainn tha garg,
 Na beo-bheithir, mhòr-leathann,
 Chompsunnaich, gharbh,
 Luchd sheasamh na còrach
 G'an òrdugh lamb-dhearg,
 Mo dhoigh gu'm bu ghòrach
 Dhaibh toiseachadh oirbh.

Tha Rothaich a's Ròsaich,
 Gle dheonach teachd 'nar ceann,
 Barraich an treas seòrsa,
 Tha chomhnaidh measg Ghall;
 Clann Donachaidh cha bhreug so
 Gun eireadh libh 's gach àm,
 Mar sin is clann Reubhair
 Fir ghleusta, nach òid gu'n bhì ann.

'S iad Clann-an-Nab an seòrsa
 A théid boidheach nan triall,
 'S glan còmhach nan comhlann
 Luchd leonadh nan fiadh;

Iad fèin a's Clann-Phàrlain
 Dream àrdanach, dian,
 'S ann a b' àbhaist gan àireamh
 Bhì 'm fàbhar Shìol-Chuinn.

Na Leòdaich am pòr glan
 Cha b' fhòlach 'ur sìol,
 Dream rioghail gun fhòtus
 Nan gòrsaid, 's nan sgiath,
 Gur neartmhor, ro-còlach
 'Ur n-oig-fhìr, 's 'ur liath,
 Gur e crudal 'ur dualehas
 A dh' fhuasgail sibh riamh.

Clann Iomhuinn o'n Chrèitich
 Fir ghle ghlan gu'n smùr,
 Luchd nan cuilbheirean gleusda
 Nam fema nach diult :
 Thig Niallaich th' air sàile
 Air bhàraibh nan sùgh,
 Le 'n cabhlach luath làn-mhor
 O Bhàghan nan tùr.

Clann-Ilean o'n Dreollainn
 Theid sunndach san ruaig,
 Dream a chlosadh aineart,
 Gun taing choisinn buaidh ;
 Dream rioghail do-chiosaicht,
 Nach strìochda do'n t-sluagh,
 'S iomadh mìle deas, dìreach,
 Bheir iuntinn dhuibh suas.

Gur guineach na Duimhneich
 'N am bhriseadh cheann,
 B'ìdh enuachdan gan spnachdadh
 Le crudal 'ur laim,
 Dream uasal ro uaimhreach,
 Bu dual bhì san Fhraing,
 'S ann o Dhiarmad a shìolaich
 Pòr lionmhor nach gann.

Tha Stiùbhartach 'ur ghlan
 Nam fiurain gun ghìomh,
 Fir shunndach nan lù-chleas
 Nach tionndaidh le fiamh,
 Nach gabh cùram roi mhùiseag
 Cha b' fhiù leo bhì crìon,
 Cha bu shùgradh do dhù-ghall
 Cùis a bhuin dhibh.

Gur lionmhor lamh theoma
 Aig Eoghann Loch-Iall,
 Fir cholganda, bhorganda,
 'S oirdheirce gnìomh,
 Iad mar thuilbheum air chorra-ghleus,
 'S air chon-fhadh ro dhian
 'S i mo dhùilse nam rùgadh
 Nach diult sibh dol sìos.

Clann-Mhuirich nach sòradh
 A choinspairn ud ial,
 Dream fhuilteach gun mhòr-chùis
 Ga'n còir a bhì fial,
 Gur gaisgeil fìor-sheolta,
 Ar mòr thionail chiad,
 Nì sibh spòltadh air feòlach
 A stròiceadh fo 'n ian.

Tha Graandaich mar b' àbhaist
 Mu bhràidh uisge Spé,
 Fir laidir ro-dhàicheil
 Theid dàn anns an streup,
 Nach iarr cairdeas no fàbhar
 Air nàmhaid fo'n ghrein ;
 'S i n-ur lùmhach a dh' fhàgas
 Fuil bhlàth air an fheur.

Tha Frisealaich ainmeil
 Aig seanachaibh nan crìoch,
 Fir gharbha ro chalma,
 'Ur fearg cha bu shì ;
 Tha Catanaich foirmeil
 Si 'n armachd am miann,
 'An eath gairbheach le 'r n-arnaibh
 A dhearbh sibh 'ur gnìomh.

Clann-Choimnich o thuath dhuinn
 Luchd bhuannachd gach cis ;
 Gur fuasgailteach, luath-lamhach
 'Ur n-uaislean san strì ;
 Gur lionmhor 'ur tuadh-cheathairn
 Le 'm buailtibh de nì ;
 Thig sluagh dùmhail gu'n chuimta :
 A dùthaich Mhic-Aoidh.

Nis o chuimhneich mì m' iomrall,
 'S tàth iunntaichinn iad,
 Fir chunnabhalach chumait,
 Nì cuimse le 'n laimh,
 Nach dean iomhas mu aona-chuis
 Chionn iunntais gu bràth,
 Gur muirneach ri 'n iomradh
 Clann-Fhiunnlaidh Bhràì-bhàrr.

Thig Gòrdanaich, 's Greumaich,
 Grad gleusd as gach tìr ;
 An cogadh rìgh Tearlach
 Gum b' fheumail dha sibh ;
 Griogaraich nan geur-lann
 Dream speiseil nam pìos,
 Air leam gum bhì 'n eucoir
 'Nuair dh' èighe sibh sìos.

Siosalaich nan geur-lann
 Theid treun air chùl arm,
 An Albainn 's an Eirinn
 B' e 'ur beus a bhì gàrg,

An àm dol a bhualadh
B' e 'n cruadal 'ur calg,
Bu ghuineach ur beumait
'N uair dh' éireadh 'ur fearg.

Nam biodh gach curaidh treun-mhor
Le chéile san àm,
Iad air aon inntinn dhìrich
Gun fhiaradh, gun chàrn,
Iad cho cinnteach ri aon fhear,
'S iad titheach air geall,
Dh' aindeoin mùiseag nan dù-Ghall,
Thig cùis thar an ceann.

CROSDHIANACHID

FHIR NAN DRUIMNEAN.

Tha bith ùr an tìr na Dreollainn,
'S coir dhuinn aithris,
Tha moran deth tigh'n am biochionnt'
Ri gnàs Shasuinn,
Nì 'm beil duin' nasal, no iosal,
No fear fearainn,
Leis nach àill, gu moran buinig,
Ceird a bharrachd.
Tha ceird ùr aig fear nan Druimnean,
Th' air leinn tha cronail;
B'àill leis fein a dhol an àite
Mhaisteir Sgoile,
An t-òide sin fein a rinn fhoghlum,
Le gloir Laideann,
Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean,
A cheaird a bh'aige.

Labhairt—'S e an t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, 'nuair a mhlannaich se cheaird do bhì aig oide foghluin, nach laimhsicheadh e i, mar laimhsicheadh an t-oide foghluin fèin i. Oir 'nuair a ghabhadh an t-oide foghluin air a dhaltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na leanabanan, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine àrsaidh mar an ceudna. 'Nuair ghabhadh an t-oide foghluin air a dhaltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na ciontaich, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach air na neo-chiontaich. 'S ann naith sin a dubhradh—"Saoilidh am fear a bhios na thàmh, gur e fèin a's fearr laimh air an stiùir," ach cha mhò gur h-e.

Cha'n ionnsaich e clann, no leanabain,
Mar bu chòir dha,
Gus an bi iad na'n daoine àrsaidh
Fo 'n làn fheòsaig,

Cha tugadh an Cillmocheallaig
Breath bu chlaoine,*
No nì rinn an ceann a b' aird',
A' màs 'ga dhioladh.
Gabhail do cbrìos an aois àrsaidh,
Air màs sean-duin',
'S fada ma'n ionnsaich an gnìomh sin
Ciall do theangaidh,
Ge be labhras ris an fhear ud,
Còir, no ea-còir,
Gabhair air a ghiort' de stràcaibh,
Le crìos féilidh.

Labhairt—Agus b'fhiar do'n duine sin, cha d'fhuair eadh riamh rud a dh'ionnsachadh teanga droch mhuinte, bu mbeasa na gabhail air na màsan ann an aobhar na teanga, agus an teanga thuigsinn gur h-ann na h-aobhar fèin a fhuair am màs am mor-ghleusadh sin. Mar deanadh sin a ciall nì bu mbeasa, cha deanadh e idir nì b'fhearr i. Uaith sin a dubhradh—"Am fear nach ionnsaich laimh ri ghlùn, cha'n ionnsaich laimh ri nìlean."

A chuideachd da'm bu chòir bhì diambair,
'S a ghnà 'm falach,
Cha d'fhagadh da'n dìon bho chunnart,
Sion de dh' earradh,
Bha iad aon uair an lathair fianais,
An taigh gréusaich.
Dubhairt nighean Shomhairle†
Le rabhart, sa gnàs siomhailt,
'S còir gu'm beannaich sinn gu saibhear,
Cuid gach Crìosduidh.
B'fhearr leam ge nach eil mi maoineach,
No luach gearrain,
Gu'm biodh coltas do thriuir
Gu turn aig Calum.‡

Labhairt—'S e aobhar thug do'n mhnao, bheusaich, cheart, chòir, so a radh, a rùn deagh chneasta, chum gu'm biodh aig a fear fèin a leithid, sa bhiodh aig a nàbaidhean; 's nach suil ghointe, no lombais, a bh' aic air cuid a coimhearsnaich. Mar bh'aig Gillebrìde Mac-an-t-Saoir ann an Ruthaig, an Tìrithè, a mhort an ceithir-fichaid ceare le aon bheum-sula, 's a bhris long mhòr nan cuig crannag, a dhaindeoin a cablaichean sa h-acraichean. Uaith a sin a dubhradh—"Sann de'n cheaird a chungaidh."

Tha bith ùr an tìr na Dreollainn,
A thog am Barou,
Air gach aon fhear a labhras buna-chaimnt,
Rusgadh feamain,
Ma sgaoileas air feadh gach tìre,
Am bith thog Tearlach,

* See note, page 38.

† The shoemaker's wife.

‡ The shoemaker who had no children.

'S teann as nach feudadh ri h-uine,
E-fein bhi pàighte.
Ma rigeas an gearan so Seumas,
Breitbeamh gear-mhath,
Cha tog e dochair mu dheibhinn,
Ach glag mòr gaire.

Labhairt—Agus bha aobhar na dha aig an t-Siorramh choir air gair a dheanadh, thaobh gu'n d'rug timchioll-ghearradh airsan, le coimhearsnachd ban-Spaintedh do thachair ris. 'S ann uaith sin a dubhradh, "An duine ni teine math deanadh e-féin a gharadh ris.

Note—The laird of Druimin kept an old school-master in his house, in the double capacity of tutor to his children and goer of errands. The domine was one day sent to a shoemaker who lived on the laird's grounds, with a message ordering a pair of new shoes for his master. The souter declined the honour intended him, alleging as a reason that it was a standing rule with him, "never to make a pair of shoes for any customer till the last which he had got were paid for." But there was another, if not rather a piece of the same, reason of the shoemaker's unwillingness to make the shoes—the laird was a *dreich* payer; one, in fact, who would run on an account to any conceivable length without ever thinking it time to settle it. Well, the wielder of the ferula returned, and reported to his master the *ipsissima verba* of the son of St Crispin. The laird was so exasperated at the insolence of his re-

tainer, that he immediately determined to be revenged on the souter; and, lest he should have the hardihood to deny his own words, he took the schoolmaster along with him. Now, the souter was a regular lickspittle; a mean, cringing, fawning, malicious, yet cowardly wretch; for, when the laird said to him, "Did you say to this gentleman," pointing to the domine, "that you would make no more shoes for me till I had paid for the last I got?" "Oh no, no, Sir," said the shoemaker, with an air of surprise, "most willingly would I convert all the leather in my possession into shoes for your honour. I have but too much time to work for those who are not so able to pay me, and am therefore *always* at your service." The poor domine was thunder-struck at the barefaced impudence of the "fause loon;" but, ere he had time to utter a word in explanation, the laird had not only laid the flattering unction to his own soul, but seizing the preceptor by the throat, placed his head between his own knees in a twinkling, and clutching Crispin's footstrop in the one hand, and lifting the domine's plumb with the other, he therewithal plied him on the bare buttocks, so hotly and heavily, that he had well nigh expended the "wrath" which he had so carefully been "nursing" for the rascally souter. How many stripes the wight received deponent hath not said, but true it is, the number far exceeded that prescribed by the law of Moses. Indeed it is doubtful whether "the man of letters" might not have lost his "precious spunk," if the shoemaker's better-half had not flown to his rescue. Gentle dame! well have I designated thee thy churlish husband's "*better-half*!" for though the poor schoolmaster was both disgraced and pained through his default, his eyes were blind and his heart hard as the "nether millstone." And though it may be that no grey stone points out the place of thy sepulture, yet has the bard embalmed thy name in his song.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-MHATHAIN.

THIS poet flourished in the seventeenth century. He lived in Lochalshe, Ross-shire, where he had free lands from the Earl of Seaforth, and was called his bard. He was a poet of great merit, and composed as many poems as would occupy a large volume; but as they were not committed to writing, they suffered the same fate with the productions of Nial Mac-Mhurich, and were lost by being trusted to memory alone. The two pieces given here is all that can now be found of his works. "*Cabar Féigh*" was not composed by him, as stated by some collectors of poetry. The first song given here was composed on the Earl of Seaforth, on his embarking at Dornay, of Kintail, for Stornoway. It has been imitated in English by Sir Walter Scott.

ORAN DO'N IARLA THUATHACH

TRIATH CHLANN-CHOINNICH.

DEOCH slainte'n Iarla thuathaich,
A thrall an de thar chuaintean bhuain,
Le sgioba laidir luasganach,
Nach pilleadh càs na fuathas iad,
Muir gàireach air gach guallainn dh'i;
Air clar do lùinge luaithe,
Gabh mi cead dhìot is fhuair mi 'n t-òr.

Gu'n cumadh Dia bho bhaoghal thu,
Bho charraid cuain 's bho chaolasan,
Bho charraig fhuair gun chaomhalachd,
Seachd beannachd tuath is daonachd dhut,
Buaidh làrach ri do shaoghail ort,
Fhir ghaoil ga t-fhaicinn beò.

Gur gaoth a deas a dh-eighinn dhut,
Gu'n chruas gu'n tais a sheideadh rith',
Fear bearta beachdail, geur-chuiseach,
Gn sunnach, bras, neo-eisleanach,
Bhi fuasgladh pailteas eudaich dh'i,
Ga bhreideadh air gach bòrd.

Gu'n innsinn gnìomh do stiùreadair,
Fear cuimhneach, ciallach, curamach,
'Dh' aithnicheadh fiamh a chlànaich,
A chuireadh srian ri cùrsaicheach,
Mu 'm bristeadh trìan a chuirnean oirr',
A mbuchadh e fo sròin.

T-fhear colais laidir, fradharcach,
Deas labhrach, gaireach, gleoghairach,
Min chinnteach, seolta, faighidheach,
Crann geadha 'na 'd làmh adhairtaich,
Mac Samhail räsge mhic-fraoire,
Sud mar thaghaibh dhut na seoid.

Ma chaidh thu null thar chuainteanan,
Air darach naomh a ghluaisleadh tu,
Fìr bhuille saoir a 'dh fhuagheas i,
Bidh barrantas dhaoibh' uaisle leat,
Bidh beannach bhoichd, a's tuatha dhut,
Cha 'n eagal baoghal fuadaich dhuibh,
Bidh Dia na 'n cuairt da d' sheol.

Mu sheol thu bare air fairge bhuainn',
Thu féin 's do choirneal Calamanach,
Fhuair clù 'n cuirt na 'n Albannach,
Gur h-ìomadh tùrn a dhearbhadh leat,
Be sud an leoghunn ainmeil,
Bu mhor seanachas air gach bòrd.

Gur tagha calla dh-innsinn dhut,
'N deidh na mara Si-phortaich,
Thu dhol gu fallain, fìrineach,
Do Steornabhaidh bho linteantán,
Bithidh re-fhial gheala teinteannan,
Aig fìr 's aig muai 's toil-inntinn orra,
Ri linn thu theachd gu 'n cors.

Gur h-ìomadh sruthan fìrineach,
Tha 'n luintichean an t-Si-phortaich,
Tha triath na h-Earradh dileas dhut,
Le 'n connspairn fhearrail innsineach,
A Lochlainn thig na mìltean,
Air chuan-sgìth gu teach Mhic-Leòid.

'Nuair cruinneicheas na Sàileich leat,
'S do chinneadh neartmhor tàbbachdach,
Bidh maire, 's clùich, is gairreachdaich,

Sa'n ionnad ann an tàrladh sìoh,
Cha 'n ioghnadh thu bhi ardanach,
Sa liuthad fion-fhuil àluinn,
A tha cairdeach ga do phòr.

Bidh Tòrmòd òg na shìnbhal leat,
Sìol-Leòid nan rò-seol uidheamach,
Fhìr stòlta, chomhnart, shuidhichte,
Bidh òl gu leoir nam suidhe dhaibh,
Bidh fion is beoir le sùbhachas,
Air piosaibh bùidhe òir.

M A R B H R A N N

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARAIDH.

Fhuair mi sgeula moch di-ciadain,
Air làmh fheuma bha gu creuchdach,
'S leòir a gheudad ann sa 'n leumsa,
A nall o'n treud bha buaghar.

O Dhùn-Garannach ùr allail,
Na'n tùrp meara, 's nan steud seanga,
Nan gleus glana, 's ceutach sealladh,
Beuchdail, allaidh, uaimhreach.

Gur dubhach, deòrach, tha Clann Dòmhnall,
Mu chreach Chuòideirt neart nan ròiseol,
Gaisgich chròdha, nach tais 'n àm còmhraig,
Mo chreach mhòr 's mo chruadal.

Gur goirt an sgaradh tha'n Gleann-garadh,
O'n dh' fhalbh leannan nan arm glaua,
Da 'm b' ainm Alasdair, ceann nam beannachd,
Glac nan geal lann cruaghach.

Bu chall curaidh do dh' Alb' uile,
O dh' fhalbh cuilein, nan arm guineach,
Bu gharg turas, 'n sealg nan cunnart,
'N àm dha bhuille bhuaidh.

'S an rìoghachd so fèin bu fhilathail t-fhèum,
'S bu sgathail bèum do chlaideibh géir,
Do shamhailt fein cha'n fhac o'n dh' èng thu,
Ghaisgich èuchdaich, blughaich.

Ge b'è dhuiseadh t-ain-ìochd,
Bu dlùth dha carraid, 'n tùs tarraim
Rùsgadh lannan, surd air ghearradh,
Bruchdan fal air ghuailean.

'S tu 'n Dònullach dian, connspairn nan triath,
Morghalach fial, ro lòdraich nan clìar,
Leis an òilte fion, agus òr ga dhòil,
Ann an aithribh nan crìoch sluaghail.

A shliochd rìgh Fionnaghaill,
 Nan còrn geala-glhaie 's nan sròl balla-bhreac,
 'M pòr nach cearbach, dol fo 'n armaibh,
 'N àn nan garbh-chath ruaidhneach.

Ach buaidh a's slàinte an fàir a dh-fhàg thu,
 Duineil, bràithreil, cinneil, càirdeil,
 Gaol bho nàmhaid, gràdh bho chàirdean,
 A shliochd nan àrmunn uasal.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-'ILLEAN.

HECTOR MACLEAN, commonly called *Eachann Bacach an t-Aosdàna*, lived in the seventeenth century, and was poet to Sir Lachlan M'Lean, of Duart, from whom he had a small annuity. After much inquiry, we have not been able to procure any particulars of his life worth publication, or seen any more of his productions than are published in this work. The following elegy attracted the particular attention of the late Sir Walter Scott, and he has published an imitation, or free translation, which is every way worthy of that great bard.

MARBHRANN DO SHIR LACHUINN MAC-GHILLEAIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

THRIALL ar bunaadh gu Phàra,
 Co b'urrann da sheanchas?
 Mac-Mhuirich,* Mac-Fhearguis,
 Craobh a thuinich rè aimsir,
 Fhriambaich bunannan Alba,
 Chuidich fear dhiu' cath-Gairiach,
 Fhuair sinn ullaidh fear t-ainme theachd beò.
 Fhuair sinn, &c.

Cha chraobh chuire cha phlannta,
 Cha chnòdh bho'n uraidh o'n d' fhàs thu,
 Cha bhàl chuirte ma bhealltainn,
 Ach fàs duillich a's meanglain,
 A miar mullaich so dh' fhàg sinn,
 Cuir a Chrìosd tuilleadh an àite na dh' fhalbh.
 Cuir a Chrìosd, &c.

'S mor puthar an ràith-se,
 'S trom an dubhadh-sa dh'fhàs oirnn,
 Gur ro cumhann leinn t-àrdach,
 'N ciste luthaidh na'n clàran,
 'S fad is cuimhne leinne càradh nam bòrd.
 'S fad is cuimhne, &c.

Chaidh do chiste 'n taigh geambraidh,
 Cha do bhrìst thu chno shamhna,
 Misneach fear Ionse-Gall thu,
 'S mor is miste do ranntaidh,
 Nach do chlisg thu roi' naimhdean,
 Fhìr bu mheasail an campa Mhontroise.
 Fhìr bu mheasail, &c.

Fhìr bu rioghaile cleachdadh,
 'S tu bu bhòganta faicinn,
 A dol sìos am blàr machrach,
 Bhiodh na mìltin ma d' bhrataich,
 Chuid bu phrìseile 'n eachdraidh,
 Luchd do mhi-rùin na'n caist ort,
 'S ann a dh' iunste leo t-fhasan,
 'Nuair bu sgi leo cuir sgapaidd na'm feòil.
 'Nuair bu sgith, &c.

Cha bhiodh buannachd do d' nàmhaid,
 Dol a dh' fhuasgladh bhuaat làmhainn,
 Bha thu buadhach 's gach àite,
 Cha b'e fuath mhic a mhàile,
 Fear do shnuadh theachd na fhàrdaich,
 Cha dath uaine bu bhàl dhut,
 'Nuair a bhuaileadh an t-àrdan ad phòr.
 'Nuair a bhuaileadh, &c.

* Clerk-Register of Icolmkill.

Gu'm b' aithriseach t-fheum dhaibh,
 'N àm nan crannan a bheumadh,
 Chum nan deannal a sheideadh,
 Bhiodh lann thana chruaidh, gheur ort,
 'S tu fad là air an t-sheirm sin,
 Cha tigeadh lag-bhuile meirbh bho do dhòrn.
 Cha tigeadh, &c.

'N àile chunaic mi aimsir,
 'S tu ri siubhal na sealga,
 Cha bu chuing ort a' gharbhlach,
 Pic de'n inbhar cha d' fhàs i,
 Chuireadh umbal na spàirn ort,
 Cha bhiodh fuithil a tàrruinne,
 'Nam biodh lutha na cranaghail,
 Chuireadh siubhal fo earr-ite 'n eòin.
 Chuireadh siubhal, &c.

Glac chòmhgart an càradh,
 'M bian ròineach an t-sheana bhrùic,
 Cinn stòrach o'n cheardaich,
 Cha bhiodh òirleach gu'n bhàthadh,
 Eadar smeòirn agus gaine,
 Le neart còraich a Flànnas,
 Cha bhiodh feolach an tearmad,
 Air an seoladh tu'n crann sin ad dheòin.
 Air an seoladh, &c.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-Càisge,
 'Nuair a bhuail a ghath bàis thu,
 'S truagh a dh' fhàg thu do chairdean,
 Mar ghàir sheillein air làraich,
 'N deigh a mealunnan fhàgail,
 No uain earraich gu'n mhàthair,
 'S fada chluinnear an gàraich mu'n chrò.
 'S fada chluinnear, &c.

Gu'm bu mhath do dhiol freasdail,
 'N taigh mor am bial feasgair,
 Uisge beatha nam feadan,
 Aun am pìosan ga leigeil,
 Sin a's clàrsach ga spreigeadh ri ceòl.
 Sin a's clàrsach, &c.

Bhuineadh dhinne na ùr-ros,
 Fear ar taighe 's ar crùn air,
 Ghabh an rathad air thùs uainn,
 Lìuthad latha ri chùntas,
 Bh'aig maithibh do dhùthcha,
 Miad an aighear 's a mùirne,
 Bha mi tathaich do chùirte,
 Seal mu'm b' aithne dho 'n turlar a dh'fhalbh,
 Seal mu'm b' aithne, &c.

B'eòl dhomh innse na bh'aca,
 Gu'm ba'n do mhiannau Shìr Lachuinn,
 Bhiodh 'g òl fìona 'n taigh farsainn,
 Le muaidh rimheach neò-as-caoin,
 Glòir bhinn agus macnais,
 Ann 'san am sin 'm bu ghnà leibh bhi pòit.
 Ann 'san am sin, &c.

'N am na faire bhiodh glasadh,
 Bhiodh chlàrsach ga creachadh,
 Cha bhiodh ceòl iunte an tasgaidh,
 Ach na meòir ga thoirt aiste,
 Gu'n leòn làimbe gu'n laige,
 Gus 'm bu mhiannach leibh cadal gu fèill.
 Gus 'm bu mhiannach, &c.

Bhiodh na cearraich ri braise,
 Iomairt thàileasg ma'n seach orr',
 Fìr fòirne ri tartar,
 Toirm a's màthadh air chairtean,
 Dolair spàinteach a's tastain,
 Bhì 'ga'n dioladh gu'n lasan na'n lòrg.
 Bhì ga'n dioladh, &c.

Thug càch teist air do bheusan,
 Bhà gradh a's eagal mhic Dhé ort,
 Bha fàth seirce ga d' chéill ort,
 Bha aòigh deiseach a's deilbh ort,
 Cha robh ceist ort mar threun fhear,
 Bhiodh na sgriobhtair ga'n leubhadh,
 Ann ad thalla ma'n eireadh do bhòrd.
 Ann ad thalla, &c.

Ge bu lionmhar ort frasachd,
 Chum thu dìreach do d' mhacabh,
 Do bhreid rimheach gu'n srachdadh,
 Cha do dhìobair ceann slait thu,
 O'n 's e Crìosd a b' fhear beairt dhut,
 'Sin an Tì a leig leat an taod-sgòid.
 'Sin an Tì a leig, &c.

A mhiè mo ghlacas thu'n sthìr so,
 Cha bu fhathas gun dùchas,
 Dhut bhi' grathuinn air h-ùrnaigh,
 Cuir da caitheamh an triuir oirr',
 Cuir an t-Athair aum tùs oirr',
 Biodh a Mac na fhear iuil oirr',
 An Spiorad Naomha ga giùlan gu nòs.
 An Naomha, &c.

O R A N

DOLACHUNN MOR MAC GILLEOIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

A LACHUINN òig gu'n innsinn ort,
Sgeul is binn ri àireamh,
Nis o rinn e craobh-sgaoileadh,
'S na bheil an taobh so dh'fhairge,
Tha thu làn do dh' fhèaltachd,
Cho ceart sa dhinnseadh seanchas,
Gur mac Iain Ghairbh da rìreamh thu,
An àm dol sìos an garbh-chath.

*A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu,
Mar treigeadh bòrd na bàs mi,
Gu'm faic mi fo cheann bliadhn' thu,
Mar glac am fiabhras àrd mi,
A ghnùis sholta, 's am beul o'n soch-trach gàire,
Do dheud gu'n stòir o'm binn thig glòir,
O'n faighinn pòg a's fùille.*

'S e Ceannard Chlan-'Illeain,
Dh'fhàs fathasach le crudal,
Sgaoil e feadh gach tighearnais,
Gu'n ghlèidh thu dlìgheil t-uaisle,
Ach 's iomadh neach bu shùgradh leis,
Crùbadh ann an truaileachd,
Ach rinn thu beairt bu cliùtaiche,
Air an dùchas mar ba dual dhut.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S e na chuir mi dh'èolas ort,
Dh' fhàg an coò ma m' shùilean,
Aig a mhiad sa fhuair mi dheth,
Gu'n leig mi ruaid an tùs ort,
Dh' aithnichinn air an fhaiche thu,
A lùb nan cas-chiabh ùr-ghlan,
Gu'm b' ursann-chath air gaisgeich thu,
Na'n tigeadh creach a d' dhùthaich.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

B' e sid an gasan leis bu taitneach,
Picean dait' a lùbadh,
'N t-iubhar nuadh ga lagh gu chluais,
'M beatha bhuat bu shiùbhlaich,
Ceir a's ròsaid dlù fo t-òrdaig,
Ite an còin gu h-ùr-ghlan,
Mu chul an fhéidh ma'n gearr e leum,
Bhìdh fhuil na leine brùite.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Sid na h-airm a ghlaicinn dut,
A dhol air sraid an fhùdair:
Cuilbhair a ghleis shniamhanaich,
A bheil o'n cinnteach cuimse,

Spàntach làdair, fulangach,
'N laimh a churaidh chliùtaich,
'S a 'n sgiath bu tric an taisbeanadh,
Air ghaoirdean deas nan lù-chleas.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Mo ghaoil a 'm fear caiteanach,
A leubh a chairt 's rinn gual d'i,
Leis an eireadh na brataichean,
A 's teach o ghlaic nam fuar-bheann,
'N àm dùsgadh as an cadal daibh,
Gu'n d' bhuail thu pais ma'n chluais orr',
'S thilg thu teach an teachdaireachd,
'S an ceart air bbachd an gualle.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S iomadh bratach shuaicheanta,
'N robh smuais a's cruas a's càirdeas,
Eadar rutha Chuirteirnis,
Gu Dubh-airt thun a Garbh-lead,
Dh' eireadh fir Aird-ghobhar leat,
Fir fhoghainteach neo-sgàthach,
Dhearbhainn fhìn gu'n geileadh dhut,
Fir gheusta bho Bhra'-chàrnaig.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Ghluaiseadh leat s na h-eileanan,
Dream nach ceil an gràdh ort,
Thigeadh ort a mor-Innis,
A bhratach leòghannt' làidir,
Chìte sid gu follaiseach,
Fir fhoinnidh ann an Aros,
Na fir ùra nach diùltadh,
Sgiùrs thoirt air an nàmhaid.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Dh' eireadh seòid o'n Mhuidhe leat,
Nach cuireadh bruthach spàirn orr',
Nan ceanna-bheairtean glana,
Nan lannan geal 's nan targaid,
Nan cuilbheirean caol acuinneach,
Aig gaisgich nan gnìomh gailbheach,
A dheanadh luath a chaisleacha,
'N uair dh' eireadh sràd bho theanachair.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Bratach aig Clann-Dòmhnail,
'N a'm biodh ad chòir gu'm b' fhearrde,
Dh' fhàs gu seasmhach, cruadalach,
'N uair ghluaiseadh iad na'n armadh,
Ann an gliocas firinneach,
Cho math sa sgrìobh an seanachas,
Sìd an dream bha innsigineach,
Ri 'n innseadh nach robh leanabail.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

LACHUNN MAC THEARLAICH.

LACHLAN M'KINNON, alias *Lachunn Mac Thearlaich Oig*, flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a native of Strath, Isle of Skye, and a lineal descendant of the *Ccann-taighe* of the M'Kinnons of that place. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and although we have no data to ascertain the extent of his scholastic acquirements, it is obvious from a cursory glance at his productions that he was not unlettered,—while the purity and critical correctness of his Gaelic, furnishes ample proof that he studied and understood the structure of that language. He was an excellent musician, and was in the habit, when a young man, of carrying his violin about with him from place to place—more for recreation and amusement, than for any sordid considerations of pecuniary remuneration. The habits and predilections of his countrymen, their excessive fondness of poetry, music and dancing, always secured for such gifted individuals as M'Kinnon, the warmest grasp of hospitality's right hand wherever he went. He seems, however, to have discontinued the practice—in consequence of a low, unmanly attack upon his character and motives by a wandering bard of the name of M'Lennan.

Talents and genius are very seldom bestowed upon any individual without a copious mixture of impulses, that too often seek their gratification in improper indulgences. Burns and Byron were constituted after this manner. Lachlan M'Kinnon happened at one time to be perambulating the Main land, in the district of Lochalsh, where he put up for the night in the house of a respectable farmer. After supper, one of the daughters went out to prepare a bed for the cherished stranger in an out-house or barn. She was accompanied by a little favourite pug called *Coireal*, and the poet soon followed. Fairly ensconced with the fair and artless maid, and privacy favouring his designs, Lachlan yielded to the impulses of his heart, and the result was an illegitimate daughter, who seems to have inherited the broad humour and poetic genius of her father. Many of her repartees and witticisms have descended to us by oral recitation, but space remonstrates against our noticing but one, which may serve as a specimen of the whole. Some time after her father married, her stepmother was going from home, and meeting her about the door accosted her thus:—"You're my *first-foot*, and pity you if you are not lucky to meet with!" "Ask my father," rejoined the young woman, "and he will tell you that I am the most unpropitious omen that could come in your way." "Dear me! how that?" eagerly inquired the stepmother. "Because," continued the other, "I was the first person he himself met, while on his way to marry you, and God knows it was the most unlucky journey he ever made!" But we are digressing, and had almost forgot to say, that during M'Kinnon's struggle to deflower the farmer's daughter, little *Coireal* sounded so loud an alarm, that he seized it by the hind legs, and dashed out its brains against the wall! This has been made the subject of a very merry song, in which our author comes in for a pretty round flagellation.

Lachlan M'Kinnon died at a good old age, and was buried in his native parish, where some of his grandchildren are still living and much respected.

LATHA' SIUBHAL SLEIBHE.

MARBHFAISG ort a mhulaid,
Nach do dh'fhuirich thu nochd nam
'S nach do leig thu cadal domh,
S an òidhe fada, fuar,
Ma's ann a dh'iarraidh cumntais orin,
A lunn thu air mo shuain,
Bheir mise greis an dràsda dhut
Air àireamh na tha bh'uat.

Latha' siubhal sléibhe dhomh
'S mi falbh leam féin gu dhù,
A chuideachd anns an astar sin
Air gunna glaic a's cù,
Gun thachair clann rium ann sa' ghleann
A' gal gu fann chion iùil:
Air leam gur h-ìad a b' àillidh dreach
A chuinnacas riamh le m' shuil.

Gu'm b' ioghnadh leam mar thàrladh dhaibh
Am fàsach fad air chùl,
Coimeas luchd an aghaidhean
Gu'n tagha de cheann iùil,
Air beannachadh neo-fhiata dhomh
Gu'n d'fhiaich mi :—" Co sùd ?"
'S fhreagair iad gu cianail mi
A'm briathraibh mìne ciùin.

" Iochd, a's Gradh, a's Fiùghantas,
'Nar triuir gur h-e ar n-ainm,
Clann nan uaislean cùramach,
A choisinn cliù 's gach ball,
'Nuair phàigh an fhéile eis d'an Eug
'S a chaidh i-féin air chall,
'Na thiomnadh dh'fhag ar n-athair sinn
Aig mathaibh Innse-Gall.

" Tòrmòd fial an t-shùgraidh,
Nach d'fhàs m'a chuinneadh cruaidh,
A bha gu fearail fiùghantach,
'S a chum a dhùthchas suas ;
'S ann air a bha ar taghaich,
O'n thugadh Iain bh'uainn,
'S beag m' fharmaid ris na feumaich
O'n a bheum na cluig gu truagh !

" Bha'n duin' ud ro fhathasach,
'S e mathasach le ceill,
Bha e gu fial fiùghantach,
'S a ghiulan math 'ga reir ;
Ge farsuinn eadar Arcamh,
Cathair Ghlas-cho 's Baile-Bhòid :
Cha d' fhuaras riamh oid-altrum ann,
Cho pailt' ri teach Mhic-Leòid.

" Chaidh sinn do Dhun-Bheagain
A's cha d'iarr sinn cead 'na thùr,
Fhuair sinn, fàilte shuibheara,
Le furbailt a's le mhìrn :
Gu'n ghlac e sinn le acarachd
Mar dhaltachan 'nar triuir,
A 's thogadh e gach neach againn
Gu macant' air a ghlùn.

" Fhuair sinn greis 'gar n-àrach,
Aig Mac-Leòid a bha san Dùn,
Greis eile gle shabhair
Aig a bhrathair bha'n Dun-Tuillan :"
Sin 'nuair labhair fiùghantas
Dalt ùiseil Dhomhnuill ghuirm :—
" Bu tric leat a bhi sùgradh rinn,
'S cha b' fhasan ùr dhuinn cuirm.

" N am eiridh dhuinn neo-airtneulach
'S biadh maidne dhol air bòrd,
Gheibhte gach ni riaghailteach,
Bu mhiannach leat ga d' chòir ;
Cha d' chuir thu duil am priobairtich,
Cha b' fhiach leat ach ni mòr ;
Bu chleachdadh air do dhitheid dhut
Glain' fhiona mar ri ceòl.

" Am fear a bh' air a Chomraich
Bu chall soillear dhuinn a bhàs
Ann an cuisibh diulanais,
Cha b' iùdmhail e' measg chàich
Lamh sgapaidd òir, a's airgeid e
Gu'n dearmad air luchd dhàn,
A's mhiornaicheadh na clàrsairean
Nach e bu tàire lamh.*

* Alluding to an Irish Harper of the name of *Cailean Cormac*, who, in consequence of a misunderstanding, left his master and fled to Scotland, at that time the saving ark of refugees, whether children of prose or verse. During his peregrinations in the hyperborean regions of Caledonia, he visited, according to the custom of the times, many of the Highland Chieftains and families of distinction, whose ears were not yet sufficiently refined to disrelish music, and who, consequently, appreciated his abilities and performances. Among others in whose families the Hibernian minstrel was well received, was that of the Laird of Applecross. On the day of his departure, Applecross, whose generosity was worthy of his country and high rank, gave Cormac a handful of gold pieces out of his right hand, and a similar quantity or silver ones out of his left. Such a splendid instance of genuine Highland liberality, could not but awake sentiments of the most lively gratitude in the naturally feeling bosom of the minstrel; who, upon his arrival in the Emerald Isle, lost no opportunity of trumpeting forth the praises of his benefactor. The tide of his quondam employer's rage having now subsided, and a reconciliation having been effected between the parties,

"Thug sinn ruag ga'n sòradh
Gu Mac-Choinnich mòr nan cuach,
Be'n duin' iochd-mhor, ean-chridheach,
S bu leoghannt e air sluagh,
Bha urram uaisl' a's ceannais aig'
Air fearaibh an taobh-Tuath;
Cha chuirf 's geall a chailleadh e
Ge d' fhalaich oirn e 'n uaigh!

"O'n rinn an uaigh 'ùr glasadh orin,
'S nach faic mi sibh le'm shùil;
'S cumhach, cianail, craiteach, mi,
'S neo-ardanach mo shùrd,
'S mi cuimhneachadh nam bairtnean sin
A b'ailidh dreach a's gnùis,
Gur tric a chum sibh coinnidh rium
Aig Coinneach anns a' Chùil.

"Ailpeanaich mhath chior-dhuibh,
'Gam bu dùthchas riabh an Srath,
D'an tigeadh àirm gu sgiamhach
Ge bu riabhach leinn do dhath,
Bu lath a dheanadh fadhaich thu,
Gu'n dial bu bhatach math,
'S a nise bho na thrial thu bh'uainn,
Cha'n iarraid sinn a staigh.

"Bu chuimhir glan do chalpannan,
Fo shliasaid dhealbhaich thruim,
'S math thigeadh breacan cuachach ort,
Mu'n cuairt an fhéile chruinn,
'S ro mhath a thigeadh claidheamh dhut,
Sgiath laghaich nam ball grinn,
Cha robh cron am fradharc ort,
'Thaobh t-aghaidh 's cùl do chinn.

"Nam togail mair do dhùthchannan,
'S ga 'n dlùthachadh riut féin;
Bh'ìdhmaid air 'nar stiubhartan
'S 'nar triuir gu'm b'ìdhmaid réidh,
Cha do thog sinn riabh bò Shambua dhut,
No Bealltainn cha b'e'r beus,
Cha mhò thug òich air tuathanach,
Bu mhò do thruas ri fheum."

Bha'n duin' ud na charaid dhomh,
'S cha chàr dhomh' chliù a sheuin,
Mas can càch gur masgall e,
Leig tharais e na thùig;
Do bhàs a dh-fhàg mi muladach,
'S ann chluinnear e 's gach tìr,
Cha b'ìoghna' mi ga t-iondrann,
Ann am cunntais thoirt 's an t-sluim.

'S mi smaointeach air na saoidheann sin
'S a bhì ga'n caoidh gu truagh,
'S amhuil gheibh mi bhuinng ann,
Bhì taghaich air luig fhuair,
An taobh a chaidh iad tharais,
'S ann tha dachaigh uil' an t-shluaigh,
Dh'eug Iannraic priunsa Shasuinn;
'S cha dùisg e gu là-luain!

Note.—This beautiful and pathetic song was composed by Mackinnon after the death of some of his relations. It would appear that while they lived, and while his own circumstances continued prosperous, he was much respected throughout the country, and was not unfrequently the guest and companion of the best gentry in the Highlands. No sooner, however, had death deprived him of his friends, and misfortune had robbed him of his gear,* than he began to experience, from the world and his former patrons, the bitter indifference and coldness which poverty too often brings in her train. This he experienced in an especial manner, when, on a Christmas evening having gone to the Castle of Dunvegan, where the rest of the country gentry were, as usual on such occasions, enjoying the hospitality of the chief, poor Mackinnon was not only unnoticed and neglected, but repulsed from the hall, where, in worthier days, and under a worthier laird, he and his fathers were wont to be welcome guests. In consequence of this unhandsome treatment, the indignant bard returned instantly to Strath. While pursuing his homeward journey through the lonely glen, beneath the towering *Cuicins*, and while the fever of his resentment still burned within his bosom, he met, or imagined he met, *Generosity, Love, and Liberality*, outcasts, like himself, from the hearts and halls of highland lairds, and bitterly inveighing against the tyranny that thus exiled them, unfed and unclothed, from the abodes where they were accustomed to reign and revel. At length having reached his home, he went to bed, probably supperless, and gentle sleep not deigning to woo him, but in its stead the weeping muse, he composed, and, for the first time, sung this song. It was highly esteemed by the Highland bards and *seanachais*, the latter of whom entitled the tune to which it is sung, "*Tri-amh Fonn na h-Alba*," or the third best air in Scotland;—we have not been able to ascertain what airs were considered the first and second. In reference to the time and place where it was first sung, we may mention that it was a custom of the old highlanders, when they could not sleep, to sing on their beds, and that loud enough to waken all the inmates of the house, who, if the song was good, never grudged their slumbers being thus musically broken.

ORAN

DO NIGHEAN FHRÌ GHEAMBAIL.

Moch sa' mhadainn mi 's lan airtneil,
Tha mi 'g ahdain m' ionndrainn,
An aite cadail air mo leabaidh,
Carachadh sa tiunnadhl.
Na 'm faighinn ceal, gun rachainn grad,
Am still gu'n stad, gu'n aon-tamh;
A dh' fhios an àit am fiosrach càch,
Gu 'm beil mo ghradh-sa 'n Geambail.

his master asked Cormac:—"Craid i 'n lath bo fhéile do fhuair tu 'n Albainn?" i. e. which was the most liberal hand you found in Scotland? To which he replied:—"Lath dheas fhir na Comraich"—The right hand of Applecross.—"Craid i 'n ath te?" which was the next?—"Lath chith fhir na Comraich," or the left hand of Applecross, was the minstrel's prompt and quaint reply.

* Lest this statement may be mistaken, it is only to be inferred that his predecessors had been obliged to dispose of their lands, but that he still had some of the proceeds upon which he lived; but funds in cash, even if considerable, were not regarded in those days so honourable as even a very limited competency arising from a paternal estate.

'S ge fad air chuairt, mi 's tamull bh'uam,
 An aising bhuan so dhùisg mi ;
 Thu bhi agam, ann am ghlaicibh,
 Bhean bho 'n tlachd-mhor sùgradh.
 A dhaineau buinig 's fada m' fhuireach,
 Ann an iomai dùtchea,
 O choin a chiall ! gu 'm be mo mhiann,
 Bhi 'n diugh a triall ga t-iunnsaidh.

Air t-iunnsaidh thèid mi 'n uair a dheireas,
 Mi gu h-eatrom suundach ;
 Gach ceum de'n t-sbhlighe, dol ga d' ruidhinu,
 Bì'dh mo chridhe sùgach
 Mo mhiann bhi 'n ceart-uair air bheag cadail
 Ann ad chaidridh greannar ;
 Mo dhuil gun chleith, le dùrachd mhath,
 Gur h-e mo bheatha teann ort.

Ach oigh na maise 's òr-bhuidh falt,
 'S do ghruaidh air dreach an neionein ;
 Tha éideadh grinn, mu dheud do chinu,
 'S do beul bho 'm thig òran.
 Rosg thana chaoin, fo d' mhala chaoil,
 'S do mheall-shuil, mhiu ga seòladh ;
 Si'n t-sheire tha t-eudainn ghreas gu eug mi,
 Mar toir cléir dhomh còir ort.

Gu'n choir air t-fheutainn, òigh na féile,
 Ghreas mi féin gu an-lamh ;
 Fhuair thu 'n iosad buaidh bho Dhiarmad,*
 Tha cuir ciad an geall ort.
 Ciochan geala, air uchd meallaidh,
 Miann gach fir 'n an sealltain ;
 Do chion fallaich th' air mo mheallaidh,
 'S e na eallaich throm orm.

Tha ruin nam fear, fo d' ghèun am falach,
 Seang chorp, fallain, suundach ;
 Slios mar eala, creas mar chanach,
 Bho cheann tamull m' iuil ort.
 Bho bharr do chinu, gu sàil do bhuinn ;
 'S tu dhamhsadh grinn air ùrlar ;
 Bhi ga t-aireamh 's gu'n tu lathair,
 Ghreas gu làr mo shùgradh.

Mo shugradh cheil 's duil ruit mar bhean,
 Oigh nan ciabh glan faineach ;
 T-aon bhroilleach geal, trom-cheist nam fear,
 'S uasal an t-ion ban-rìgh.
 Tha seire, a's beusan, tlachd, a's ceutaidh,
 Mar ri chéile fas riut ;
 Do ghaol gach lò so rinn mo leòn,
 Cho mor 's nach eol dhomh aireamh.

Cha 'n eol domh aireamh, trian de t-àilleachd,
 Gus do'n bhas gun geill mi ;

Ceillidh, cliutach, bensach, muirneach,
 Ceud fear ùr tha 'n deidh ort.
 Bì'dh airneau bruit aig pairt de 'n chnunnais, sin,
 Dha 'n diult thu caoinhneas ;
 Bì'dh slaint' as ùr, le fáilte chiall,
 Aig fear nì lub san roinn ort.

S G I A N D U B H

AN SPORGAIN CHAIM.

Du' innsinn sgeul mu mhalairt duibh,
 Na 'm fanadh sibh gu fóill,
 Mur dh' eirich do 'n chall bhreamais domh,
 'Nuair chaidh mi do Dhun-gleòis ;
 Air bhi thall an Sgalpa dhomh,
 Air cuirm aig Lachunn òg ;
 Fhuair mi bhiodag thubaisteach,
 Le a caisein-uchd' bha mòr.

Bu mhath a chuir a bh'an', an sin,
 'S mo bheannachd-sa na deigh ;
 'N fhear ud dume chunnaic i,
 A dhi-mol i gu leir ;
 Ach fhuair mi fhin bloidh biodaig ann
 Nach tig an là nì feum,
 A's stiallaire mor feòsaig oirr',
 Mur fhear d'a seòrsa fhein.

Mas oil leibh an athais ud,
 Gu 'n robh i agabh riabh ;
 Loinidean a's òghnaichean,
 An cònuidh dhuibh bu bbiadh ;
 Ged' dheanadh sibh cruinneachadh,
 Tuilleadh a's coig ciad ;
 'S tearc fear gun chaisein-uchd aige,
 Cho gharbhe ri torc-fiadh.

Chuir an tìr so 'n duileachd mi,
 'Nuair chunnaic iad mur bhà ;
 Bha gach neach ga choisrigeadh,
 Roimh 'n dós a bh'air 'a barr ;
 Bha sgoinn do mhaide seilich innt ;
 Bu gheinneanta rinn fàs ;
 Bheireadh saor neo chronail aise,
 Crosg da'n loinid bhàin.

Chuir Mac-Ionmhuinn bairlinn,
 An trath so mach sa 'n tìr,
 Chuir e na soachd barranntais,
 Gu Donnacha Mac-a-Phì ;
 Gabhail gu caol Arcaig leo.
 Mu 'n ghabh i tàmh sa 'n tìr,
 'Sa muinntir fein thoirt coinne dh' i,
 'S gur soilleir i do m' dhith.

* Bha 'm "Bad-seire" ann an gruaidnean Dhiarmaid.

Cha 'n ion-mholaidh ghràth-bhat sin,
Thug thu steach thar chaol,
An t-arm a bha gun chaisrigeadh,
'Sa b' ole leam air mo thaobh ;
'S maireg shiasaid air am facas i,
A bhiodag phlaiteach mhaol ;
B' iomlaideach air bhòrdaibh i,
Sgian dubh a sgòrnain chaoil.

B' i sud an bhiodag rosadach,
A b' ole leam air mo chliath',
'Si ruadh-mheirg uile 's coltas d' i,
Fo dhos de dh' fhionnadh liath,
Bha maide reamhar geinneach innt'
'S car na h-amhaich fiar
Cha ghearradh i sgiath cuileige,
Le buille no le riach.

'Nuair chaidh mi dh' iarraidh breathanais,
Cha d' fhuair mi leithid riamh ;
Sin nuair thuir an Sàileanach,
('Nuair chàirich e rium biasd ;
Mathalt do chuirc Mhòr-thirich,
Da'm beil an roibein liath ;
Duirceall dubh gun fhaobhar,
'N am taobhadh ris a bhiadh.)

" Bu mhath sa bhruthaim chaorainn i,
'Sa'n caonnag nam fear mòr ;
'S e Fionn thug dh' i an latha sin,
An t-ath-bualadh na dhòrn ;
Thug e na brath-mhionnan sin,
Nach dh' fbag i duine beò ;
'S nach robh neach ga 'm beanadh i,
Nach gearradh i' gu' bhròig."

Thuir mi fhìn cha'n fhìor dhut sin,
'S ann chaill thu d' ciall le aois ;
Coid a chuimhne 's faid' agad,
On stad i gu bhi maol ;
Chaidh mi air mo ghlu'n d' i,
Mu 'n do rùisg i riua a taobh ; *
'S thug i na seachd sgairtean aisid,
Gus 'n tug Mac-Talla glaoth.

Bu cheithir bliadhna-fichead d' i,
Bhi 'n citsein mhorair-Gall : †
'S fhuair i urram còcaireachd,
Thar moran de na bh' ann ;
Bha Mac-Aoidh ga teachdaireachd,
Mu 'n deach e chòmraig theann,
'S b' fhoirmeal anns a chogadh i,
Sgian dubh an sprògain chaim.

Ged thigeadh Clann-Domhnuill,
'S na seòid a tha mu thuath,
Mac-Aoidh an tùs feachda leo,
'S garbh bhratach an taobh tuath ;
'Nuair thig a bhratach Cheann-Sàileach.
'S a thairnnear ridhe suas ;

* Pulling it out of the sheath. † Lord Caithness.

'S tearc fear gu'n chaisein gaoiseid air,
Bho smeig gu mhaodail sìos.

Note.—The poet happened to be one of a party at the house of *Lachunn Og*, a relative of his own, when, upon the company "getting fou an' unco happy," they fell to playing at a sort of game called *Iomlaid bhiodag*. The manner in which it is played is this:—The lights are extinguished, and every man casts his dirk under the table. The dirks are then shuffled with a staff, after which a person, having his right hand tied to his side, and a glove on his left, is blindfolded and put under the table to hand out one by one in rotation to every man who had cast a dirk in : and every body had to keep the dirk which fell to him in this way. M'Kinnon's dirk was by far the best in the whole collection, but he lost it in the lottery, and got in its stead an old coarse dagger belonging to a Kintail man who was present. This person was one of those termed "*Clann 'Ic Rath Mholach*," i. e. *Hairy M'Raes*. M'Kinnon was far from pleased with his lot, and he composed this song on the occasion.

CURAM NAM BANTRAICHEAN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hug hoireann hō-rō hūra-bho,
Bì'dh cùram air na bantraichean,
Hug hoireann hō-rō hūra-bho,
Bì'dh cùram air na bantraichean.*

Bìdh cùram air na mnathan ògu,
'S mòran air na bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bì'dh cùram tim an Earraich orra,
Gu'n bi 'n t-aran gann aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bì'dh cùram mor a's egal orra,
Theagamh nach bi clann aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bhios cach gu cuirealdach,
Bì'dh iads a cumh 'an t-shean-duine,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair shineas tu air mireadh riudh',
Silidh iad mar altanan,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bì'dh 'n dosan siar san 'm breidean fiar,
Air cualan liath nam bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bì'dh dealg a'm bun an freamain ac,
'S breamanach a dhamh-as iad,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Ged bhidhinn fhìn gun òr gu'n spréigh,
Bu bheag mo spéis do sheann te duhbh,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Note.—This song was composed on M'Kinnon hearing that a friend of his was about to marry a rich old widow.

AN CLARSAIR DALL.

RODERICK MORISON, the far-famed harper and poet, commonly called *An Clàrsair Dall* was born in the Island of Lewis*, in the year 1646. His father was an Episcopalian Clergyman in that place, a man of great respectability and goodness of heart, and a descendant of the celebrated *Brìtheamh Leòghasach*. He had other two sons, Angus and Malcolm. At an early age, the three, who were all designed for the pulpit, were sent to Inverness to their education. They were not long there, when the small-pox made its appearance in the town with great virulence; our three pupils were seized with it, and although the best medical skill was in requisition, so severe was the malady, that Roderick lost his eye-sight, and had his face—otherwise a very fine, open and expressive one,—dreadfully disfigured and contracted by it. His brothers were more fortunate,—they followed up their clerical aspirations, and having gone through the *curriculum* of their order, Angus got a living in the parish of Contin, and Malcolm was appointed to the Chapel of Poolewe, in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire. Balked in his juvenile anticipations, and now incapacitated for any active, civil, military, or other profession, Rory directed his attention to the study of music, for which nature had furnished him with a first-rate genius. In this divine science he greatly excelled, and although he was no mean performer on other musical instruments, the silver-toned harp seems to have been his favourite. On this instrument, he left all other Highland amateurs in the rear.

His superiority as a musician, and his respectable connexions soon served him as a passport to the best circles in the North. He was caressed and idolized by all who could appreciate the excellence of his minstrelsy. Induced by the fair fame of his fellow-harpers in Ireland, he visited that country, and probably profited by the excursion. On his return to Scotland, he called at every baronial residence in his way; the Scotch nobility and gentry were at the time at the Court of King James in Holyrood-House—Rory

* The Messrs Chambers of Edinburgh, in their Journal, Number 451, of Saturday, September 19th, 1840, say, on the authority of Mr Bunting, that blind Rory was an Irishman. This is incorrect. We know how much Journalists are at the mercy of others, and how easily they are misled; but without at all expecting any thing like *omniscience* in the Messrs Chambers, we think, that before lending the weight of their columns to give currency to the mis-statement, they ought to have informed *themselves* of the facts.

Of Mr Bunting, we know nothing or almost nothing; but we sympathize with him in his literary researches, and attempts to resuscitate the musical spirit and ancient melody of his country. We protest, however, against his robbing us of our sweetest minstrel—not for the world would we accord to Hibernia the honour of having given birth to Rory Dall—and for this one reason, that he was *bona fide* born and brought up in the Highlands of Scotland; and, if a man must be born a second time, it does not necessarily follow, that that event must take place in Ireland. Mr Bunting's blind Rory, goes by the sonorous name of O'Cahan,—we have no objection to this; neither do we lay claim to any of the estates which descended to the said Rory O'Cahan as his patrimonial inheritance, but we claim for ourselves the honour of consanguinity with Roderick Morison, the blind harper. We have given his birth and parentage:—we have pointed to the manes of his two brothers,—we have given his own history as a poet, harper, and farmer, and until these facts are disproved, the Irish historian must rest satisfied with *his own* Rory, and the Messrs Chambers must understand that such things as erroneous statements can be imported over the Irish channel, much easier than a Ross-shire Highlander can be made an Irishman.

wended his way to Edinburgh, where he met with that sterling model of a Highland Chieftain, John Breac M'Leod of Harris, who eagerly engaged him as his family harper. During his stay under the hospitable roof of this gentleman, he composed several beautiful tunes and songs, and, among the rest, that fascinating melody—" *Feill nan Crann*," which arose out of the following circumstance: Rory, sitting one day by the kitchen fire, had chanced to drop the key of his harp in the ashes which he was raking with his fingers, as M'Leod's lady entered and inquired of one of the maids—" *Ciod e tha dhith air Ruairidh?*" "*Mhuire! tha a chrann—chaill e san luath e,*" was the reply—" *Ma ta feunair crann eile 'cheannach do Ruairidh;*" continued Mrs M'Leod; and the gifted minstrel, availing himself of the forced or extended meaning of the word *crann*, forthwith composed the tune, clothing it in words of side-splitting humour, and representing the kitchen maids as ransacking every mercantile booth in the land, to procure him his lost implement!

Shortly after this period, we find our author located as a farmer at *Totamòr* in Glenelg, at that time the property of his liberal patron M'Leod, who gave him the occupancy of it rent-free. Here he remained during his friend's life, and added largely to the stock of his musical and poetical compositions.

An Clàrsair Dall was fondly attached to his patron, whose fame he commemorated in strains of unrivalled beauty and excellence. The chieftains of the clan M'Leod possessed, perhaps, greater nobleness of soul than any other of the Highland gentry; but it must be observed, that they were peculiarly successful in enlisting the immortalizing strains of the first poets in their favour—our author and their own immortal Mary. Rory's elegy on John Breac M'Leod, styled, "*Creach nan Ciadan*," is one of the most pathetic, plaintive and heart-touching productions we have read, during a life half spent amid the flowery meadows of our Highland Parnassus. After deploring the transition of M'Leod's virtues, manliness and hospitality from the earth, he breaks forth in sombre forebodings as to the degeneracy of his heir, and again luxuriates in the highest ingredients of a *Lament*. *Oran mor Mhic-Leoid*, in which the imaginative powers of the minstrel conjure up scenes of other days, with the vividness of reality, is a master-piece of the kind. It comes before us in the form of a duet, in which Echo (the sound of music), now excluded like himself from the festive hall of M'Leod, indulges in responsive strains of lamentation that finely harmonize with the poignancy of our poet's grief.

This last song was composed after his ejection from his farm, and while on his way to his native Isle of Lewis. It is not true, as stated by Mr Bunting, that Rory Dall was a wandering minstrel. He indeed occasionally visited gentlemen's houses, but that was always under special invitation—he was born a minister's son, and did not require to earn his bread by wandering from place to place. Rory Dall was much respected in his age and country for those high musical powers which have contributed so much to the pleasure and delight of his countrymen—talents which have obtained for himself the imperishable fame of being one of the sweetest and most talented poets of our country. He died at a good old age, and was interred in the burying ground of *I*, in the Island of Lewis. Peace be to his manes! never we fear, shall the Highlands of Scotland again produce his like.

A CHIAD DI-LUAIN DE'N RAIDHE.

A CHIAD di-luain de'n ràidhe,*

Ge d' bhà mi leam fhìn,
Cha d' fhuair mi duine an là sin,
A thainig am ghaoith,
Dh-fhìaraich cia mar bhà mi,
Na'm bàil leam dhol sìos,
An 'Tota-mòr so fhàgail,
Nach b' àite dhomh e,
'Soilleir dhuinne thar chach uile,
Nach robh duin' a's tìr,
A chumadh fear mar chach mi,
Mar b' àbhaist dhomh bhì.

Sin 'nuair chuala Fearachar,
Mì'n dearmad aig càch,
Thainig e na m' chòdhail,
On b' eòl dha mo ghnàs,
Thug e leis air sgòid mi,
Gu seòmar a mhnà,
Anna lion an stòp dhuinn,
'S na sòr oirn' a làn,
Ge d' tha e falamh 's ro mhath 'n àiridh,
'Ghlaine fo thoirt dhà,
'S gu'm faigheadh e luchd eòlais,
Na m biodh a phòca làn.

Labhair a bhean chòir sin,
Gu banail eolach glic,
Fhaic thu 'n t-uain gu'n mhàthair,
An clàrsair gu'n chruit,
An leabhar gu'n leubhair,
'S e bhens a bhì druit,
'S an dorchach gu'n fhuasgladh,
A suaineach a bhrùic,
Ge d' tha thu falamh 's ro mhath 'n àiridh
'Ghlaine fo thoirt dhut,
'S gu'n clamaid a dhà dhiu'
Air slàinte an fhir bhrìc. †

An tì so thà mi 'g iomradh,
'S a 'g iomagainn do ghnà,
Cha cheil mi air do mhuinntir,
Gach puing mar atà,

* The Highlanders had a practice in the olden times that is still partially observed in certain parts even at the present day, and that tended to keep alive and fan those habits of hospitality and friendly feelings among the inhabitants of particular districts for which they are so justly celebrated. The custom to which we allude, was to meet at an appointed house, on the first Monday of every quarter, to drink a bumper to the beverage of the succeeding, and wish it better or no worse than the present.

† John Breac Macleod.

Ge b-eibhinn leam r'a chluinntinn,
An saoidh a bhìdh slàn,
Sgeul nach taitneach leamsa,
Ma dh' iomalaid thu gnàs,
Fàth mo gheirain a bhì falamh,
'S mi tamull o d' laimh,
" 'S faide 'n fhead no t-eigheach,
'S an fhéusag air fàs."

Ge d' fhuillegear gach nì 's feudar,
'S neo-éibhinn le m' rùn,
Thusa bhìdh 'n clar-sgithe,
'S mi 'n tìr air do chùl,
Le m' fheòsaig leathuinn leòmaich,
Gu ròibeineach dlù,
'S thusa a' giùlan màlaid,
A ghnà ann san Dùn,
Fhir bhrìc bhallaich, meall na bharaìl,
'M fear a thuirt o thùs—
" 'S fad o'n chridhe cheudna,
Na 's còin bho bheachd sùl."

Ge d' thà mise an dràsda
Da m' àrach fad uat,
Sleinnidh mi mo phàirt,
Ris gach nàbaidh m'an cuairt,
Ma 's beag ma's mor a dh' fheudas mi,
Spréidh A chuir suas,
Biodh sid fo iochd nan sàr-fhear,
Nach sàraich am fuachd,
Rì là gaillionn an àrd bheannabh,
'S iad nach gearain uair,
'S tric an siubhal sealbhach,
Air shealg do 'n taobh-tuath.

Tha fir ghasda bheòghant',
Aig Eòghann Loch-iall,
Nach seachnadh an tòireachd,
'N àm tògbhail nan triath,
Rachadh iad gu'n sòradh,
An còdhail nan ciad,
'S math am fulang dòrainn,
'S tha cròdhachd nan gnìomh,
Fìr ro ghasda nach 'eil meata,
Nach d'fhuair masladh riamh,
Mhathas mo chuid dhomh-sa,
'S mi 'n dòchas gur fìor.

'S iad Clann-Mhic-'Ill-Ainmhaidh,
'S oirdheirce gnìomh,
Luch shiubhal a gharbalaich,
'S a mharbhadh nam fiadh,

Cha d' fhuair iad aobhar oibheum,
 Mar falbhadh iad sliabh,
 Cha dean iad a bbeag ormsa,
 'S nach lorgair mi 's fiach,
 Mo chreach ma 'n coinnidh 's i fo'n comraic,
 'B'e an comunn mo mhian,
 Buachaillean mo theud,
 'N uair nach léir dhuibh a ghrian.

Tha sliochd Iain Mhic-Mhàrtainn,*
 Gu tàbhachdach treun,
 Raghainn air an naimhdeas,
 An cairdeas, gu'n bhreug,
 Cha bhuin iad ri fàl-bheairt,
 Mo lamhsa nach spéis,
 "Far an 'is' an gáradh,
 Cha ghná leo a leum,"
 Na fir ghasda gu'n bhí meata,
 'S iad nach seachainn stréup,
 Le 'n toirear buaidh 's gach spáirne,
 Ann 's gach áite dha 'n téid.

Clann-a-Phì † ri 'n seanachas,
 'S neo-leanabaidh na seòid,
 Buidhean nan sgiath balla-bhreac
 A dhearbhadh an gleòis,
 'S iad nach seachnadh fuathas,
 'N àm bhuaidh nan sròn,
 Ge b' e chuireadh fearg orr,
 Cha b' fharmaidh dhò,
 'N àm tarrainn nan lann tana,
 Caisgear carraid leò,
 "Buille 'n corp cha bhuail" iad,
 Tha uaisle nam pòr.

Tha Clann-'Ille-Mhaoil mhùinte,
 Bha cliù orra riamh,
 Buidhean tha do-cheannsaiclit,
 Is ceannsgalach triall,
 Ri faicinn an naimhdean,
 'S neo-sgàthach an triath,
 B' annsa leith ruaig shunndach,
 No tionntadh le fiamh,
 Laochraidh guineach nan arm fuileach,
 'S muirg ri 'n bhuin sibh riamh,
 Tha nimh a's neart 'n-ar naimhdeas,
 'S 'ur cairdeas gu'n fhiar.

Tha aig Colla còmhlainn,
 Nach conn-lapach gleus,
 Luchd nam feudan dùbh-ghorm,
 Nach diùltadh ri feum,
 'N-àm na graide dhùsgadh,
 Gu 'n dùbladh blur feum,
 Bha fios aig Mac-an-Tòisich,
 Nach sòradh iad ceum,

Dol na choinnidh sa'n là shoilleir,
 'S gu'n iad coimeas cheud,
 B' annsa dol da bhuaidh,
 No buaile 'n fir théud.

'S iad sliochd Cholla chis-mhoir,
 Da rìreadh a th' ann,
 Nach leigeadh le mùiseag,
 An cùis thar an ceann,
 Misneach cha do threig sibh,
 'N streup chlanna Ghall,
 Cha bu dual daibh mìo-stà'
 No mì-thùrachd ghann,
 Na fir churanta fhuair urram,
 Re h-àm iomairt lann,
 O minig luchd an aobhair,
 Gu craobhach a call.

Maille ris gach suairceas,
 Bha fuaite ri'r gné,
 Tharrainn sibh mar dhualchas,
 An uaisle 'n ar cléith,
 Gu creachadh cha do ghluais sibh,
 Cha chuala mi e,
 B' annsa leibh eun cluaise,
 Thoirte uam le m' thoil féin,
 Na mo chreachadh 's an dol seachad,
 'S mi na m' aire mu'm spréidh,
 'S mi gu'n eagal tuairgnidh,
 'S mo bhuaille fo' r méin.

Tha Gleann-Garadh ceannsgalach,
 Connspunnach, cruaidh,
 Chumadh ri luchd aìmhreit,
 A chonnspaid ud suas,
 Na 'm tharrainn gu sanntach,
 An lann as an truail,
 Bu mhath do'r luchd gamhlais,
 San àm ud bhì bhuaidh,
 Biodh ceum cridheil air reang tri-ear,
 Cha gleidh bruinne buaidh,
 Aig bùidheann a mhoir cheann-aird,
 Nach teann mo chuid bluam.

Tha 'n taic na laimhe,
 An Ceann-tàile so thall,
 Fir ghasda neo sgàthach,
 Ga'm b' àbhaidh bhì teann,
 Ri faicinn a nàmbaid,
 Nach faillinnach greann,
 Is tric a fhuair buaidh làrach,
 Le àbhachd an lann,
 Neart a chlaidhe be air raghainn,
 Nach dh-fhàs fatbath fann,
 Coille 's i gu'n chrionach,
 Gur lionmhor a clann,

* Dochanassie men, a very brave little clan at that time.

† Locharkaig men, followers of Lochail.

'S iad marcaich na Mòidhe,
 Fir chrò nam buadh,
 'M beil aithn' agus eòlas,
 Nach sòradh an duais,
 Clann-Choinnich nan rò-seòl,
 Na'n cròdh' mhilean sluaidh,
 Na beathraichean beòdha,
 Ga còir a bhì cruaidh,
 Dream gu'n laige ri am troide
 Ceann a chabraich suas,
 Aig luchd na gorm lann nàimhdeach,
 Nach sanntaich mo bhuair.

Note.—When the harper composed this song, he was residing in *Tota-Mòr*, in Glenelg, as a farmer, and the few of the clans he alludes to were people that he had good reason to fear would rob him, or, in other words, carry away his cattle—a very prevalent practice in those days. As, therefore, he had little or no means of defending himself, he immediately called his harp and his muse to his aid, and composed this song, in which those dreaded enemies are invested with all the attributes of honour, honesty, and good neighbourhood; and, as far as the bard was concerned, they always acted towards him in the characters his muse was willing to believe they actually possessed.

O R A N

DO DH-IAIN BREAC MAC-LEOID.

Tha mòran, mòran mulaid
 An deigh tuineachadh am chòm,
 Gur bliadhna leam gach seachduin,
 Bho nach facas Iain donn;
 Na 'n cluinninn ged nach faicinn,
 Fear do phearsa thigh'nn dò 'n fhonn,
 Gu'n sgaolteadh mo phràmh 's m' airseul,
 Mar shneachd òg ri aiteamh trom.

*Their mì hò-rò ghealla beag,
 'S na hò-rò challan h-ì,
 Their mì hò-rò ghealla beag,
 'S na hò-rò challan h-ì;
 Challan hì ho hù-rà bhò,
 'S na hò-rò challan hì,
 Ògur fada bho na tràthan sin,
 Nach robh mo ghràdh san tìr.*

A luchd comuinn so, na 'n eisdeadh sìbh,
 Rì cuid de m' sgeul, gu'n mheang,
 'S mi caoidh an nasail bheadaraich,
 Tha bhuam an fheadhs' air chall;
 Cha robh cron ri fhaotainn ort,
 Ach thu bhì faoilidh ann,
 Bho 'n fhuair mi gu h-ùr éibhinn thu,
 'N Dun-éideann, a measg Ghall.
Their mì hò-ro, &c.

Thug mi ionnsaidh fhada,
 As do dheigh 's mi 'n cladach cruaidh,
 Thug mi ionnsaidh bhearraideach,
 'S a chàmhanaich Di-luain;
 Cha d'fhuaras an t-òg aigeantach,
 Bu mhacanta measg sluaidh,
 'S cha 'n fhaodainn a mhisg àicheadh,
 'S do dheoch-slainge do m' an cuairt.
Their mì hò-ro, &c.

Thug mi ionnsaidh sgairteal,
 As do dheigh an cladach doirbh,
 Ged nach tug mi capull leam,
 Na agair mi na lorg;
 Gu 'n robh mo choisceadh adhaiseach,
 'S au rathad a bhì dorch,
 Le breisleich mhic-nan-clathann,*
 'S do lamh fhial ga dhioladh orni.
Their mì hò-ro, &c.

Fhìr so tha mi g' iomradh ort,
 Ga t-ionndrain tha mi bh' nam,
 Sròn ardanach an fhiùghantais,
 Cha b' fhiù leat a bhì crìon;
 Na 'n cluinninn fèin 's gu 'n tigeadh tu,
 Fhìr chridhe dhios nan crìoch,
 Gu'n òlainn do dheoch-slainge,
 Ga do phàighinn i, de dh' fhion.
Their mì hò-ro, &c.

Beul macanta, ciùin, rabhairtach,
 'N uair tharladh tu 's taigh-òsd,
 A dh'fhàs gu seirceil, suairce,
 Gaol na'm ban, 's nan gruagach òg;
 'S iomadh maighdeann cheutach,
 A bha deigheil air do phòig,
 Le 'm b' ait bhì cunntadh spreidhe dhut,
 'S a deas-lamh fèin le deòin.
Their mì hò-ro, &c.

Cha robh fuath na greathachd ort,
 Rì t-amhare bha thu caoin,
 Saighdear foinnidh, flathail,
 Air an gabhadh gach neach gaol;
 Euchdach, treubhach, urramach,
 Bha 'n curaigh glan gu'n ghaid,
 Gu fearail, meannach, measail,
 Air nach faighte an tiotal claon.
Their mì hò-ro, &c.

Saighdear fearail, fuasgailteach,
 Fear cruadalach, gu'n mheang,
 Ceann-feadhna air thùs na brataich e,
 Ga taisbeanadh san Fhruing;
 Thig airm air reir a phearsa,
 Air an laoch bu sgairteil greann,
 'Nuair dh' eireadh airde lasrach ort,
 'S maing a' chasadh riut san àm.
Their mì hò-ro, &c.

* An t-uisge-benhta.

Thig claidheamh socrach, stailinn dhut,
 De 'n t-seòrs as fear sa bhùth,
 'S e fulangach bho bharra-dheis,
 Gu 'n ruig a cheanna-bheairt duirn;
 Faobhar air a gheur chruaidh sin,
 Nach gabhadh leum na lùb,
 Lann air dhreach na daolaig',
 'S i air taobh deas-laimh mo ruin.
Their mi ho-ro, òc.

'S e sud an t-airm a thaghainn dat,
 'S tu 'n deigh an retreut,
 As paidhir dhag nach diùltadh,
 Agus fùdar gorm da reir;
 Do ghunna 'n deigh a falmachadh,
 'S tu marbhtach air an treud,
 Ann san laimh nach greagara,
 'S tu leantainn as an deigh.
Their mi ho-ro, òc.

'S fhada leam a chomhnaidh so,
 Th' aig Eoin a measg nan Gall,
 Cha ghiorra leam an oidheche,
 Bhi ga chuimhneachadh 's gach am;
 Dh' fhaoltichinn na 'm faicinn thu,
 Tigh'nn seachad ann sa ghleann,
 Cha ghabhinn fein born faiteachais,
 Ge d' ghlacadh tu mo gheall.
Their mi ho-ro, òc.

Corr agus trì ràidhean,
 Tha thu d' chadal sàmbach bh' uain,
 Gu'n t-fhaicinn bho na dh'fhàg thu sinn,
 'S ar cridhe ghnàth fo ghruaidh;
 A nis bho 'n chnir thu cùl ruin,
 'Sa laidh smùrneiu air do ghruaidh,
 Mar sholas and deigh dorachadais,
 Tha Tòrmòd mar bu dual.
Their mi ho-ro, òc.

'S e Tormod òg mo shubhachas,
 Air bhuidheachas shiol-Leòid,
 Ma 's mac an àit' an athar thu,
 Thig fathast gu bli mòr;
 Ann san Dùn gu flathail,
 'N robh do chinneadh roi beò,
 Mae-ratha dhùisgeas eibhneas domh,
 Le aighear thréig mi bròn.
Their mi ho-ro, òc.

Ma thuirt iad ogha Thòrmoid riut,
 B' i sud an fhoirm fhuil ghlan,
 Ma thuirt iad iar-ogha Ruairidh riut,
 B' i 'n àrd-fhuil naibhreach mhear;
 'S ogha 'n Eoin gun trauilleadh,
 Thug suairceas air gach neach,
 Mac an fhuir nach b'fhuathach leann,
 An nochd thog suas mo ghean.
Their mi ho-ro, òc.

CREACH-NA-CIADAIN.*

Tha muld, tha mulad,
 Lion mulad ro mhòr mi,
 'S ge d' is eigin domh fhulang,
 Tha tuille 's na's leoir orm;
 Thromaich sac air mo ghiulan,
 Le dùmhladas dòrainn,
 Dh' amais dosgaich na bliadhn orm,
 Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi!

Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi,
 Dh' fhàg mi breòite gu'n fhiabhras,
 A dh'fhògair mo shlaointe,
 'S tearc mo bhrathair 's na crìochan;
 Agam glaoth an loin bhrùnaich,
 'N deigh a h-eoin 's i 'ga iargainn,
 Dh' fhalbh gach sòlas a b' àbhaist,
 'S dh' fhuirich càilein a m' fhiacail.

Dh' fhuirich càilein a m' fhiacail,
 So i bhliadhn' a thug car dhomh,
 Dh' fhag putar fo m' leine,
 Nach faothaich leigh tha air thalamh,
 Mo leigheas cha'n fheudar,
 Cha ré domh bhi fallain,
 Fhuair mi dùineir là Càisge,
 'S cha b' fheairrde mo ghoin i.

Cha b' fheairrde mo ghoin i,
 Ge do bha mi mu'n chò-roinn,
 'N diugh gur buan domh ri aithris,
 Gu'n bhuail an t-earrach so bròg orm;
 Mi mu'm màighsteir glè mhath,
 'S fad a leus orm nach beò e,
 Ge do racha mi seachad,
 Cha'n fhaigh mi facal dheth chòmhran.

Cha'n fhaigh mi facal dheth chòmhran,
 Chleachd mi mòran deth fhaotainn,
 'N diugh dh' fhaodas mi ràite,
 Gur uan gu'n mhàthair san treud mi,
 'S ann is gna dhomh bhi tùrsach,
 Gu'n bhrath furtachd as eugaig,
 'S o'n a chaochail e àbhaist,
 'S tearc a chaoidh mo ghàir eibhinn.

'S tearc a chaoidh mo ghàir eibhinn,
 Cha bheus domh bhi subhach,
 Ghabh mi tlachd ann bi tùrsach,
 Chuir mi ùigh ann bi dubhach,
 Mu'n ti tha mi 'g iomradh,
 Chuir an cuimhne mo phutar,
 Nis o'n fhuair an uaigh e-san,
 Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich.

* This lamentation was composed on the death of John Breac Macleod.

Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich,
 'S mi fo chumba da dìreadh,
 Dol an trinnead 's an àirde,
 An diugh a thainig mo dhiobhail :
 Dh' fhalbh mo lairheichean éibhinn,
 O'n a thréig sibh Clár-sgithe,
 Tha mo thaic ann sna h-Earadh
 'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar.

'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar,
 Bi'dh e daonna 'an uaigheas,
 Sgeul mu'n gearaach daoine,
 'S mnai chaoiteach nan luath-bhos,
 'S iad a' co-strì r'a chéile,
 Ceol gun éibhneas seachd truaighe !
 Leum mo chridhe 'na spealtaibh,
 M' an chaismeachd 'n uair chualas.

Gur h-i chaismeachd so chualas,
 A luathaich orm tioma,
 Dh' fhàg to m' osnaich fuil bhrùite,
 A' sior-dhrùthadh air m' innigh,
 'S fhaide seachduin na bliadhna,
 O'n a thriall sibh thair linne,
 Le friamhach na fialachd,
 Bh'ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh,

'S ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh,
 Dh' fhàg mi spionnadh nan anfhann,
 Ceann-uidhe luchd-ealaidh,
 Mar ri earras luchd-seanachais.
 Agus ulaidh aos-dàna,

Chuir do bhàs iad gu h-imcheist ;
 'S o'n a chaidh thu sa chiste,
 Cha bu mhis a chùis fhàrmaid.

Cha bu mhis a chùis fhàrmaid,
 Ghabh mi tearbadh o'n treud sin,
 Far an robh mi a'm nheanbh-ghair,
 'An toiseach ainseir mo chéitein,
 'S ann an deireadh a Charbhais,
 A dhearbhadh ar feuchain
 Chaill mi 'n ùr-ghibht, a chreach mi,
 Ann an seachduin na Cúsda.

Ann an seachduin na Cúsda,
 Diciadain mo bhristidh,
 Chaill mi iuchair na h-éudail,
 Cha mhi aon neach is mist e,
 Gu'n bhrath faighinn gu bràth oirr',
 Sgeul a shàraich mo mhisneach ;
 'S ann fo dhiomhaireachd m' àirnean,
 A tharmaich mo niosgaid.

A tharmaich mo niosgaid,
 Cha'n fhaidh mise bhi slàn deth,
 Se fear tinn a chinu-ghalair,
 A nì'n gearan bochd cràiteach,

'S ann air ata 'n easlaint,
 Nach d' fhiosraich a nàbaidh,
 'S cha mho dh' fhairach e thinneas
 Leis 'n do mhilleadh a shlaute.

Far 'n do mhilleadh mo shlaint-s',
 'S ann a tharmaich dbòmh m' easlaint,
 Gu'n d' chuir ainsir na Càisge,
 Mi gu bràth fo throm airsneal,
 Gheibh gach neach do na dh' fhàg thu,
 Rud 'an àite na bh' aca,
 Ach mis agus Màiri,
 A chuir a bràthair 'an tasgaidh.

Chaidh do bhràthair 'an tasgaidh,
 'Se mo chreach-sa gur fìor sud,
 'S ann an diugh tha mi 'g acain,
 Mar tha mhac na mhaol-ciarain,
 Agus ise bochd brònach,
 'N deigh a leonadh o'n chiadain,
 Thug mo mhaighstir math uamsa,
 Leis 'n do bhuaieadh mo phian-bhron.

Mo phian-bhron a Mbàiri,
 Mar tha thu fo chumba,
 Nach faic thu do Bhràthair,
 Mar a b' àbhaist gu subhach,
 An sean-fhacal gnàthaichte,
 An diugh 's fìor e mar thubhairt :—
 “ Cha robh meoghail ga miad,
 Nach robh na deigh galach, dubhach.”

Nach robh na deigh galach, dubhach,
 'Se 'm fear subhach am beairteas,
 Cha'n fhaigh piuthar a bràthair
 Ach gheibh bean àluinn leth-leapach,
 Thainig ar air an dùthaich,
 Dia a dhùbladh an cart, a,
 'S ga cumail an uachdar,
 Gus am buadhaich do mhac e.

Gus am buadhaich do mhac e,
 'N déigh a ghlasadh le gruagaich,
 Lan saibbris is sonais,
 Ann san onair bu dual dut,
 Lean cùis 's na bi leanbail,
 'S na bidh marbh-ghean air t-uaislean,
 Cum an coimeas ruit féin iad,
 'S na toir beum dha t-ainm Ruairidh.

Ruairidh reachdar, run-meanmach,
 Tartach, toirbeartach, teannta,
 Do shì-seanair o'n tainig,
 Cha b'ion do nàmhaid dol teann air,
 'S Ruairidh gasda 'na dheigh,
 Cha b'e roghainn bu tàire,
 'S an treas Ruairidh fa dheireadh,
 Cha b'e'n gainneanach fàs e.

An treas Ruairidh de'n dream sin,
A choisinn geall 's cha b' e mì-chliu,
Cha b' e 'n coilleanach gunn e,
Ach an ceannsgalach mìleant'
Ma 's tusa roinn suas,
Au ceathramh Ruairidh, na dearmad,
Lean ri sinnsireachd t-aiteam,
'S n a toir masladh dha 'n ainm sin.

Na toir masladh dha 'n ainm sin,
'S cuir leanabas fo d' bhrògan,
Na biodh daoin' ann am barail,
Ge d' tha car aig an òig ort,
Bidh gu fiùghantach smachdail,
Rianail, reachdmhor, 'n triath Leòdach,
"Na faic frid an sùil bridean,"
Cha chùis dìon do Mhac-Leòid e.

Cha chùis dìon do Mhac-Leòid,
A bhi dòlum 's rud aige,
Lean an dùthchas bu chòir dhut,
'S biodh mòr-chuis na t-aigeadh,
Ach ma leigeas tu dhìot e,
Bi'dh na ciadan ga t-agairt,
'G ràdh gur crann shlatag chrìon thu,
'N àit' a ghuinmbaraich bheachdail.

Maide dh' fhàs na chraoibh thoraidh,
Fo bhlà onarach àluinn,
Ann an lios nan crann éuchdach,
Bha tlachd nan ceud ann 's gach àit' air,
Lean an dùthchas bu chathair,
A mhic an athar a chràidh sinn,
Na bidh ad chrìonaich gu'n duilleich,
Ann 'san ionad 'n do thàmh thu.

ORAN MOR MHIC-LEOID.

[EADAR AN CLARSAIR AGUS MAC-TALLA.]

MIAD a mhuilaid tha 'm thaghall,
Dh' fhaig treoghaid mo chléibh gu goirt
Aig na rinn mi ad dheighidh,
Air m' aghairt 's mo thriall gu port.
'S ann bha mis' air do thoir,
'S mi meas robh còir agan ort;
A dheagh mhic athar mo ghràidh,
B tu m' aighear, 's m' àdh, 's m' òle.

Chaidh a chuibhle mu'n cuairt,
Gu'n do thiunnaidh gu fuachd am blàthas,
Naile chuna' mi uair,
Dùn flathail nan cuach a thràigh.

Far biodh taghaich nan duan,
Ioma' mathas gu'n chruas, gu'n chàs;
Dh' fhalbh an latha sin bhuaie,
'S tha na taighean gu fuairaidh fàs.

Dh' fhalbh, mac-tall' as an Dùn,
'N am sgarachdainn diunn r' ar triath;
'S ann a thachair e rium,
Air seacharan bheann, san t-shliabh.
Labhair e-san air thus—
"Math mo bharail gur tu ma 's fìor,
Chunna' mise fo' mhuirn,
Roi 'n uiridh an Dùn nan eliar."

A Mhic-talla, nan tùr,
'Se mo bharail gur tusa bhà,
Ann an teaghlach an fhìon',
'S tu g-aithris air gnìomh mo lamh;
"S math mo bharail gur mi,
'S cha b' urasd dhomh bhi mo thàmh;
G-eisdeachd brosluim gach ceòil,
Ann am fochar Mhic-Leòid an àigh."

A Mhic-talla so bha,
Anns a bhaile 'n do thar mi m' iuil;
'S ann a nis dhuinn as léir,
Gu'm beil mis' a's tu féin air chùil.
A reir do chomais air sgeul,
O'n 's fear comuinn mi-féin a's tu;
'M beil do mhuinntearas buan,
Aig an triath ud, da'n dual an Dùn?

"Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim,
Anns an talla 'm biodh fuaim a cheòil;
'S ionad taghaich nan eliar,
Gu'n aighear, gu'n mhiagh, gu'n phòit.
Gu'n mhìre, gu'n mhuirn,
Gu'n iomracha dlù nan còrn;
Gun chùirm, gu'n phailteas ri dàimh,
Gu'n mhaenas, gu'n mhàran beoil.

"S mi Mac-talla, bha uair
'G eisdeachd fathrum nan duan gu tiugh;
Far bu mhuirneach am béus,
'N am cromadh do'n ghréin san t-sruth.
Far am b' fhoirmeal na seòid,
'S iad gu h-òranach, eòlmhor, clùth;
Ged nach faicte mo ghnùis,
Chluinnt' aca sa'n Dùn mo ghuth."

"N am eiridh gu moch,
Ann san teaghlach, gu'n spròc, gu'n ghruaim;
Chluinte gleadhraich nan dòs,
'S an cèile na' cois on t-suain;
'Nuair a ghabbadh i làn,
'S i gu'n cuireadh os n-aird na fhuair;
Le meoir fhileanta bhinn,
'S iad gu ruith-leumach, dìonach, luath."

" Bhiodh a rianadair féin,
Cuir an ìre gur h-e bhiodh ann ;
'S e g-eiridh na measg,
'S an éibhe gu tric na cheann.
Ge d' a b' ard leinn a fuaim,
Cha tuairgneadh e sinn gu teann ;
Chuireadh tagradh am chluais,
Le h-aidmheil gu luath, 's gu mall.

'Nuair a chuir' i na tàmh,
Le furtachd na fàrdaich féin ;
Dhomh-sa b' fhuasda ràdh,
Gu'm bu churaideach gair nan téud.
Le h-ionairt dha làmh,
A cuir a binneas do chàch an céill ;
'S gu'm bu shiubhlach am chluais,
A moghunn lughar le luasgan mheur.

" Ann sa' fheasgar na dheigh,
N am teasa na gréin tra nòin ;
Fir chneatain ri clàir,
'S mnai' freagairt a ghnà cuir leò.
Da chomhairleach ghearr,
A labhairt 's gu 'm bàrd an gloir ;
'S gu'm bu thitheach an guin,
Air an duine gu'n fhuil, gu'n fheoil."

" Gheibhte fleasgaich gu'n ghrain,
Na do thalla gu'n sgràig, gu'n fhuath ;
Mnai' fhiouna 'n fhuilte réidh,
Cuir buineis an céill le fuaim.
Le ceileireachd beoil,
Bhiodh gu h-ealanta, h-ordail, suaice ;
Bhiodh fear-bogha 'nan còir,
Ri cuir meo-ghair' a mheòir nan cluais.

" Thoir teachdaireachd bhuam,
Le deatam, gu Ruaridh òg ;
Agus innis dha féin,
Cuid de chunnard ged 'se Mac-Leòid.
E bhi'g amharc na dheigh,
Air an lain* a dh-éug, s' nach beò ;
Ge bu shaibhir a chliù,
Cha'n fhàgadh e 'n Dùn gu'n cheòl."

Note.—This song was a favourite with Sir Alexander M'Kenzie, of Gairloch, who paid a person to sing it to him every Christmas night. One of Sir Alexander's tenants went to him one day to seek a lease of a certain farm. The laird desired him to sit down and sing *Oran Mòr Mhic-Leòid* till he should write the document. The tenant remarked that he certainly set great value on that song. "Yes," was his reply, "and I am sorry that every Highland laird has not the same regard for it."

* John Breac M'Leod was one of the last chieftains that had in his retinue a bard, a harper, a piper, and a fool,—all of them excellently and liberally provided for. After his death, Dunvegan Castle was neglected by his son Roderick, and the services of these functionaries dispensed

C U M H A

DO DH-FHEAR THALASGAIR.*

DH-FHALBH sòlas mo latha,
Dhòrchaich m' oidhche gu'n aighear,
Cha 'n eil lanntair na m' radhad,
'S gu'n mo chainnlean a' gabhail,
Tha luchd 'm foineachd na'n laidhe sa'n ùir orr.

Bàs an Eoin so ma dheireadh,
Rinn ar leònadh gu soillear,
Sa chùir ar sòlas an gainnead,
Dhùisg e bròn an Eoin eile,
Dh-fhag e doirt-thromach eire mo ghiùlain.

Co chunnaic na chuala,
Sgeul 's trùime sa 's truaidhe ?
Na'm beum guineach so bhual oirmu,
Sa dh' fhag uile fo ghruaim sinn,
Eadar islean a's uaislean do dhùthcha.

Se siol Leòid an siol dochair,
Siol gu'n sòlas, gu'n sochair,
Siol a bhroin a's na bochain,
Siol gu'n cheòl a's gu'n bhroslium,
An siol dorainneach 's goirt a rùg sgiùrs orr.

Se'n clàr-sgìth an clàr ro sgìth,
Clàr na diobhail 's na dòsgainn,
Clàr gu'n eibhneas lann osnaidh,
Clàr nan deur air na rosgaibh,
An clàr geur, an clàr goirt, an clàr tùrsach.

Cneidh air chneidh 'sa chneidh chràiteach,
Na seana chneidhean ga 'n arach,
Na 'n ùr chnàmhain an dràsta,
Sgrìob gach latha gar fàsgadh,
Gur tric taghaich a bhàis a toirt spuill dhinn.

Tha mi 'gràite le ceartas,
Thaobh aobharachd m' acaid,
Nach "fearr e ri chlàistinn
An t-òle cràiteach na fhaicinn,"
'S claon a dh-fhag an sean-fhacl o thùs e.

with to make room for grooms, gamekeepers, factors, dogs, and the various *et ceteras* of a fashionable English establishment. We here beg the reader to note, that we have not said Rory was an English gentleman, but only hinted that he aped the manners of one. Eight stanzas of this song are purposely omitted, as we think their insertion would be an outrage on our readers' sense of propriety.

* Mr John M'Leod, son of Sir Roderick M'Leod.

AM PIOBAIRE DALL.

JOHN M'KAY, the celebrated piper and poet was born in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire, in the year 1666. Like his father, who was a native of Lord Reay's Country, he was born blind, but with perhaps the exception of a slight shade on their eyes, it would be difficult to the most acute observer to perceive that they had not their sight. When John had acquired the first principles or elementary parts of music from his father, he was sent to the College of Pipers in Skye, to finish his musical studies under the auspices of the celebrated Mac-Criummein. There were at this time no fewer than eleven other apprentices studying with this celebrated master-piper; but in the articles of capacity and genius so superior did *Iain Dall* prove himself to his fellow-students, that he outstripped them all in a very short time. This superiority, or pre-eminence naturally gained him the envy and low-souled ill-will of the others, and many anecdotes have traditionally come down to us illustrative of their rivalry and wounded pride. On one occasion as John and another apprentice were playing the same tune alternately, in the highest key of rivalry, Mac-Criummein reprimandingly asked the other, "why he did not play like *Iain Dall*?" to which the chagrined aspirant replied, "By Mary, I'd do so if my fingers had not been after the skate!"—alluding to the congenitously touch of his fingers on the chanter-holes after having forked at some of that fish at dinner. Hence originated the taunt which the north country pipers, conscious of their own superiority, are in the habit of hurling at pipers of the more Southern districts—" *Tha mheòirean as deighe na sgait!*" Genius is never at a loss for developing itself, and where there is actually no *casus*, its fertility of invention finds abundant materials to work upon. Our youthful piper, it appears, was somewhat unfortunate in the appointment of his bed, during the early period of his apprenticeship; in short, he was infested with certain marauders, which detracted from his comfort and sleep. This circumstance he commemorated in the composition of a *piobaireachd* appropriately called "*Pronnadh nam Mial*," which, although his first effort, both as regards its variations and general structure, is equal to any thing of the kind.

One of the Mac-Cruimeins, a celebrated musician known by the cognomen of Padruig Caogach, owing, we suppose, to his inveterate habit of twinkling or winking with his eyes, was about the time composing a new pipe tune. Two years had already elapsed since the first two measures of it became known and popular; but owing to its unfinished state, it was called "*Am port Leathach*." Some of the greatest poets have experienced more difficulty in supplying a single line or couplet than in the structure and harmonization of the entire piece—musicians, too, have experienced similar perplexities—and *Padruig Caogach* had fairly stuck. The embryo tune was every where chanted and every where applauded, and this measure of public approbation tended to double his anxiety to have it finished—but no! the genius of composition seemed to exult at a distance, and to wink at *Caogach's* perplexity. Tender of his brother's reputation, our blind author set to work, and finished the tune which he called, "*Lasan Phàdrùig Chaogach*"—thus nobly re-

nouncing any share of the laudation which must have flowed upon the completion of the admired strain. Patrick, finding his peculiar province usurped by a blind beardless youth, became furiously incensed, and bribed the other apprentices to do away with his rival's life! This they attempted one day while walking together at Dun-Bhorraraig, where they threw their blind friend over a precipice of twenty-four feet in height! John alighted on the soles of his feet, and suffered no material injury: the place over which he was precipitated was shown to us, and is yet recognised as *Leum an Doill*. The completion of "*Lasan Phàdrùig Chaogaich*" procured great praise for our young musician, and gave rise to the following well-known proverb—" *Chaidh an fhòghluim os-cam Mhic-Cruinein.*" i. e. "the apprentice outwits the master."

After being seven years under the tuition of Mac-Crinnnein, he returned to his native parish, where he succeeded his father as family-piper to the Laird of Gairloch. He was enthusiastically fond of music, and the florid encomiums which every where flowed in upon him, gave his inventive powers an ever-recurrent stimulus. During his stay in this excellent family, he composed no fewer than twenty-four piobaireachds, besides numberless strathspeys, reels and jigs—the most celebrated of which, are "*Cailleach a Mhuillear*," and "*Cailleach Liath Rasaidh*."

Finding himself ultimately in comfortable circumstances, he married, and had two children, a son and a daughter—the former of whom was a handsome man. His name was Angus, and he was equal to any of his progenitors in the science of music. When our author became advanced in years, he was put on the superannuated list, with a small but competent annuity; and he passed the remaining part of his life in visiting gentlemen's houses, where he was always a welcome guest. His visits or excursions were principally in the country of Reay and the Isle of Skye. It was during one of these peregrinations, that, hearing in the neighbourhood of Tong, of the demise of his patron, Lord Reay, he composed that beautiful pastoral "*Coire'an-Easain*," which of itself might well immortalize his fame. It is not surpassed by any thing of the kind in the Keltic language—bold, majestic, and intrepid, it commands admiration at first glance, and seems on a nearer survey of the entire magnificent fabric, as the work of some supernatural agent.

After the death of Sir Alexander M'Donald of Slate, John paid a visit to his old rendezvous, now occupied by his friend's son. The aged bardic-piper soon experienced the verification of the adage—new kings, new laws—instead of being honoured with a seat in the dining-room as usual, he was ushered into the servants' hall immediately *below*—an indignity he was by no means disposed to pass *sub silentio*. As the young chief was taking dinner, a liveried servant made his appearance in the hall, and addressing John said—"My master wishes you to play one of those tunes he often heard his father praise"—"Go back to your master," replied *Iain Dall* warmly, "and tell him from me, that when I used to play to his father it was to charm and delight his *ears*, and not to blow music *up* in his *a*—!"

Having returned to Gairloch, he never again went from home. He died in the year 1754, being consequently 98 years of age, and was buried in the same grave with his father, Ruairidh Dall, in the clachan of his native parish, Gairloch.

BEANNACHADH BAIRD DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-CHOINNICH,

TRIATH GHEARR-LOCH; AIR DHA NIGHEAN THIGHEARNA GHRANND A FOSADH.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia an teach 's an tùr
'S an tì thainig ùr 'n-ur ceann,
Geug shonna, sholta gheibh cliù,
'Ni buannachd dùthcha 's nach call.

A gheug a thainig 's an deagh uair,
Dha 'm buadach mùirn agus ceòl
Ogha Choinnich nan ròn reidh,
'S Bharoin Shrath-Spé nam bò.

O Iarla Shì-phort an tòs
Dhiuchd an òigh is taitneich béus
'S o'n tuitear Shàileach a ris.
A fhreasdaileadh an rìgh na fheum.

'S bìthidh Granndaich uime nach tìm,
Bu treubhaich iomairt 's gach ball.
O Spé a b' iomadaich linne,
A 's feidh air firichean àrd,

'S ann o na Cinnidhean nach fànn,
Thainig ann òigh is glaine cré,
Gruaidh choreair, agus rosg mall,
Mala chaol, cham, 's eul réidh,

Tha h-aodann geal mar a chaille,
'S a corp sneachaidh air dheagh dhealbh,
Maoth leanabh le gibeann saor,
Air nach facas fraoch no fearg.

Tha slìos mar eala nan srùth,
'S a cruth mar chanach an fheoir,
Cul cleachdach air dhreach nan téud,
No mar aiteal gréin air òr.

Bu cheòl-cadail i gu suain,
'S bu bhuachaill' i air do-bhèus
Cainneal sholais feadh do theach,
A frithealadh gach neach mar fheum.

Gu meal thu-féin t-ùr bhean òg,
A Thriath Ghearr-Loch nan còrn fial
Le toil chairdean as gach tìr,
Gu meal thu 's beannachd Dhia,

Gu meal sibh breath, agus buaigh,
Gu meal sibh uail, agus mùirn,
Gu meal sibh gach beannachd an còin,
'S mo bheannachd féin diubh air thùs.

'S iomadh beannachd agus teist,
Th'aig an òigh is glainne slìos,
'S beannachd dha'n tì a thug leis,
Rogha nam bán an gnè, sa meas.

DAN COMH-FHURTACHD.

DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-DHOMHNAILL SHLEIBHTE.

[AIR DHA THIGHINN DHACHAIGH A LUNNAINN DO CHAISTEAL
ARMADAIL SA'N EILEAN SGATHANACH, AGUS A BHAIN-TIGHEARN'
ÒG MHAISEACH A BHÌ MÀRBH A STAIGH, AIR CHINN DA THIGHINN.
THARLADH DHA NA PHLOBAIRE DHALL A BHÌ STAIGH AIG AN ÀM,
AGUS SHEINN E 'N DÀN A LEANAS NA DHÀIL, A NÈCHDADH DHA GU'N
CHÀILL IOMADH TRÈUN A'S FLATH AN CEUD GHRÀDH, D'A B'EIGIN
TADHEOIGH SÒLAS A GHLACADH.]

BEANNACHD dhut o'n ghabh thu 'n t-àm,
O chrich nan Gall gu do thìr,
Dùthchas tha ri slìos a chuain
'S tric a choisinn buaigh dha'n rìgh.

Do bheatha gu do thìr féin,
'Dheagh Mhic-Dhomhnuill nan sèud saor,
'S àit le maithibh Innse-Gall,
Do ghluasad a nall thar chaol.

'S àit le fearaibh an Taobh-tuath,
Gu'n bhuannaich thu mar bu chòir
Trotairnis uil' agus Sléibhte,
Uidhist nan eun a's nan ròn.

'S àit le fearaibh an Taobh-deas,
Gu'n shuidhicheadh tu ceart gu leor,
'S tu slìochd nan rìrean o shean,
Dha'n robh miagh faineair air ceòl.

Ach 'sann dhomh-sa b'aithne 'm bèus,
Na ghabh rium féin diu' o thùs,
Croinn-iubhair le brataichean sròil,
Loingear air chòrs a's ròs-iùil.

Long a's leogbann a's lamh-dhearg,
Ga'n cuir suas an ainm an rìgh,
Suaicheantas le 'n cìreadh neart,
'N uair thigeadh 'ur feachd gu tìr.

Na 'n tàrladh dhuibh' bhì air téig,
Fo mhéirgh' dha'm biodh dearg a's bìn
Gu maiseach, faicilleach, treun,
Chuireadh sibh *retreat* air càch.

Gu h-àrmach. armailteach, òg,
Neo-chearbach an tòn nan ruag,
'S gach àite 'n cromadh an ceann,
Bu leo na bhiodh ann, 'sa luach. *

B'aithne dhomh Sir Seumas mòr
'S b'èol dhomh Dòmhnall a nàir,
B'èol dhomh Dòmhnall eile ris,
Chumadh fo chis na slòigh eart.

B'èol dhomh Dòmhnall nan trì Dò'n ull
'S ge b'òg e, bu mhòr a chùin,
Bh'ìdh fearaibh Alb' agus Eirinn,
A 'g èiridh leis anns gach cùis.

B'èol domh Sir Seumas na ruin,
T-atbair-sa mhic-chlùtaich féin,
'S tus a nis an siathamh glùn
Dhordaich Rìgh nan dàl na'n dèigh.

Na'n ruiteadh m' acis cho fad a mach,
'S do mhae-sa theachd air mo thùim—
B'e sin dhomh-s' an seachdamh glùn,
'Thainig air an Dùn ri' m' linn.

'S cha 'n iughadh dhomh-sa bhì erion,
A's mo chiabhaig a bhì liath
'S gach aon diu' le cridhe mòr
Toirt dhomh airgeid a's òir rianbh.

'S gach aon diu' ga m' àrach clùth,
Thuigeadh iad nam gùth nam meur,
'S tha iadsa sàbhailt an diugh,
Anns a bhruth am b'èil iad fein.

'S tha mis' air fuireach sa'n àr,
'S mi cuir a bhlàir mar bha rianbh,
'S mo chridhe 'g osnaich na'n dèigh,
Mar Oislan an dèigh, nam Fianm!

Gu meal thu t-òighreachd, 's do chlàir,
Dheagh Mhic-Dhòmhnuill nan ruin ròidh,
'S gel dh'imich uat t-àr bhean òg
Na biodh ort-sa bròn na dèigh.

'Sa liughad òigh thaitneach gun dì,
Tha eadar Clàr-sgìth a's Mon-ròs
'S ma dha thaobh Arcamb a chùain
Deas a's tuath, thall sa bhòs.

Agus iad nìl' ort an dèigh
Bheireadh dhut iad-féin 's an cnid,
Oighean taitneach nam beul binn,
Nam mèur grinm, 's nam broine buig.

Chaill rìgh Bhreatainn, a's ba bhèud,
A leubaidh féin leug a ghaol
'S o na tharladh sud na chùr,
B'eigin dha bhì seal gu'n manaoil.

Mac-rìgh Sorcha* sgiath nan àrn
Gur h-e b'ainm dha Maighre borb,
Chaill e gheala-bhean mar ghéin,
'S dh'fhuirich e-féin na dèigh brò!

Chaill rìgh na h-Easpailt a bhean,
An ainmhir gheal nigh'n rìgh Greig,
'S gach aon diubh gabbaill a nuil,
'S dh'imich o Fhionn a bhean féin.

On tha'n saoghal-so na cheò,
'S gur doigh dha bhì dol mu'n cuairt;
Bìdh'maid subhaich annam féin
'S beannaich leis gach nì chaidh uainn.

* As Myro, son of the king of Sora,* was one day sailing in his little harque along the Irish coast, he came to a bay, remarkable for its beautiful seclusion. As his eye wandered here and there over every part of the smooth expanse, it at length rested on a group of nymphs desporting them-selves, as they thought unseen, and enjoying the cool of a fine summer's eve among the waters. For a time, he fancied them mermaids, or daughters of the sea, and continued to gaze on them with admiration and awe; but observing, as he drew nearer, that their forms were entirely human, he made all sail to ascertain who they were! On observing his approach, they dared like lightning to conceal themselves in the crevice of an adjoining rock, whither fear and modesty compelled them to seek a hasty retreat. Determined to make captive of the fairest, whosoever she might be, he moored his skiff, and went in pursuit. He soon pounced upon them in their concealment, and carried off the most handsome. Awed with terror, and suffused with tears, she on her knees implored him for liberty,—telling him that her name was "*Faïne-Solais*," i. e. beam of light, and that her father was king of that part of Ireland. Unmoved by her entreaties, he conveyed her to his boat, and bore her off to his own country, where she lived with him for some time, as the partner of his bed. To her, however, Sora was a place of torment,—for the thoughts of kindred and of home embittered every hour of her existence. Goaded to despair, she formed the resolution of attempting her escape, and, having sailed forth one day, as had been her custom, to the beach, she observed Myro's curragh afloat, and no one within view, which she unmoored, and committing herself to the mercy of the elements, nimbly leaped on board. Spreading all sail, and a favourable breeze having sprung up, she was soon driven upon the coast of Scotland, at a spot where Fingal and his attendants were refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the chase. Her eyes beamed with joy as she recognised the hero. After mutual salutations, she informed the king of Morven of what had happened; and, imploring his protection, as her husband was in pursuit, she assured him of her determination to die rather than return. Fingal promised her his aid; but, hardly had her troubled mind composed itself to rest, when the prince of Sora landed in the bay, and demanded his wife from him. The hero, true to his plighted promise, refused. The prince of Sora drew his sword, and menaced defiance.

* The island of Sorcha is frequently mentioned in the poems of Ossian. It is uncertain where it lay, but it seems to have been noted for the cruelty of its inhabitants.—*Dr Smith*.

CUMHA CHOIR'-AN-EASAIN.

Mì 'n diugh a' fàgail na tìre,
'Siubhal na frith air an leath-taobh,
'S e dh'fhàg gun airgeid mo phòca,
Ceann mo stòir bhì fo' na leacan.

'S mì aig bràige 'n alltain riabhaich,
A 'g iarraidh gu beallach na fèatha,
Far am bi damb dearg na cròice,
Mu Fhèill-an-ròid a dol san dàmhair.

'S mì 'g iarraidh gu Coir'-an-easain,
Far a tric a sgapadh fudar,
Far am bi'dh miol-choin ga 'n teirbeirt,
Cuir mac-na-h-èilde gu dhùbhlán.

Coire gu'n easbhuidh gu'n iomrall,
'S tric a bha Raibeart ma d' chomaraich,
Cha n'èil uair a nì mi t-iomradh,
Nach tuit mo chridhe gu troma-chràdh.

Upon which, Gaul, the son of Morni, stepping forth, encountered the stranger. But, valiant as was the arm of Gaul, he had well nigh been overpowered. Oscar, however, the son of Osian, taking advantage of an exception to the Fingalian law, "not to aid either party in single combat with the *right hand*," hurled a dart at the young chief of Sora with his *left*; but which, missing its aim, unhappily pierced *Fàine-Solais* to the heart. Confounded at the sight, Myro became unnerved, and was overpowered and bound by Gaul. *Fàine-Solais* was buried where she fell, and the young chief returned to Sora. The episode concerning the Maid of Craica, in the third book of Fingal, is to be regarded as another version of the same story, though perhaps the following poem, entitled "*Cath Mhaighre mhòir mhic rìgh Sorcha*," is the more correct. There are indeed several editions of this piece, all of which are good, but this, in our judgment, is the best. It furnishes internal evidence of its antiquity.

Là do Fhionn le beagan sluaigh
Aig Eas-ruadh nan cùbha mail,
Chunnacas a' seòladh o'n lear
Curach ceò agus bean ann.

'S b' e sin curach bu mhath gleus
A' ruith na steud air aghaidh cuain,
Clos cha d' rinneadh leis no tàmh
Gus an d' rainig e 'n t-Eas-ruadh.

'S dh' eirich as maise mnà,
B' ionann dealradh dh'i 's do'n ghrèin,
'Sa h-uchd mar chobhar nan tont,
Le fhuch-osnaich trom a clòibh.

Is sheas sìon uil' air an raon,
Na flaithean caoin a's mì fèin;
A bhean a thainig thar lear,
Bha sinn gu leir roimpe seimh.

"S mo chomaraich ort ma 's tu Fionn,"
(S e labhair ruim am maise mnà)
"S i d' ghnùis do'n ànrach a ghrian,
'S i do sgiath ceann-uighe na baigh."

'S a gheug na maise fo dhriùehd bròin,
'S e labhair gu fòil mi fhèin,
Ma 's urra gorm-lannan do dhion,
Bìdh ar cri nach tionn d'an rìir.

"S e sin mise Coir'-an-easan,
Tha mì m' sheasaidh mar a b' àbhaist,
Ma tha thu-sa na t-fhear ealaidh,
Cluinneamaid annas do làimhe."

An àill leat mìs' a rùsgadh ceòil dut,
'S mì 'm shuidhe mar cheò air bealach,
Gu'n spéis aig duine tha beò dhìom,
O'n chaidh an Còirneil fo' thalamh.

Mo chreach! mo thùrsa, 's mo thruaighe!
Ga chuir san uair-s' dhomh an ìre,
Mhuinntir a chunadh rium uaisle,
Bhì'n diugh ann san uaigh ga m' dhi-sa.

Na'n creideadh tu uam a Choire,
Gur h-e doran sud air m' intinn,
'S cuid mhòr a ghabhail mo leisgeil,
Nach urrainn mi seasamh ri seinn dut.

"Measar leam gur tu mac Ruairidh,
Chunna mi mar ris a chòirneal,
'N uair a bha e beò na bheatha
Bu mhianm leis do leathaid na sheòmar.

"Tòrachd a ta orms' air muir,
Laogh is mòr guin air mo lorg,
Mac rìgh Sorcha sgiath nan arm,
Triath d'an ainm am Mhaighre borb."

'S glacam do chomraich a bhean,
Ro an fhear a th'air do thì;
'S a dh' aindeoin a Mhaighre bhuibh,
Bìdh tu am bruth Fhinn aig sìth.

Tha talla nan cìesg aig làimh,
Aite tàmh clanna nam fonn,
Far am faigh an t-annrach bàigh,
A thig thar bhàra nan toin.

'Sìn chunnacas a tighinn' mar steud
Laogh a bha mbeud thar gach fear,
A caitheamh na fàirge gu dian
An taobh cian' a ghabh a bhean.

B' ard a chroinn, bu gheal a shiùil,
Bu mhìre 'n t-ìuil na cobhar sruth;
"Thig a mharcaich nan steud stuadhach
Gu cuilm Fhinn nam buadh an diugh."

Bha chlaidhe trom tòirteil nach gann
Gu teann air a shìos gu rìdh,
Sgiath dhrimneach dhùbh air a leis,
'S e 'g iomaire chleas air a èlè.

Thug Goll mac Morna 'n urchair gheur,
As air an treun do thilg e sleagh;
B' i 'n urchair bu trime beum,
D'a sgèith do rinn sì da bhòidh.

Dh' eirich Oscar 's dh' eirich Goll
Fheireadh losga lòn 's gach catk,
'S dh' eirich iad uile na slòigh
A dh' ambare còmbrag nam flath.

Sin thilg Oscar le làn-fheirg
A chraosach dhearg le lannh ehl,
Do mbarbhadh leis bean an fhir
'S mor an cion do rinneadh l'i.

Thiodhlaicheadh leinn an Eas,
Fàine-Solais bu ghlan lith,
'S chuir sinn air barraibh a meòir,
Fàin oir mar onair gin rìgh.

" Bu lion'ar de mhaithlean na h-Eireann,
Thigeadh gu m' réidhlean le h-ealaidd,
Sheinneadh Ruairidh dall dhomh fáilte,
Bhíodh Mac-Aoidh 's a cháirdean mar ris."

O'n tha thus' a' caoidh nan ármunn,
Leis am b' abbaist bhi ga d' thaghall,
Gu'n seinn mi calaiddh gu'n duais dut,
Ge fada bhuam 's mi gu'n fhradhare.

'S lionmhor caochla teachd sa'n t-suoghal,
Agus aobhar gu bhi dubhach,
Ma sheinneadh san uair sin dut fáilte,
Seinnear an trá so dhut cumha.

" 'S e sin ceòl is binne thruaighe,
Chualas o linn Mhic-Aoidh Dhòmhnuill,
'S fada mhaireas e am ehlusan,
Am fuaim a bh'aig tabhunn do mheòirean.

" Beannachd dhut agus buaidh-làrach,
Ann 's gach àite 'n dean thu seasaidh,
Air son do phuirt bhlasda, dhionach,
Sa ghrian a' teannadh ri feasgar."

'S grianach t-ursainn féin a choir,
'S gun fhéidh a' tearnadh gu d' bhaile,
'S iomadh neach da m' b' fhiach do mholadh,
Do chliath chorrach, bhaidhchar, bhainneach.

Do chlob, do bhorran, do mhilteach,
Do shlios a Chuire gur lionach,
Lubach, luibheach, daite, dìonach,
'S fagach do chuile 's gur iarach.

Tha t-éideadh uil' air dhreach a chanaich,
Cìreìn do mhullaich cha chrannaich,
Far 'm bi' na féidh gu torrach,
'G eiridh faromach ma t-fhíreach.

Sleamhuinn shios-thad do shliochd àraich,
Gu'n an gärt no'n càl mu t-ìosal,
Manngach, màghach, adhach, tearnach,
Graidheach, eraiceach, fradhare frithe.

Neòineineach, gucagach, mealach,
Lònanach, lusanach, imeach,
'S bòrcach do ghorm luachair bhealaich,
Gu'n fhuachd ri doinnion ach cidheach.

Seamragach, seallbhagach, duilleach,
Min-leacach gorm-shicibhteach, gleannach,
Baidhchar, riabhach, riasgach, luideach,
Le 'n diolta cuideachd gun cheannach.

'S cruiteal leam gabhail do bhraighe,
Biolaire t-uisge ma t-innsibh,
Mìodar, màghach, cnochdach càthair,
Gu breac blàth-mhor an uchd min-fheoir.

Gu gormanach, tolmanach, àluinn,
Lochach, lachach, dösach, crai-ghia'ch,
Gadharach, faghaideach, bràidheach,
G-iomain na h-eilde gu nàmhaid.

Bùireineach, dubharach, bruachach,
Fradharcach, cròichd-cheannach, uallach,
Feòirneanach uisge nam fuaran,
Grad ghaisgeant' air ghàsgan cruadhlaich.

Colg-shuileach, fáileanta, biorach,
Spang-shronach, eangladhrach, corrach,
'S an anmoch is meanbh-luath sireadh,
Air mhìre a' dìreadh sa Chòire.

'Sa mhadainn ag èiridh le'r miol-choin,
Gu mùirneach, maiseach, gasda, gnìomhach,
Lubach, leacach, glacach, sgìamhach,
Cracach, cabrach, enagach, fiamhach,

'N am da'n ghréin dol air a h-uilinn,
Gu fuilteach, reubach, glensda, gunnach,
Snapach, àrmach, calgach, ullamh,
Riachach, marbhach, tarbhach, giullach.

'N am dhuinn bhi' tearnadh gu d' réidhlean,
Tinnteach, cainteach, cainneach, céireach,
Fionach, còrnach, ceòlar, teudach,
Ordail, eòlach, 'g òl le réite

Sguiridh mi nis' dhìot a Chuire,
O'n tha mi toilicht' dheth do seanachas,
Sguiridh mise shiubhal t-aonaich,
Gus an tig Mac-Aoidh do dh'Alba

Ach 's e mo dhùrachd dhut a Chuire,
O'n 's mòr mo dhùil ri dol tharad,
O'n tha siun tuisleach sa mhonadh,
B'f'dh'mid a' teannadh gu baile.

ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

ALEXANDER M'DONALD, commonly called *Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*, was born in the beginning of the eighteenth century. His father resided at Dalilea, in Moidart, and was Episcopalian clergyman at Ardnamurchan. He always travelled on foot, there being no roads in that rugged country, in his time, and returned the same day. He was a man of great bodily strength, which his weekly labours and travels required. His strength was, however, sometimes necessarily exerted on other occasions. In his time the people of Moidart and Suainart often met at interments in *Eilean-Fionain*, then the common burying-ground of both districts; and, as was the custom in former ages, consumed an anchor or two of whisky, and then fought. The presence of the clergyman was often required; and it was not seldom that his strength also was exhibited in parting the combatants. His character and prowess were so well-known that few men dared dispute his right as umpire. All were obliged to succumb to the pacificator; but the Suainart men alleged that he generally laid a heavy hand on them, the Moidart men being his own friends and relatives.

The Rev. gentleman had a large family of sons and daughters. The latter all died of the small-pox, after they had families of their own. An anecdote is still related concerning them. The small-pox raged in Moidart when his children were young, and Mr M'Donald removed with them to *Eilean-Fionain*, (not the burying-place but another island farther up in Loch-Sheil,) that they might escape the contagion that proved fatal to so many. And they did then escape. But nothing can more clearly evince our want of foresight and utter incompetency to judge of what is best than the result of the Rev. gentleman's care—that is, even taking it for granted that it was a consequence; for his daughters all died of the very malady from which he had been so anxious to guard them, and that at a time which to superficial thinkers would seem to have rendered the calamity awfully more distressing—when their death left several families of motherless children. The distress, we are but too apt to think, would have been greatly lessened if they had been taken away when their father consulted their safety by flight. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable to our dim vision!

Four of Mr M'Donald's sons lived to a good old age. Angus, the eldest, and his descendants, continued tacksmen of Dalilea for a century. Alexander, the subject of this memoir, was the second. His two younger brothers were settled in Uist as tacksmen.

The CLANRONALD of that day countenanced young men of merit. He wished young Alexander, of whom early hopes were entertained, to be educated for the bar. His father wished him to follow his own profession, and gave him a classical education. But

our poet, like many a wayward genius, followed his own inclination—and disappointed both his chief and his father. His abilities and qualifications fitted him for any calling; yet there seems to be a kind of fatuity attending those who woo the Muses, which often prevents them from adopting the most prudent and advantageous pursuits.

When attending college, it is certain, however, that he did not neglect his studies, as he was a good classical scholar. His genius was not of that kind which too easily indulges in the indolence and inactivity of life. His powers were great; and his energy of mind adequate to any task in which his will inclined him to act. But he was inconsiderate, or improvident. He entered into the married state before he had finished his studies, and soon found it necessary to attend to other avocations.* His marriage gave rise to the vulgar error, that he was intended to have been made a priest; but that, disliking the office, he disqualified himself by that rash step; whereas, he was a protestant of the English church.

As teaching is the usual and most proper occupation of students who must do something towards their own support, the poet, whose studies had been interrupted by his marriage, betook himself to that most useful, but arduous labour. It is said that he was at first teacher to the Society for propagating Christian knowledge.

We find him afterwards parochial schoolmaster of Ardnamurchan, and an elder; consequently a presbyterian. He lived on the farm of Cori-Vullin, at the base of Ben-Shiante, the highest mountain in that part of the country, and adjacent to the noble ruins of Castle Mingarry, a romantic situation on the Sound of Mull, directly opposite to Tobermory, whose rural scenery aided the frequent inspirations of the bard; for, while he wielded the ferula, he neglected not the muses. There many a scene witnessed their delightful amours. He might have devoted more of his time to them than could be well spared from the labours of the farmer, and the duties of the instructor; yet the poet would have his own way, as well as please his own mind. As might have been expected, complaints were preferred against him; and the Presbytery appointed a committee to examine the school. His best friends must have allowed that there was just ground of complaint; yet, the examiners were not inclined to be rigorous. To give a specimen of the progress the scholars were making, the schoolmaster called up a little boy† who had entered the school at the preceding term, and then commenced to learn the alphabet. He read now the Scriptures fluently and intelligibly. The Reverend gentlemen were well pleased with the specimen, and gave a favourable report of the school.

* “He was married to Jane M'Donald, of the family of *Dail-an-eas*, in Glenetive. He composed a song on her, which is not remarkable for tenderness or affection, but cold and artificial, when compared with his lofty and impassioned strains in praise of Mòrag.”—*Memoir prefixed to the Glasgow edition of 1839.*

† Duncan M'Kenzie, Kilchoan, who lived to the great age of ninety-four; and, in 1823, communicated to us this information. He also told us that in the ensuing summer he was taken from school to attend cattle; and that some time thereafter Mr M'Donald left his school and farm and joined the Prince. “Poor man,” added he, “he lost his all.” He also mentioned that the country was in an unsettled state for some time, and that he lost the opportunity of getting any more education.

A bard was, even in our poet's time, a conspicuous character, and that not only as the "man of song:" he was highly esteemed in war and in peace. He was first in council; consulted in all matters of importance as a man of acknowledged talent; as being shrewd, cautious, and intelligent. An anecdote will show the opinion entertained of our bard even in the eighteenth century. One day the clergyman and he met. They went to have a drink, and some conversation. "There is little public news, and what is the private?" enquired the clergyman. "Very little," was the answer. "Have you heard of any thing at all in my parish that is worth relating, or any thing the reverse?" "Nothing." "Then," said the minister, "I have a piece of news for you." "We shall hear it." "Yes; and it is, that one of my elders has got his nurse in the family way." "Is it possible!" "I understand that it is very true." The poet wondered that he had not heard of it. "How can any thing be known in the country, and I ignorant of it?" said he to himself. They parted. The poet felt chagrined: could not get over it. When he went home, he mentioned to Mrs M'Donald the piece of intelligence communicated by the minister, but could not think who the elder was. She smiled, and told him it was himself,—she being in the family way, and nursing.

Of the changes and troubles of the year 1745, our author had his share. He laid down the ferula and took up the sword; abandoned his farm, and lost his all, in a cause which to cool reflection must have appeared hopeless. Prince Charles must have esteemed him as a highly accomplished scholar and a soldier, enthusiastic in his cause, so much attached to his interest, but, above all, as a bard. He was the Tyrtæus of his army. His spirit-stirring and soul-inspiring strains roused and inflamed the breasts of his men. His warlike songs manifested how heartily he enlisted in, and how sanguine he was in the success of the undertaking. He received a commission.

He not only changed his profession, and put all he had on the chance of the Prince's success, but he also changed his religion: he became a Roman Catholic. We need not wonder at this, as he was now among his friends and countrymen of that persuasion,—especially as he was given to changes. He was brought up a member of the Church of England; he was a member of the Church of Scotland when parochial schoolmaster and elder; and he became a member of the Church of Rome among his own clan and relations. The Mull bard, his constant antagonist, hit upon the true cause of his last change when he says:—

"Cha be 'n creideamh ach am brosgul,
Chuir thu ghiulan crois a phàpa."

After the year 1745, the bard and his elder brother, Angus, a man of a diminutive size, but of extraordinary strength,* escaped the pursuit of their enemies, and concealed

* Some good anecdotes are still current in Moidart about this great little man. He is called *Aonghus beag Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*. We deem the following worth preserving:—*Colla bann* M'Donald, of Barasdale, came one day to a ford of the Lochie which he was meaning to cross, and found Angus sitting on a stone taking off his shoes and stockings preparatory to going over also. The river was considerably swollen at the time, and Barasdale, who was a strong and tall man, accented Angus as follows:—"My little fellow, keep on your shoes and stockings, as they

themselves in the wood and caves of Kinloch-na-nua, above Borradaile, in the district of Arisaig. Their local knowledge of the country, and the care and attention of friends, enabled them to elude all search, surmount difficulties, and endure privations to which many fell a sacrifice.

A well-authenticated anecdote of the poet and his brother demonstrate the courage of the soldier and the spirit of the times. One day, as they were removing from one place of concealment to another, Angus, observing that his brother's hair was grey, (the side of his head next the ground, cold and frozen, became quite grey the night before,) contemptuously declared him an old man. "I should not wonder," replied Alexander, "were it not a dwarf that called me 'a poor old man.'" Angus, turning instantly round, dared him to repeat his words. They were in imminent danger. The least noise or indication of persons concealing themselves might have betrayed the place of concealment, and it would not have been safe for them to remain any longer in that part of the country. Regardless of the situation and critical circumstances, the poet could not pass over an occasion of cracking a joke, and the spirit of the manikin was too high to suffer any contempt. The fear, however, of provoking the resentment of the redoubtable hero, made the bard observe silence.

After this eventful period, Alexander M'Donald lived poor. He was invited to Edinburgh by Jacobitical friends, residing in the metropolis, to take charge of the education of their children, and where he had a better opportunity of finishing the education of his own. From Edinburgh he returned to the Highlands, being disappointed of the expected encouragement, and took up his residence in Moidart. He and Mr Harrison, the priest, lived not on the best terms, and therefore he removed to Knoydart, and resided at Inveraoi.* He latterly returned into Arisaig, and resided at Sandaig till his death.

will make you wade the better, and make baste come over with me and keep in my wake ; I will break the force of the stream, which will enable you to get over with the greater ease." Angus knew him, and thanked him for his goodness ; he did also as he was bidden. When they were in the most rapid part of the stream, Barasdale was like to be overpowered by the current, and was for returning ; which Angus dared him on his peril to do ; and, placing himself between Coll and the stream, dragged him by sheer force to the other side. Then said Angus to him, " You called me 'little fellow' on the opposite side of the water ; who, think you, might with greater propriety be called 'little fellow' on this side ? Take advice : Never call any man *little* till you have proved him ; and always try to form your estimate of a man's character by something more substantial than mere appearance. Remember, also, great as you are, that had it not been for a greater man than yourself you might have been meat for all the eels in the Lochie."

* He composed a number of songs after this : and one of them, entitled "*Ionraich Alasdair á Eigneig do dh' Inner-aoidh*," displaying curious traits of the irritable and discontented temper that embittered his life when in *Eigneig*. While there, he represents all things, animate and inanimate, rocks and thorns, thistles and wasps, ghosts and hobgoblins, combining to torment and persecute him. He speaks of Mr Harrison as follows :—

" Am fear
Dheanadh as-caoin-eaglais chruaidh orm,
Mu'n cluinneadh a chluais tri chasaid." *

On the other hand, he represents *Inveraoi*, in Knoydart, a place like paradise,—full of all good things, blooming with roses and lilies, and flowing with milk and honey,—free of *ghosts, hobgoblins, and venomous reptiles*. How long he remained in this rocky paradise is not known ; but he appears to have lived some time in Morror, as he composed a very elegant song in praise of that country.

* For this song see the Glasgow edition of 1839, page 88.

He died at a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers in *Eilean-Fionain*, in Loch-Sheil.

Like most men of genius, who make some noise in the world, *Mac-Mhaighstir Alasdair* has been much lauded on the one side by the party whose cause he espoused, and as much vilified, and, in some instances, falsified, by the other party. Mr Reid, in his book, "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*," seems to have had his information from the last mentioned source. We have taken our account of him from undoubted authorities. We have seen individuals who knew and were intimate with him; and have been acquainted with many of his relatives, and some of his descendants. Let us now proceed to his works. The first given to the public was his "*Gaelic and English Vocabulary*," published under the patronage of the Society for propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland,—a work of acknowledged merit and great usefulness in the schools, and which is very creditable to the author. It appeared in 1741, and was the first Vocabulary or Dictionary of the language ever published in a separate form. It is not alphabetically arranged, but divided into subjects. His poems were first published at Edinburgh, in 1751, and but for their being in Gaelic must certainly have brought on their author the vengeance of the law agents of the crown, for it is scarcely possible to conceive of language more violent and rebellious than that of many of his pieces. The longest and most extraordinary of his poetical productions is his "*Birlinn Chlainn Raonuill*." "He has in his '*Birlinn*,'" says Mr Reid, "presented us with a specimen of poetry which, for subject matter, language, harmony, and strength, is almost unequalled in any language." He must have had the greatest command of the Gaelic language to have composed on a subject that would exhaust the vocables of the most copious.

From 1725 to 1745 he composed his descriptive poems, &c. "*Alt-an t-Siucair*" is an ignoble stream passing between the farm he occupied and the next to it, which he immortalizes in flowing strains. As a descriptive poem, it is perhaps unequalled by any in the language. Every object which the scene affords is brought to bear upon, and harmonize with, and give effect to the picture with a skill and an adaptation which bespeak the master-mind of the artist. Nowhere does poetry seem more nearly allied to painting than in this admirable production of our bard. His "*Oran an t-Samhraidh*," or "*O le to Summer*," in which he is said to be delightfully redundant in epithets, like the season in its productions which he describes, he composed at Glencribisdale, situated on the south side of Loch-Suainart, in the parish of Morven. He came there on a visit the last day of April; and rising early next morning, and viewing the picturesque scenes around, was powerfully impressed with the varied beauties of nature, displayed in such ample profusion. His "*Ode to Winter*" is longer, and indicative of even greater powers of genius. The reason why this poem is not so popular as the forementioned is probably because it contains so many recondite terms and allusions. If it were as generally understood it would doubtless be as well appreciated. It was composed in Ardnamurchan, as well as many others in which scenes and events have been described which enable us to point out the locality and relate the circumstances that gave occasion to them. But

after leaving Ardnamurchan, a subject presented itself that required all his energy, exertion, and enthusiasm,—and he was not wanting in either of them. His powers, both bodily and mental, were roused to action. His soul was fired with the prospect in view. He invoked the Muse, and she was auspicious. The few that remain of his Jacobite poems and songs are known to excel all other productions of this mighty son of song. The “Lion’s Eulogy” breathes Mars throughout: so does the Jacobite song, sung to the tune of “*Waulking o’ the Fauld*,” beginning “*A chomuin rioghail rùnaich*.” The song entitled “*An Breacan Uallach*” is equally spirited and warlike.

We have good authority for saying that a tenth of these poems and songs have not been given to the world. His son Ronald had them all in manuscript; but having published a collection of Gaelic poetry, and not meeting with much encouragement for a second volume, he allowed his MS. to be destroyed. Dr. M’Eachen, a friend and connexion, had the mortification of seeing leaves of them used for various purposes through the house.

Mr M’Donald could bear no rival. He often selected indifferent subjects to try his own powers. For instance, “The Dairy Maid,” and “The Sugar Brook.” But, while as a poet he merits the highest praise, he is not to be excused for his immoral pieces, which of course are excluded from the “*BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY*.”

MOLADH AIR AN T-SEANA CHANAIN GHIAELACH.

Gur h-i ‘s crìoch àraid
Do gach eanant fo’n ghréin,
Gu ar smuaintean fhàsmbhor
A phàirteachadh r’a chéil;
Ar n’ inntinnean a rùsgadh,
Agus rùn ar crì,
Le ‘r gnìomh, ‘s le ‘r giùlan,
Sùrd chuir air ar dùil,
‘S gu laoidh ar beoil
A dh’iobradh Dhia nan dùil,
‘S e h-ard chrìochn mhòr,
Go bì toirt dèsan cliù.
‘S e’n duine féin,
‘S aon chreutair reusant aon,
Gu’n tug toil Dé dh’a,
Gibht le lèul bhì eanint:
Gu’n chum e so,
O’n-uile bhrùid gu léir;
O ghibht mhòr phrìseil-s’
Dhealbh na iomhaidh féin!
Na’m beirte balbh e,
‘S a theanga marbh na cheann,
B’i n targein shearbh e,
B’ fhearr bhì marbh no ann.

‘S ge h-ìomadh cànan,
O linn Bhabel fhuair
A’sìochd sin Adhamh,
‘S i Ghàellig a thug buaidh.
Do’n labhradh dhàicheil,
An t-urram àrd gun tuairms’,
Gun mheang, gun fhàilinn,
Is urrainn càch a lèugh.
Bha Ghàellig, ullamh,
Na glòir fìor ghuineach cruaidh,
Air feadh a clàruinne
Ma’n thuillech an Tuil-ruadh.
Mhair i fòs,
‘S cha t’éid a glòir air chall
Dh’ain-deoin gò,
A’s mì-rùn mhòr nan Gàil.
‘S i labhair Alba,
‘S Galla-bhodaiche féin;
Ar flath, ar priunnsa,
‘S ar diùcannan gun éis.
An taigh-comhairl’ an rìgh,
‘Nuair shùidheadh air beinn’ a chluist,
‘S i Ghàellig liobhta,
‘Dh’ fhuasgladh snaim gach càis.

'S i labhair Calum
Allail! a chinn-mhòir,
Gach mith, a's maith,
Bha 'n Alba beag a's mòr.

'S i labhair Gaill, a's Gàil,
Neo-chleirich, a's clèir
Gach fear a's bean,
A ghluaisleadh teang' am béul.
'S i labhair Adhamh,
Ann a Pàrrais féin,
'S bu shiubhlach Gàilig
O bheul àluinn Eubh'.
Och tha bhuil ann!
'S uireasach gann fo dhùith,
Glòir gach teanga
A labhras cainnt seach i.
Tha Laideann coimhliont',
Toirteach, teann nì's leoir;
Ach sgalach thràilleil e
Do'n Ghàilig chòir,
Sa'n Athen mhoir,
Bha Ghrèuguis còr na tìne,
Ach b'ion d' i h-òrdag
Chuir fo h-òr ehrios grinn.
'S ge min, slàn, bòidheach,
Cuirteil, rò bhog liobht',
An Fhraingeis lòghmhor,
Am pàilis mòr gach rìgh;
Ma thagras càch orr',
Pairt d'an ainbhfeich' féin,
'S ro bheag a dh' fhàgas
Iad de dh-àgh na cré.

'S i 'n aon chànan
Am beul nam bàrd 's nan éisg,
'S fearr gu càineadh,
O linn Bhabel féin.
'S i's fearr gu moladh
'S a's torrunnaiche gleus,
Gu rann no laoidh,
A tharruinn gaoth tro' bheul.
'S 's fearr gu comhairl',
'S gu gnòdhach chuir gu feum,
Na aon teang' Eòrpach, a
Dh' ain-deoin bòsd nan Greug.
'S 's fearr gu rosg,
'S air chosabh a chuir dhuan;
'S ri cruaidh uchd cosgair,
Bhrosnachadh an t-sluaigh.
Ma chionneamh bàr,
'S i 's tabhachdaich bheir buaidh,
Gu toirt a bhàis
Do 'n eucoir dhàicheil, chruaidh.
Cainnt laidir, ruithteach,
Is neo-liotach fuaim;
'S i seadhail, shiochdmhor,
Brìg-ghloireach, mall, luath.

Cha'n fheum i iasad,
'S cha mhò dh'iarrais bhuath';
O 'n t-sean mhatbair chiatach,
Lan do chiadamh buaidh!
Tha i-féin daonnan,
Saibhir, maoinach, slàn;
A taighean taisge.
Dh'fhaclan gasda làn.
A chànan, sgapach,
Thapaidh, bhlasda, ghrinn!
Thig le tartar,
Neartmhor, o beul cinn.
An labhairt shiolmhor,
Lionmhor, 's milteach buaidh.
Sultmhor, brìghor,
Fhìr-ghlan, chaidh nach truail!
B' i' n teanga mhìlis,
Bhinn-fhaclach 's an dàn;
Gu spreigeil, tioram,
Ioraltach, 's i làn
A chànan cheòlmhor,
Shòghmhor, 's glòrmhor blas,
A labhair mòr-shliochd
Scòta 's Ghàil ghlais.
'S air reir Mhic-Comb,
An t-ùghdar mòr ri luaigh!
'S i's freumbach òir,
'S ciad Ghràmair glòir gach sluaigh!

MOLADH MORAIG.

AIR FONS—"Piobaireachd."

Urlar.

'S truagh gun mì 's a' choill
'N uair bha Mòrag ann,
Thilgeamaid na croinn
Co bu bhòich' againn?
Inghean a chùil duinn,
Air am beil a linn,
Bhi'maid air ar broinn
Feadh na ròsan; a
Bhreugamaid sinn-fhìn,
Mireag air ar blion,
A buain shobhrach min-bhuì
Nan còsagan;
Theannamaid ri strì
'S thaghlamaid san fhrith
'S chailleamaid sinn fhìn
Feadh nan sròieagan.

Suil mar ghòrm-dheare trìùchd
Ann an ceò-mhadainn;
Deirg' is gil' na d' ghnùis
Mar bhà òirseidin.

Shuas cho mìn ri plùr :
 Shìos garbh mo chulaidh-chiùil ;
 Grian nam planad cùrs,
 A measg òigheannan ;
 Reulla ghlan gun smùir
 Measg nan rionnag-iùil ;
 Sgathan mais' air flùra
 Na bòichid thu ;
 Ailleagan glan ùr,
 A dhallas ruisg gu'n cùl ;
 Ma's ann de chriaghaich thù
 'S aobhar mòr-ionghnaidh.

O'n thainig gnè de thùr
 O m' aois òige dhombh,
 Nir facas creutair dhiù,
 Ba cho glòrmhoire ;
 Bha Malli dearbha caoin,
 'S a gruaidh air dheach nan caor ;
 Ach caochlaidheach mar ghaoith,
 'S i ro òranach ;
 Bha Pegi fad an aois,
 Mar be sin b'i mo ghaol ;
 Bha Marsaill fir aodrum,
 Làn neònachais ;
 Bha Lili taitin rium,
 Mar be a ruisg bhì fionn ;
 Ach cha ba shà buirn-ionnuid,
 Do'n Mhòraig-s' iad.

Siubhal.

O ! 's coma leam, 's coma leam,
 Uil' iad ach Mòrag ;
 Ribhinn dheas chulach
 Gun nireasbbuidh foghlum ;
 Cha'n fhaighear a siunnailt,
 Air mhaise no bhuanailt,
 No'm beusan neo-chumant',
 Am Muile no'n Leogas.
 Gu geamnuidh, deas furanach,
 Duineil gun mhòr-chuis ;
 Air thaghadh na cumachd,
 O mullach gu brògan ;
 A neul tha neo-churaidh,
 'S a h-aghaidh ro lurach ;
 Go brìodalach, cuireideach,
 Urramach, seòlta.

O guill-gag ! guill-gag !
 Guill-gag Mòrag !
 Aice ta chulaidh
 Cu cuireadh nan òigear ;
 B' é'n t-aighear 'sa sulas,
 Bhì sìnte ri t-nlaidh,
 Seach daonnan bhì fuireach
 Ri munaran pòsaidh.
 D'am phianadh, 's d'am ruagadh
 Le buaireadh na feola ;
 Le aisingean-connain
 Na colla d' am leonadh ;

'Nuair chidh mì ma m' choinneamh,
 A ciochan le coinnell,
 Thèid m'aigneadh air bhoile,
 'S na theine dearg sòlais.

O fair-a-gan ! fair-a-gan !
 Fair-a-gan ! Mòrag !
 Aice ta chroiteag
 Is *toite* san Eorpa ;
 A ciochan geal criostoil,
 Na faice' tu stoit' iad,
 Gu'n tairneadh gu beag-nair',
 Ceann-eaglais na Ròimhe.
 Air bhuigead 's air ghilead,
 Mar lili nan lòintean ;
 'Nuair dheana tu'n dinneadh
 Gu'n cinneadh tu deonach ;
 An deirgead, an grinnead ;
 Am minead, 's an teinnead ;
 Gu'm b'àsainn chur spionnaidh,
 Agus spioraid an feoil iad.

Urlar.

Thogamaid ar fonn,
 Anns an òg-mhadainn ;
 'S *Phabus* dath na'n tonn,
 Air fiamh òreusin ;
 Fa'r céill cha bhiodh conn,
 Ar sga' dhoir' a's thom,
 Sinn air daradh trom
 Le'r cuid gòr-aileis ;
 Direach mar gu'm biodh
 Maoiseach's boc a frith,
 Crom-ruaig a chéile dìon
 Timcheall òganau ;
 Chaillenauid ar cli
 A' gàireachdaich lìon-fhìn,
 Le bras mhacnas dian sin
 Na h-ògalachd.

Siubhal.

O dastram ! dastram !
 Dastram, Mòrag !
 Ribhinn bhuidh bhastalach,
 Leac-ruiteach ròsach ;
 A gruaidhean air lasadh,
 Mar lasair-chlach dhaite,
 'S a deud mar an sneachda,
 Cruinn-shnait' an dlù òrdugh.
 Ri *Bhenus* cho tlachdmhor,
 An taitneachdainn fheol'or ;
 Ri *Dido* cho maiseach,
 Cho' snasmhor 's cho còrr rì ;
 'S e thionnsgan dhombh caitheamh,
 'S a laodaich mo rathan,
 A bhallag ghrinn laghach,
 Chuir na gathan-sa n'fheol-sa.
 'S mar bìthinn fo ghlasaibh,
 Cruaidh phaisgte le pòsaidh,

Dh'ìobrainn cridhe mo phearsa,
 Air an altair so Mòrag,
 Gu'n liubhrainn gun aìrsneul,
 Ag stòlaibh a càs e ;
 'S mar gabhadh i tlachd dhìom,
 Cha b' fhada sin beò mi.
 O 'n t-urram ! an t-urram !
 An t-urram ! do Mhòraig !
 Cha nìor nach do chuir i ;
 M'fhuil uil' as a h-òrdugh ;
 Gu'n d'rug orradh ceum-tuislidh,
 Fo ionachd mo chuislean,
 Le teas agus murtachd,
 O mboch-thra Di-dòmhaich.

'S tu reulla nan eailin,
 Làn laimhir gun cheò ort ;
 Fìor chomhnart gun charraid,
 Gun arral, gun bheòlam ;
 Cho mìn ri clòidh-eala,
 'S cho geal ris a ghaillionn ;
 Do sheang shlios sèamh fallain,
 Thug barrachd air mòran.
 'S tu ban-rìgh nan ainuir,
 Cha sgallais an còmhradh ;
 Ard foinnidh na d' ghallan,
 Gun bhaileart, gun mhèr-chuis ;
 Tha thu coimhliont' na d' bhallabh,
 Gu h-innsineach athlamh ;
 Caoin, meachair, farasd,
 Gun fharum, gun ròpal.

Urlar.

B'fhearr gu bithinn sgaoilt'
 As na còrdamhsa,
 Thug mi tuille gaoil
 A's bu choir dhomh dhut ;
 Gu 'n tig fa dhaine taom,
 Gu droch ghriomh bhios clao,
 Cuireadh e cruaidh-shuicim
 Air o'n ghòraich sin ;
 Ach thug i so mo chiall,
 Uile bhuam gu trian ;
 Cha'n fhaca mi rianh
 Siunnailt Mòraig-sa,
 Ghoid i bhuam mo chri,
 'S shlad i bhuam mo ehlì,
 'S eniridh i 'san chill,
 Fo na fòdaibh mì.

Siubhal.

Mo cheist agus m'ullaidh
 De'n chumhaic mi d' sheòrs thu,
 Le d' bhròilleach geal-thuraid,
 Nam mullaichean bòidheach ;
 Cha'n fhaigh mi de dh'fhuas,
 Na nì mionaid uat fuireach,
 Ge d' tha buarach na dùnach

D'am chumail o d' phòsadh.
 Do bheil mar an t-sirist,
 'S e mìlis ri phògadh,
 Cho dearg ri *bnermillian*,
 Mar bhileagan ròsan ;
 Gu'n d'rinn thu mo mhilleadh,
 Le d' *Chupid* d'am bhioradh,
 'S le d'shaighdan caol, biorach,
 A rinn ciorram fa m' chòta.

Tha mi lan maulaid,
 O'n chunnaig mi Mòrag,
 Cho trom ri clach-mhuilinn,
 Air lunnan d'a seòladh ;
 Mac-samhail na cruinneig,
 Cba'n eil anns a chruinne ;
 Mo chri air a ghuin leat,
 O'n chuuna' mi t-òr-chul
 Na shlamagan bachallach.
 Casarlach, còrnach ;
 Gu faineagach, cleachdagach,
 Dreach-lubach, glòrmhor ;
 Na reullagan cearclach ;
 Mar usgraicean dreachmhor,
 Le fudar san fhasan
 Grian-lasda, ciabh òr-bhuidh.

Do shlios mar an canach ;
 Mar chaïneal do phògan ;
 Rì *Phoenix* cho aineamh ;
 'S glau laimhir do chòta ;
 Gu mùirinneach banail,
 Gun àrdan gun stamart ;
 'S i corr ann an ceanal,
 Gun ainis gun fhòtus.
 Na faiete mo leannan
 'S a mhath-shluagh di-dònaich,
 B'i coltas an aingeal,
 Na h-carradh's na comhradh ;
 A pearsa gun talach
 Air a gibhtean tha barrachd ;
 A'n, 'Tì dh' fhàg thu gun aineamh,
 A rinn do thalamh rud bòidheach.

Urlar.

Tha 'n saoghal lan de smointeanan feolar,
 Mamon bi'dh 'g ar claoanadh
 Le ghoisnichean ;
 A chulatan bheir oir'n gaol
 Ghabhail gu ro fhaoin,
 Air striopachas, air craos,
 Agus stròthalachd ;
 Ach cha do chreid mi rianh
 Gu'n do sheas air shlabh,
 Aon te bha cho ciatach
 Rì Mòraig-sa ;
 A subhailcean 's a ciadh,
 Mar gu'm biodh ban-dia.
 Leagh an crì am chliamh
 Le cuid òrrachan.

Sinbhal.

Ar comhairle na ceilbh orm.
Cìod eile their no mi ni ?
Ma'n ribhinn bu tearc ceileireadh,
A sheinneadh air an fhìldeig :
Cha'n fhaighear à lethid eile so,
Air tìr-mor no 'n eileanan ;
Cho iomlan, 's cho eireachdail,
Cho teiridneach, 's cho bìogail,
'S ni cinnteach gur ni deireasach
Mar ceileir so air Sìne,
Mi thuiteam an gaol leath-phairteach,
'S mo cherenion ga'm dhìobhail ;
Cha'n eil do bhàrn a Seile sid,
No shneachd an Cruachan eideach
Na bheir aon fhionnachd eiridneach
Do'n teine th'ann am innsin.

'Nuair chuala mi ceol leadanach
An fheadain a bh'aig Mòrag,
Rinn m'aigheadh damhsa' bendarach,
'S e freagra dha le sòlas :
Sèamh ùrlar, sochrach, leadarra
A puirt, 's a meoir a breabadaich ;
B'e sid an òr-fhead eagarra,
Do bheus nan creaga' mòra,
Ochòin ! am feadan baill-eughach,
Cruaidh sgall-eughach, glan eolmher,
Nam binn-phort stuirteil, trileanta,
Ri min-dhionachd, bog rò-chaoin ;
A mársal combuad staidheil sin,
'S e lùghmhor grasmhor caiseannachd ;
Fior chrunluath, brìg, spalpara,
Fa clia-lù na bras-chaoin sporsail.

Chinn pois, is stuirte, a's spraechealachd,
Am ghuais 'n nair bheachdaich giùnag,
A seinn an fheadain ioraltaich,
B'ard iolach ann am chluasan ;
A snain-cheol, sìthe mìr-anach ;
Mear stoirmeil, pongail, mionaideach ;
Na b' fhoirmeile nach sireamaid,
Air mhirid ri h-uchd tuasaid.
O'n buille meoir bu lomarra,
Gu pronnadh a phuirt uainbrich !
'S ua h-uilt bu lùghmhor cromainean
Air thollaibh a chroinn bhuaibh !
Gun slaod-mheoirich, gun ronnaireachd,
Brìg, tioram, sochdair, colnideach ;
Geal-lùdag nan gearra-cholluinnean,
Na craplù, loinneil, guanaich !

Urlar.

Chasgamaid ar n-ìot
Le glan fhion an sin,
'S bhualamaid gu dian
Air glòir shiombalta :
Tuille cha bhiodh ann,
Gus an tigeadh àm,

A bhì cluich air dèam,
Air na tiodhan sin :
Dh'òlainaid ar dràm,
Dh'fhògradh naum gun tuing,
Gach nì chuireadh maill
Air bhì mìog-chuiseach ;
Maighdean nan eiaibh fann,
Sbriamhanach nan clann :
Mala chaol, dhonn, cham,
Channach, fainealta.

An crunbath.

Mo cheann tha lùn de sheilleanaibh
O dheilich mi ri d'bhriodail ;
Mo shròn tha stoip' á dh-*deòr*
Na deil, le teine dimbis ;
Mo shuilean tha cho deireasach,
Nach faic mi gnè gun *telescop*,
'S ge d'bhiodh mendach beinn' ann,
'S ann theirinn gur h-e frid i.
Dh'fhalbh mo chendfaidh còrpora
Gu docharach le brudar,
'N nair shaoil mi fortan thor chairt domh,
'S m'inn thorroichim air mo chluasaig :
Air dùsgadh as a chaitream sin
Cha d'fhuair mi ach aon thailas d'i,
An ionad na maoin bearraideach
A mheal mi gu seachd uairean.

Ach, cìod thug mi gu glan fhaireachadh,
Ach carachadh rinn cluanag :
'S co so, o thus, bha Mòrag ann,
Ach Sìne an br-fhuilte chualaich ;
'Nuair thùr i gu'n do lagaich mi,
'S gu feumainn rag chuir stalcaidh ann,
Gu'n d'riinn i draoidheachd-chadail domh,
Rinn cruaidh fìor rag de m luaidhe.
Bha cleasachd-sa cho innealta,
'S cho innleachdach ma'n cuairt d'i,
Nach faodainn fhin thaobh sì-mhaltachd,
Gun dlighe crìon thoirt uam dà'i ;
Gu'n thiunnadaidh mi gu h-òrdail r'i ;
'S gu'n shaoil mi gu'm b'i Mòrag i ;
Gun d' aisig mi mo phogan dù,
'S cha robh d'a coir dao uaipe.

Note.—This is one of the finest productions of the Celtic muse. The bard appears to have been really enamoured, and he pours forth his elegant, rapid, and impassioned strains in a torrent of poetry which has never been equalled by any of his contemporaries. Mòrag was a common country girl; and it is said that the poet's wife became jealous of her rival. The bard had talked of the marriage ties with the greatest contempt, and regretted that he was fettered with the bonds of wedlock. This raised a storm, and the bard sacrificed the mistress to appease the wife, and composed his "*Mì-mholadh*." Here is an instance of his disregard to truth and common decency, as well as of moral and poetical justice. As the praise was exaggerated and extravagant, the censure was cruel, unmanly, and undeserved. He first raised the object of his admiration to the skies, with the

most hyperbolic praise—and then, without any provocation, he suddenly wheels round and overwhelms his goddess with the most slanderous, foul-mouthed and unfeeling abuse. His “*Mhìtheadh Mòraig*” is printed in the *Glasgow complete edition of his works of 1839*.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

AIR FÒNN—“*Through the wood, laddie.*”

AN dèis dhomh dùsgadh 's a'mhadainn,
'S an dealt air a' chòill,
Ann a madainn ro shoilleir,
Ann a lagan beag doilleir,
Gu'n cualas am feadan
Gu leadurra seinn;
'S mac-talla nan creagan
D'a fhreagairt bròn bhinn.*

Bì'dh am beithe deagh-bholtrach,
Uraile dosrach nan càrn,
Ri maoth-bhlàs driùchd còitean,
Mar ri caoin-dhearsadh gréine,
Brùchdadh barraich tro gheugan,
'S an mhios cheutach sa Mhàigh:
Am mìos breac-laoghach, buailteach;
Bhainneach, bhuaghach, gu dàir!

Bì'dh gach doire ùl uaignidh
'S trusgan uain' ump a' fas;
Bì'dh an snotach a' dìreadh
As gach friamhach a's isle,
Tro 'na cuislinnean sniomhain,
Gu miadachadh blà;
Cuach, a's smèorach 's an fheasgar,
Seinn a leadain 'n am bàrr.

* We have heard it broadly asserted, that the commencing stanza of this song is a mere translation of the first stanza of a certain song in “*Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany*.” That there is a general similarity between these two stanzas, is admitted at once; and that M'Donald may have seen the “*Miscellany*,” and also read the stanza in question, is likewise conceded. But that the similarity between the two is such as to warrant the conclusion that *he must have seen it*, we cannot allow. As to its being a translation, if our opinion were asked, we would say at once “*It is not*.” But we subjoin the lines from the “*Miscellany*,” that the reader may have the better opportunity of judging:—

“As early I wak'd,
On the first of sweet May,
Beneath a steep mountain,
Beside a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute
Soft melody play,
Whilst the echo resounded
The delicious lay.”

Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, Vol. I.

A mìos breac-nigheach, braonach,
Creamhach, maoth-rosach, àidh!
Chuireas sgeadas neo-thruaillidh,
Air gach àite d'a dhuachneachd;
A dh'fhogras sneachd le chuid fuachd,
O gheur-ghruaim nam beann àrd;
'S aig meud eagail roi *Phæbus*,
Theid's na speuraibh 'na snàil.

A mìos lusanach, mealach,
Feurach, faileanach, blàth;
'S e gu gucagach, duilleach,
Luachrach, ditheanach, lurach,
Beachach, seilleanach, dearcach,
Ciurach, dealltach, trom, thà;
'S i mar chuirnean dainein,
Bhratach bhoisgeil air làr!
'S moch bhios *Phæbus* ag òradh
Ceap nam mòr-cruach 's nam beann;
'S bì'dh 'san nair sin le sòlas,
Gach eun binn-fhaclach boidheach.
Ceumadh meur-buillean ceòlar,
Feadh phres, ògan, a's ghleann;
A chorruil chuirteach gun sgreadan,
Aig pòr is beadarraich greann!

'S an am tighinn do'n fheasgar,
Co-fheasgradh aon am,
Ni iad co'-sheirm, shéimh, fhallain,
Gu bileach, binn-ghobach, allail,
A seinn gu lù-chleasach daigheann
A measg ur-mheaghain nan crann;
'S iad fèin a beucail gu foirmeil,
Le toirm nan òrgan gun mheang.

Bì'dh gach creutair do laigid
Dol le suigear do'n choill;
Bì'dh an dreadhar gu balcann,
Foirmeil, talcorra, bagant',
Sir chuir fàilt air a mhadainn,
Le rifeid mhaisich, bhuig, bhiun;
Agus *Robin* d'a bheusadh
Air a ghéig os a chinn.

Gur glan gall-fheadan *Rì. har I*
A seinn na'n cuislinnin grinn,
Am bàrr nam bìlichean blàthor,
'S an dōs na lom-dharag àrda,
Bhiodh 's na glacagan fàisach
As cubhraidh faile na'm fion;
Le phuirt thriolanta shiubhlach
Phronnair lùghor le dìon.

Sid na puirt a's glan gearradh,
'S a's ro ealanda roinn;
Chuireadh m'inntinn gu beadradh,
Clia-lù t-fheadain na'n eadradh,

'N am do'n chrodh bhi g'an leigeadh,
An innis bheitir's a' choill;
'S tu d' leig air baideil ri cionthar,
An grianan aon-chasach croinn.

Bi'dh bradan seang-mhear an fhior-uisg',
Gu brisg, slinn-leumnach, luath;
Nam bhuidhnean tarra-ghealach, lannach,
Gu h-iteach, dearg-bhallach, earrach,
Le shoillsean airgeid d'a earradh,
'S mìn-bbreac lannireach tuar;
'S e-féin gu crom-ghobach ullamh,
Ceapadh chuileag le cluain.

A bhealltuinn bhog-bhaileach, ghrianach,
Lònach, lianach, mo ghraidh,
Bhainneach, fhionn-mheagach, uachdrach,
Omhanach, loinideach, chuachach,
Ghruthach, shlamanach, mhiosrach,
Mhiodrach, mhiosganach làn,
Uanach, mheannanach, mhaoiniach,
Bhocach, mhaoiseach, làn àil!

O! 's fìor éibhinn r'a chluinntinn,
Fann-gheum laoigh anns a chrò
Gu h-ùral, min-bhallach, àluinn;
Druim-fhionn, gearr-fhionnuch, fàili,
Ceann-fhionn, colg-rasgach, cluas-dearg,
Tarra-gheal, guaineiseach, òg,
Gu mògach, bog-ladhrach, fàsor,
'S e leum ri bàraich nam bò!

A shòbhrach gheala-bhuì' nam bruachag,
Gur fanna-gheal, snuaghar, do ghnùis!
Chinneas badanach, cluasach,
Maoth-mhìn, baganta luaineach;
Gur tu ròs is fearr cruadal
A ni gluasad a h-ùir;
Bi'dh tu t-eideadh as t-earrach
'S e' ch ri falach an sùl.

'S eùraidh fàileadh do mhuineil,
A chrios-Cho-chulainn nan càrn!
Na d' chruinn bhàbaidean riabhaich,
Lòineach, fhad-luirgneach, sgiamhach,
Na d'thuim ghiobagach, dreach-mhìn,
Bharr-bhuidh, chasurlaich, àird;
Timcheall thulmanan diambair
Ma'm bì'm biadh-ianain a f.s.

'S gu'm bì froineisean boisgeil
A thilgeas foineal ni's leoir,
Ar gach lù-ghart de neoinein,
'S do bharraibh sheamragan lònhar;
Mar sin is leasachan soilleir,
De dh-fheada-coille nan còs,
Timcheall bhoganan loinneal,
A's tric an eilid d'an còir.

'Nis treigidh coileach á ghuac,
'S caitean brucach nan craobh,
'S théid gu mullach nan sliabh-chnuoc',
Le chire ghearr-ghobaich riabhaich,
'S bi'dh'ga suiridh gu cùrteil
Am pillein cùl-gorma fraoich:
'S ise freagra le tùchan:—
“ Pì-hù-hù tha thu faoin.”

A choilich chraobhaich nan gearr-sgiath,
'S na falluine dùl,
Tha dubh a's geal air am mìosgadh,
Go ro oirdheire na t-ìtich;
Muineal lannireach, sgipi,
Uaine, slis-mhìn, 's tric crom!
Gob na'n pongannan milis
Nach faict' a sìleadh nan ronn!

Sid an turaraich ghlan, loinneal,
A's ard coileag air tom,
'S iad ri bù-rà-rùs seamh, ecùtach
Ann a feasgar bog céitean;
Am bannal geal-sgirteach, uchd-ruadh;
Mala ruiteach, chaol, chrom;
'S iad gu h-uchd-ardach, earra-gheal,
Ghrian-dhearsgnaidh, dhruim-dhonn.

Note.—The poet here uses a redundancy of adjectives, epithets and alliterations, with more pedantry than becomes pastoral poetry; but, with all its faults, the poem contains many beautiful passages. The address to the primrose is peculiarly elegant and happy—the description of the love of the grouse is also very good—and the address to the black cock is lively and graphic, though it ends with an unlucky and far-fetched conceit.

ORAN A GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR Fonn—"Tweedside."

Tharruinn grian rìgh nam planad 's nan rèull,
Gu sign Chancer di-ciadain gu beachd,
A riaghas cothrom ma'n crìochnaich e thrìall,
Da mhios-déug na bliadhna ma seach;
Ach gur h-e 'n dara, di sathuinn' na dhéigh,
A ghrian-stad-shamraidh, aon-déug, an là's fàid;
'S a sin tiuntaidh e chùrsa gu seimh,
Gu seas-ghrian a gheamhraidh gun stad.

'S o dh'imich e 'nis uainn m'an enaist,
Gu'm bi fuachd oir'n gu'm pill e air ais,
Bi'dh gach là dol an giorrad gu féum,
'S gach oidhe do réir dol am fad:
Sruthaidh luibhean, a's coill, agus feur,
Na fàs-bheodha crìon-éugaidh iad as;
Teichidh snodhach gu friamhach nan crann,
Sùighidh glaoghan an sùgh-bheath' a steach.

Seachdaidh géugan glan cùbhraidh nan crann,
Bha's an t-samhradh trom-stràc-te le meas,
Gu'n t'ir-leum an toradh gu làr,
Gu'n sgriosair am bàrr far gach lios.
Guilidh feadaín a's creachainn nam beann,
Sruthain curistail nan gleann le trom sprochd,
Caoidh nam fuaran ri meacuinn gu'n cluinn,
Deoch-shunnta nam maoiseach 's nam boc.

Laidhidh bròn air an talamh gu léir,
Gu'n eognaich na sléibhteau's na enuie;
Grad dubhaidh caoin nachdar nam blàr,
Fal-rùisgte, 's iad fàillineach bochd
Na h coin bhuchallach' b'raeac-iteach, ghrinn,
Sheinneadh basganta, binn, am barr dhùs,
Gu'n téid a ghlas-ghùib ar am beul,
Gun bhodha, gun teud, 's iad nan tost.

Sguiridh bùirdisich sgiathach nan spur,
D'an ceileiribh grianaich ear greis,
Cha seinn iad a' maidnein gu h-àrd,
No f'asgaran chràbhach 's a' phreas;
Cadal cluthor gu'n dean anns gach còs,
Gabhail fasgaich am frògamh nan creag;
'S iad ag ionndraim nan gathanan blàth,
Blìodh ri dealaradh o sgàile do theas.

Cuirear daltachan srian-bhuidh nan r' s
Bharr mhìn-chioch nan òr-dhìthean beag,
'S inghean gucagach lili nan f'n,
Nam fluran, 's gheal noinein nan eug;
Cha deoghlair le beachan nam bruch,
Cròdhaidh fuarachd ear cuairt iad na sreap;
'S cha nìo chruinnicbeas seillein a mhàl,
'S thar gheal-ùr-rois chroimn garaidh cha streap.

Tearuaidh bradan, a's sgadan, 's gach iasg,
O t-iarguinu gu fìe-ghrunnid nan loch;
'S gu fan air an aigein dù dhonn,
Ann an doimhneachd nam fonn a's nan slochd.
Na brie tharra-ghealach, earra-ghobhlach shliom,
Leumadh mearagant' ri usgraichean chop,
Nan cairtealan geamhraidh gu'n tàmh,
Meirbh, sàmhach, o thànach thu fo'n ghlob.

Chàs a's ghreannaich gach tulach, 's gach tòm,
'S d'èite lom chinu gach fìreach, 's gach glac;
'S gu d' bhràich na sìrheanan feir,
Bu lusnach, feoirneanach brat;
Thiormaich monaineau, 's ruadhlaich gach fonn;
Bheuchd an fhairge 's ro thomh-ghreannach gart;
'S gu'n sgreitich an dùlach gach long,
'S thèid an cabhlach na long-phort a steachd.

Néulaich paircean a's miodair gu bàs,
Thuit gach fàsach, 's gach àite fo bhruid;
Chìarach monadh nan iosal 's nan ard;
Theirig dathanan gràsuhor gach luig;

Dh'fhalbh am fàicadh, am *musg*, a's an fonn;
Dh'fhalbh am maise bharr lomhair gach buig;
Chaidh an eunlaich gu caoidhearan truagh,
Uisg, smeòrach, a's cuach, agus druid.

A fhraoich bhadanaich, ghaganaich, àir,
D'an b'ola's d am b'fhudar a mhàl,
B'i bhlàth ghrian do *bhalet's* gach nair,
Gu giùllachd do ghruaige le sgil;
'S a mhadan inchair 'nuair bhoisgeadh a ghuùis,
Air bhuidhinnin driùchdach nan dril,
B'fhor chùbhraidh 's gu'm b'èibhinn an smùid
So dh'èireadh bharr chuirnein gach bil.

Gu'n theirig suth-talmhuin nam bruch;
Dh'fhalbh an cnasach le'n trom-lubaidh siat,
Thuit an t-ubhall, an t-siris, 's a pheur,
Chuireadh bodha air a ghéig anns a blad.
Dh'fhalbh am bainne bho'n eallach air chùl,
Ma'm bi leanaba bi cùcharan bochd;
'S gu'm pill a grianaich gu *sign Thaurus* nam buadh,
'S treun a bhuadhaicheas, fuachd, agus gort.

Thèid a ghrian air a thorus man enairt,
Do *thropic Chapricorn* ghruamach gun stad,
O'n tig fearthuinn chruinn, mheallanach, luath,
Bheir air mullach nan cuairteagan sàd;
Thig tein'-adhair, thig torunn na dh'èig,
Thig gaillionn, thig èireadh nach lag,
'S cinnidh uisge na ghlaimeachan cruaidh,
'S na ghlas-léugaibh, min, tuar-licneach rag.

A mios nuarranda, garbh-fhrasach dorch',
Shuacehdach, chogarra, stoirne-shionach bith;
Dh'isleadh, d'ball-churach, chatlach, fhluchach, chruai,
Bhiorach, bhuagharra, 's tuath-ghaethach cith,
Dheibheach, lia-rotaich ghlib-shleamhain ghaibh,
Chuireas sgiobairean fàige nan ruith;
Fhluchach, fhuntuinneach, ghuineach, gun tlàs;
Cuiridh t-anail gach càileachd air chrith.

A mios cratanach, casdach, f'm,
A bhios trom air an t-sonn-bhrochan dubh;
Churraiceach, chasagach, lahdann a's dhonn,
Bhrisneach, stocainneach, chom-chochlach, thingh,
Bhrigach, mhiotagach, pheiteagach bhàn,
Imeach, aranach, chàiseach, gun ghruth;
Le mianh bruthaiste, mairt-fheoil a's eal;
'S ma bhios blath nach dean tair air gnè stuth.

A mios brotagach, toiteanach sògh
Ghionach, stròitheal, fhor gheòdach gu muic;
Lìteach, làghanach, chabaisteach ch'err,
Phoiteach, rìmasach, ròiceil, gu sult;
'S an taobh-muigh ge do thugh sinn ar e'm,
Air an thàile gheur-thollach gun thus,
'S fendar dram òl mar linnigeadh cùibh,
A ghrad fhadas tein'-cibhinn 's an uclh.

Bi'dh grean'-dubh air cuid mòr de'n Roinneorp,
O lagaich sgéamh òrdha do theas,
Do sholas bu shùlas ro mhòr,
Ar fraghare a's ar lochraim geal deas ;
Ach 'nuair thig e gu *Gemini* a ris,
'S à lannir 's gach righeachd gu'n cuir,
'S buidh soillsein nan coirean's nam meall,
'S riochdail fiamh nan br-mheall air a mhuir.

'S thèid gach salmair ball-mhaiseach ùr,
Ann an crannaig chraobh-dhlù-dhuillich chais,
Le 'n seol féin a sheinn laoidh 's a thoirt cliù,
Chiunn a *phlanaid*-s a chàrsadh air ais ;
Gu'm bi coisir air leth anns gach géig,
An *dasgaidh* éibhinn air réidh-shlios nan slat,
A toirt lag iobairt le'n ceileir d'an Triath,
Air chaol chorraibh an sgiath anns gach glaic.

Cha bhi creutair fò chupan nan speur.
'N sin nach tìundaidh ri 'n speurad's ri'n dreach,
'S gu'n toir *Phæbus* le buadhan a bhlàis,
Anam-fàs daibh a's chàileachdain ceart
Ni iad ais-éiridh choitcheann on naigh
Far na mhiotaich am fuachd iad a steach,
'S their iad :—*guileag-doro-hidola-hunn*,
Dh-fhalbh an geamhra 's tha'n samhradh air teachd.

ORAN NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

A CHOMUINN rìoghail rùinich,
Sàr ùmhlachd thugaibh uaibh,
Biodh 'ur ruis gun smùirnean,
'S gach crì gun treas gun lùb ann ;
Deoch-slainge Sheumais Stiùbhairt,
Gu muirneach cuir ma'n cuairt !
Ach ma ta gionh air bith 'n 'ur stamaig,
A chàileis naomb' na truaill.

Lion deoch-slainge Thearlaich
A mheirlich ! stràic a chuach ;
B'i sid an ioc-shlant' àluinn,
Dhath-bheothaicheadh mo chàileachd
Ge d'a bhiodh am bàs orm,
Gun neart, gun ìdh, gun tuar.
A Rìgh nan dùl a chuir do chàbhlach,
Oirn thar sàil' le luathas.

O ! tog do bhaideil ìrda,
Chaol, dhionach, shàr-gheal nuadh,
Ri d'erannai bh à-dhearg, làidir,
Gu taisdeal nan toun gàireach ;

Tha *Æolus* ag raitinn
Gu 'seid e rap-ghaath chruaidh,
O'n aird an ear ; 's tha *Neptun* dìleas,
Gu mìneachadh a chuain.

'S bochd ata do chàirdean
Aig ro mhead t-fhàrdail uain ;
Mar àlach mhaoth gun mhathair ;
No beachainn breac a ghàraidh,
Ag sionnach 'n d'cis a fàsachd',
Air fàillinn feadh nam bruach.
Aisig cabhagach le d' chabhlach,
'S leighis plàidh do shluagh.

Tha na dèe ann an deagh rùn dut ;
Greas-ort le sìrd neo-mharbh,
Thar dhronnaig nan tonn du-ghorm,
Dhrum-robach, bharr-chas, shiubhlach,
Ghleann-chlaghach, cheann-gheal, shù'dhlù,
Na mothar chul-ghlas, ghairbh ;
Na cuan-choirean, greannach, stuadh-thorthach,
'S crom-bhileach, molach, falbh.

Tha muir a's tìr cho-réidh dhut,
Mar deann thu féin a searg ;
Doirtidh iad na'n ceudna,
Nan laomabh tiugha, tréunna,
A Breatunn a's á Eirinn,
Ma d'*standard* breid-gheal dearg ;
A ghasraidh sgaiteach, ghuineach, rìoghail ;
Chreuchdach, fhior-luath, ghang !

Thig do chinneadh féin ort,
Na treun-fhìr laomsgair gharbh,
Na'm beitheiribh gu reubadh ;
Na'n leoghannaibh gu creuchdadh ;
Na'n nathraichean grad-leumneach,
A lotas geur le 'n calg,
Le'n gathan faobharach, rinn-bheurra
Nì mòr éuchd le'n arm.

'N àm bhraataichean làn-éideadh,
Le dealas geur gun chealg,
Thig Dòmhnallaich, nan deigh sin ;
Cho dìleas dut ri d'leine ;
Mar choin air fasdadh eile ;
Air chath-chrith geur gu sealg ;
'S maing n' mhaid do'n nochd iad fraoch,
Long, leoghann, craobh, 's lann-dheurg.

Gu neartaich iad do chàmpa
Na Caim-beulaich gu dearbh,
An Diuc Earraghalach mar cheann orr',
Gu mòrghalach mear prionusail ;
Ge b'e bheir air iunsaidh,
B'e sid an tionsgnadh searbh,
Le lannan lotach, dù-ghorm, toirtel,
Sgoltadh chorp gu'm balg.

Gu tarbatach, glan, caiseamachd,
Fior thartarach na'n ranc,
Thig Cluainidh le chuid Pearsanach,
Gu cuanda gleusda grad-bheirteach ;
Le spaintichean teann-bheirteach ,
'S cruaidh fead ri sgailceadh cheann ;
B'ìdh fuil d'a d'òrtadh, 's smuais d'a spealtadh,
Le sgealpaireachd 'ur lann.

Druididh suas ri d' mbeirghe,
Nach meirbh an am an àir,
Clann 'Illeoin * nach meirgich
Airm ri uchd do sheirbheis ;
Le'm brataichean 's suaidh féirg orra,
'S an leirg mar thairbh gun sgàth ;
A foirne, fearail, nimheal, arrail,
'S builleach, allamh làmh !

Gun thig na fiùrain Leòdach ort,
Mar sheochdain 's eoin fo spàig ;
Na'n tuireamh lann-ghorm, thiunnisnach ;
Air chorra-ghleus streup gun tiomachas ;
An reiseamaid fìor ionnalta,
'S fàh gioraig dol na dàil ;
Am bi iomadh bòchdan fuilteach, feirmeil,
Théid le stoirm gu bàs.

Thig curaidhnean Chlann-cham-shroin ort,
Theid meanmnach sìos na d' spàirn ;
An fhoireann ghineach, chaithreamach,
'S neo-fhiambach an am tarraime ;
An lann ghlas mar lasair dealanaich,
Gu gearradh cheann, a's lamh ;
'S mar luthas na drèige, 's cruthas na crèige,
Chluinntes gread nan cnàmh.

Gur cinnteach dhuibh d'ar coinneachadh,
Mac-Choinnich mor Chinn-Tàile :
Fìr laidir, dhàna, choimheala,
Do'n fhiocrhuaidh air à foinneachadh,
Nach gabh fianh no somultachd,
No sgreamh ro' theine bhlàr ;
'S iad gu nàrach, fuileach, foinnidh,
Air bhoil gu dhol na d'chàs.

Gur foirmeil, prìseil, òrdail,
Thig Tòisichean nan ranc,
Am màrsail stàtoil, còmhòard ;
Gu pìobach, bratach, srùil-bhùl ;
Tha rìoghalachd a's mòrchuis,
Gu'n sòradh anns' n dream ;
Daoine laidir, neartmhor, crèdha,
'S iad gun ghò, gun mheang !

Thig Granndaich gu ro thartarach,
Neo fhad-bheirteach do d' champ

Air phrioblosgadh gu cruadal,
Gu snaidheadh cheann, is chluas diu ;
Cho nìheil ris na tìgeribh
Le feachdraidh dian-mhear, dàn',
Chuireas iomad fear le sgrèdail,
'S a bhreabadaich gu làr.

Thig a ris na Friscaleach,
Gu sgipi le neart garbh ;
Na seòchdaibh fìor-ghlan, togarrach,
Le fuathas bhlàr nach bogaichear ;
An còmhlan fearradha, cosgurach,
'S mairg neach do nochd iad fearg ;
A spuir ghlas aig dlùs an deirich
B'ìdh nan éilean dearg.

Nan gasraidh ghaigheil, lasgurra,
Thig Lachunnaich gun chàird ;
Na saighdean dearga puiseanda ;
Gu claidheach, sgiathach, cuinnsearach ;
Gu gunnach dagach, ionnsaichte,
Gun chunntais ac' air àr ;
Dol nan deannamh 'n aodainn pheileir,
Teachd o theine chhìch.

Gabhaidh pàirt do t-iorghaills',
Clann-Iomhuinn's oirdheire chùil ;
Mar thuinn ri tìr a sìor-bhualadh ;
No bile lasrach dian-loisgeach ;
Nan treudan luatha, fìor-chonfach,
Thoirte griosach air an nàmh ;
An dream chathach, Mhuileach, Shrathach,
'S math gu sgathadh chnàmh.

'S mòr a bhìo's ri corp-rusgadh,
Na'n ciosaichean's a bhlàr,
Fithich anns a rocadaich
Ag itealaidh, 's a cnocaireachd ;
Cioeras air na cosgaraich,
Ag òl's ag ith an sàth.
Och's tùrsach fann a chluinntir moch-thra,
Ochanaich nan àr !

B'ìdh fuil is gaor d'a shùidreadh ann,
Le lù-chleasan 'ur làmh ;
Meangar cinn, a's dùirn dhiu ;
Gearrar ùilt le smuairsidh ;
Ciosnaichear am bìidh,
D'an dù-losgadh, 's d'an cnàmh ;
Crùnair le poimp Tearlach Stiùbhart ;
'S Frederic Prionus fo shàil.

Note.—This address to the Highland clans is a stately spirit-stirring martial poem, where the bard describes the various Jacobite clans coming forward in warlike array to place Charles on the throne, and leave the Hanoverians to his feet. The satirist (*Airach Mhuile*) represents the poet travelling through the country to excite the Highlanders to arms, and it is probable that this song was composed on that occasion. It was well calculated to rouse the warlike clans to the approaching conflict.

O R A N.

AIR FIONN—"Cille-chragaidh."

Tha deagh shoisgeul feadh nan garbh-chrìoch,
Sùrd air armaibh còmhraig;
Uird ri dararaich deanamh thargaid
Nan dual ball-chruinn boidheach;
Chaidh ar seargadh le càrn earraghloir
Sluaigh fìor chealgach Shòrais,
O's sgeul dearbhtha thig thar fàirge,
Neart ro gharbh d' ar fòirinn.

Thig thar lear le gaoith an ear oirn,
Toradh deal ar dòchais,
Le mhìlte fear, 's le armaibh geal,
Prionns' ullamh, near, 's e dò-chaisgt;
Mac Rìgh Seumas, Tearlach Stiubhart,
Oighre chrùn th'air fogar,
Gu'n dean gach Breatuineach làn umhlachd,
Air an glùn d'a mhòrachd.

Ni na Gàeil bheodha, ghasda,
Eiridh bhras le sròlamh;
Iad nan ciadan nim' ag iathadh,
S coltas dian cuir gleois orr';
Gu'n fhiamh 's iad fiata, claidheach, sgiathach,
Gunnach, riaslach, stròiceach,
Mar chonfadh leoghannaibh fìadhaich,
'S acras dian gu feoil orr'.

Dèanamh ullamh chum ar turuis,
'S bithibh guineach, deònach;
So an cumasg, am bi na builean,
An deantar fuil a dhòrtadh;
Och a dhuin' is lionmhor curaidh
Is fìor sturraill co-strì,
A leigir fear eile mar chuilleann,
Dh' fbaotainn fuil air Sebras!

'S iomadh neach a thèid air ghaisge,
Tha fìor lag na dhèchus,
Gus a nochdar *standard* brat-dhearg,
An rìgh cheart-s' tha òirne,
Ge do bhiodh e na fhìor ghealtair,
Gur cruaidh rag gu bhròig e,
Ceart cho gairge ris an lasair,
A losgadh asblhuain eorna.

Mhoir is sgairteil, foirmeil, bagant,
Gàeil ghasda, chrodha;
Gach aon bhratach sìos do'n bhaiteal
Le 'n gruidh laisde rìsg-dearg;
Iad gun fhiamh, gun fheall, gun ghaiseadh;
Rìoghail, beachd-bhorb, pròiseal;
Gu no-lapach ri linn gaisge,
Spàinnteach ghlas nan dòrnaibh.

'S binn linn plapraich nam breid bhratach,
Srannraich bras ri mèr-ghaoith,
An glachdaibh gaisgeich nan ceum staiteil,
Is stuirteil, sgairteil, mòision;
'S lann ghorm sgaiteach, do shàr-shlacan
Geur gu srachdadh shròn aige,
Air bac cruachain an fhir bhrataich,
Gu cuir tais air fògradh.

'S furbaidh tailceant, 's cumta pearsa,
Treun-laoch spraiceil, doid-gheal;
Piob d' a spalpadh, suas na achlais,
Mhosglas lasan gleois duinn;
Caismeachd bhras bhinn, bhrodadh aigne,
Gu dian chasgairt slòigh leis;
Chuireadh torman a phuirt bhaigheil,
Spioraid bhras 'n ar pòraibh.

Bithibh sunndach, lughor, bèumach,
Sgriosach, geur, gu feolach,
'S bi'dh *Mars* creuchdach, cogach, reubach,
Anns 'na speur d' ar seoladh;
Sòirbhichidh gach ni gu leir libh,
Ach sibh-fein bhi deonach;
Màrsailibh gun dàil, gu'n eislein,
Lughor, eudrom, ceol-nìhor.

Màrsailibh, gun fheall, gun airsneul,
Gach aon bhratach bhoidheach;
Cuideachd shuaicheanta nam breacan,
'S math gu casg na tìreachd;
'Nuair a ruisgeas sibh na claisich
Bi'dh smuis bhreac feadh fèir libh;
Gaur a's eanachuinn na spadul,
'S na liath-shad feadh mhointich.

Sliocraich, slacraich, nan cruaidh shlacan,
Freagra basgur sheannsair;
'Nuair a theid a ruaig gun stad libh
Gur ro fad a chluinntear,
Feadraich bhuilleann, sgoltadh mhullach,
Sìos gu bun an rumpuill;
Ruaig orr' nìle mar mhòin tuile;
Chaidh cha 'n urr' iad tiuntadh.

'S iomadh fear a dh' oladh lìonta,
Slainte an rìgh-s' tha òirne,
Spealgadh ghlaimeachan aig grìosaich,
'S e cur beinn air Seòras;
Ach 's onaraiche anis an gnìomh,
Na cuig-ceud mìle bàla;
'S fearr aon *siola* a dh'fhuil 's an fhàrth
No galoin fhìon air bhòrdaibh.

Dearbhaidh beachdaidh sibh bhi cearr d'a,
Eirdh grad le 'r slòghaibh;
Gu'n 'ur mnathan, clann, no beirteas,
Chuir stad-teachd 'n ur dhèchus;

Ach gluasad iinntinneach, luath, ciunteach,
Rioghail, liont' de mhùr-chuis;
Mar an raineach a dol sìos duibh,
Sgriosadh dian luchd clèochdan.

'Ur ceathairne ghruamach, nimheil,
Làn do mhìre cruadail;
'S misg dhearg chatha, gu bàrr rath orr',
'S craobh dhearg dhath nan gruaidhean;
Iad gun athadh sìos le 'n claidhean
Ri sior sgathadh chnuachdan;
Lotar dearganaich le 'r gathan,
'S le 'r fìor chrathadh cruadhach.

'S beagan sluagh, a 's tric thug buaidh,
An iomairt chruaidh a chòmhraig;
Deanamaid gluasad gu 'n dad uamhuinn,
'S na biodh fuathas oirne;
Doirtidh uaislean an taobh-tuath,
Mac Shìm nan ruag, 's Diuc-Gòrdon;
Le mharc-shluagh is nuarrant gruaim;
'S ruaim aimhì fhuar nan pìramh.

ORAN RIOGHAIL A BHOTAIL.

AIR FÖNN—"Let us be jovial, fill our glasses."

BIODHMAID subhach, 's òlar deoch linn,
Osuaidh 'n ar fochlar cha tàmh,
Na sinainticheamaid ar bochdainn,
Fhad 's a bios an copan làn.

LUNNEAG.

Hò-rò air fàlldar-àraidh
Ho air m'ailldar-ràraidh rò,
Hò-rò air m'ailldar-raridh
Fàlldar, ralldar, ràraidh hò.

Olamaid ghainneachean làn',
Air slainte an t-Seumais ata uainn;
Cuireamaid da shlaimt' an càraid,
Tosda Thearlach stràic a chuach.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ma ta stamae anns a chuideachd,
Nach dean a chuidsa d' ar miann,
Siapaidh e 'mach as ar carabh,
Mar an carran as an t-shìol.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cuireadh ar cupachan tharsta;
Aisig cäs an còrn m'an cuairt;
Faicear òibhinneachd air lasadh,
Le fìor sgairt 'n ar beachd, 's 'n ar gruidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Biodh ar cridhachan a damhsa,
Linn an drams' a dhol na thruaill,
Mar gu 'm biodhmaid 's a cheart am-sa,
Dol do 'n chàmp a dh'fhaotainn buaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

De'n dibh' bhrìdhear neartar bhlasda,
'S mìlse no mìl bbeach gu pòit,
Lìon an soitheach sin amach dhuinn,
De 'n stuth bhlasdar ud 'san stòp.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S-ioma fearsta, falachaidh, tlachdùilhor,
Tha 'm mac-na-bracha r'a luaigh;
Rinn sin e na leannan do mhiltean,
'S na mhilsein prìseil do'n t-sluagh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Sgaolaidh e ghruaim far a mhuigein;
Nì e fiughantach fear cruaidh;
Nì e cruadalach fear gealtach,
Gus an tèid e feachd no 'n ruag.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e cainnteach am fear tostach;
Nì e brosgulach fear dùr;
Nì e suireach am fear nàrach;
'S fàgaidh e dàn' am fear diùid.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e pògach am fear àilleant
Nach fuillegadh cailin 'na chòir;
Sparraidh e damhs' anns na casan,
Nach d' rinn riamh aon chàr d' an deoin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Fagaidh e neo shanntach acrach;
Toinnidh se cäs am fear sliom;
Bheir e caitean air fear sleamhainn;
'S nì e spreadhail am fear tiom.
Ho-ro, &c.

An t-airgead a bha d'a sticleadh,
An sporan nan chripleach riamh,
Bheir e furtachd dha 's prìosan,
Le fuasgladh cruaidh-shnaim nan iùil.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e aoiheal am fear doichleach;
Nì e socharach fear teann;
Nì e duin' nasal do'n bhalach;
Nì e fathrumach fear fann.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e saor chridheach fear duinte,
'S faoisidh e rùn a chri;
Saoilidh an lag gur h-e 'n laidir,
Gus an dearbh e chàil 'san strì.
Ho-ro, &c.

Tairrnidh e mulad gu aiteas ;
 Tiundaidh e airsneul gu fonn ;
 Mionach nan sporan gu spiol e
 Le ghob biorach chrìomas lom.
Ho-ro, §c.

Thigeadh meanmna, 's falbhadh airsneul
 Air chairstealan nàin do'n Ròimh ;
 Seinneam òrain cheolmor, ghasda,
 Shumdach, bhras, nach lapach gloir.
Ho-ro, §c.

'Nuair bheirear botul a stapul,
 'S a chromar ri cap a cluas ;
 'S eibhinn a ghogail là earraich,
 Cogair searraig ris a chuaich !
Ho-ro, §c.

'S mìlse no ceilearadh smeòraich,
 Le luinneag ceolmhor air géig,
 Creatraich shrideagach do sgòrnain ;
 Cratan 's bìiche fo 'na ghréin !
Ho-ro, §c.

'S binne na luinneag coin-bùchainn,
 Bhiodh ri tùchan am barr thonn,
 Guileag do mhuineil a's giuig ort ;
 Cuisle-chiùil a dhùisgeadh fonn.
Ho-ro, §c.

'S binne no cluig-chiùil an Ghlascho,
 T-fhuaim le bastul dol 's a chùrn ;
 Sid an fhàilt a ghleusadh m' aigne,
 Mac-na-brùch a teachd le pòig.
Ho-ro, §c.

Lìon domh suas an t-slige-chreachainn ;
 Cha 'n ion a seachnadh gu dràm ;
 'S math Ghàellig oirr' an creathann ;
 An t-slig' a chreach sinne a t' ann.
Ho-ro, §c.

'S binne no ceol coilich choille,
 Bhiodh ri coilleig air an tom,
 Dùrdail a bhotail ri gainne ;
 Crènan loinntel thoilleadh bonn !
Ho-ro, §c.

Teicheadh liun-dubh as 'ur comuun ;
 Falbhadh gainne ; 's pailt 'ur n-ùr ;
 Na biodh spèaclair oirbh gu ganntar,
 Fheadh 's a bhìo's an dram 'n 'ur sròin.
Ho-ro, §c.

Biodh 'ur ceann-agaidh uile 'n ceart uair,
 Cho ruiteach ri dreach nan ròs,
 'Nuair a thèid 'ur fuil air ghabhail,
 Le beirm lagbach Mhic-an-Tois.
Ho-ro, §c.

Gur dìonnsaireach, spinnsearach, t-fhàileadh,
 'S teas-ghradhach do shuàg tro' m' chliabh
 Fadadh blàis air feadh mo mhìonaich ;
 Gur ro mhìoragach do thriall !
Ho-ro, §c.

Gur gucagach, coilleagach, brisg-gheal,
 Bruicheal, neo-mhìsgeach do thuair,
 'N a d' shlabhraidhean criostail a d'òrtadh,
 Rì binn-chronanaich am chluais.
Ho-ro, §c.

Sgaioleamaid o altair *Bhachuis* :
 A chleirich taisg a chailis uat ;
 Dh-fhalbh ar fuachd ; 's cìod 'ta dhì oirn ?
 Thugamaid bàig' crìon do 'n t-suain.
Ho-ro, §c.

Ach freasdal sinn air ghairn na maidne,
 Le t-ioc-shlaint aghmhor lan bhuadh,
 'S thoir dhùinn aon ghloic-nid 'n ar leabaidh
 A bheir crith-chlaiginn oirn m'an cuairt !
Ho-ro, §c.

ALLT-AN-T-SIUCAIR.

AIR FOKN—"The Lass of Patie's Mill."

A dol thar Allt-an-t-siùcair,
 A' madaim chùbhradh Chéit,
 'S paideirean geal dlù chnap,
 De 'n driùchd ghorm air an fleur,
 Bha *richard* 's *robin*, brù-dhearg
 Rì seinn, 's fear dhiù na bhéus ;
 'S goic moit air cutbaig chùl-ghuirm,
 'S *gùg-gùg* aic' air a ghéig.

Bha smeòrach cur na smùid dh'ì
 Air bacan cuil le' féin ;
 An dreadhann-donn gu sùrdail,
 'S a rifeid chiùil na bheil ;
 Am breacan-beith' a's lùb air,
 'S e 'gleusadh lùgh a theud ;
 An coileach-dubh ri dùrdan ;
 'S a cheare ri tùchan réidh.

Na bric a gearradh shùrdag,
 Rì plubraich dhlù le chéil',
 Taobh-leumnaich mear le lù-chleas,
 'S a bhùrn, le mùirn ri gréin ;
 Rì ceapadh chuilag siùbhlach,
 Le 'm briseadh lùghor féin ;
 Druim-lann-ghorm, 's ball-bhreac giùran ;
 'S an lannir-chuil mar léig.

Mil-dheola sheillein strianach,
 Le crònan 's fiata srann,
 'N an dìthibh baglach, riabhach,
 Ma d' bhlathaibh grianach chrann ;
 Sraibh-dhriucain dhonna, thiachdaidh,
 Fo shìnean cìochan t-fhèir,
 Gun theachd-an-tìr no bhiadh ac',
 Ach fàileadh ciatach ròs.

Gur mìlis, brisg-gheal, bùrn-ghlan,
 Meall-chùirneanach, 's binn fuaim,
 Bras-shruthain Uillt-an-t-siùcair,
 Rì torman siubhlach luath ;
 Gach biolair, 's luibh le 'n ùr-ròs'
 A cìntinn dlù ma bhruaich ;
 'S e toirt dhaibh bhadan sùghor,
 Ga 'n suì bheathacha m'an cuairt.

Bùrn tana, glan, gun ruadhan,
 Gun deathach, ruain, no cèb,
 Bheir anam-fàs, a's gluasaid,
 D'a chluanagan ma bhòrd.
 Gaoir bheachainn bhùl 's ruadha,
 Rì diogladh chluaran òir,
 'S cèir mheala d' a chuir suas leo,
 An ceir-chuachagan 'nan stòr.

Gur sòlas an ceòl-chuaise,
 Ard-bhairich buar ma d' chrò ;
 Laoigh cheann-fhionn, bhreaca, ghuanach
 Rì freagra' nuallan bhò ;
 A bhanàreach le buaraich,
 'S an buachaille fa còir,
 Gu bleothan a chruidh ghuaillinn,
 Air cuaich a thogas cròic.

Bi'dh ùchraim mheal' a lùbadh
 Nan sràbh, 's brù air gach géig,
 Do mheasan mìlis cùbhraidh,
 Nan ùbhlau 's nam péur ;
 Na duilleagan a lìugadh,
 A's fallas cùil ghu fèin ;
 'S clann bheag a' gabhail tìubaidh,
 D' an imlich dlù le 'm béul.

B' e crònan t-easan srùlaich.
 An dùrdail mhùirneach Mhùigh ;
 'S do bhoirichibh dàite, sgùim-gheal,
 Tiugh, flùranach, dlù, dà ;
 Le d' *mhantul* do dhealt ùr-mhìn,
 Mar dhùra cùil ma d' bhlà ;
 S air calg gach feòirnein dùir-fhèir,
 Gorm neamhnad dhriùchd a fàs.

Do bhrat lan shradag daoimein,
 De bhraon ni soills' air làr ;
 A *chapet's* gasda foinéal,
 Gun cho-fine ann a *Whitehall* ;

Ma d' bhearra gorm-bhreac coillteach,
 Ann chum a loinn le h-àl,
 Na sobhraichean mar choillean,
 Na 'n coilleiribh na d' sgàth.

Bi'dh guileag eala tùchan,
 'S eoin bhùchuim an barr thòra,
 Ag inbhear Uillt-an-t-siùcair,
 Suamh lù-chleasach le fonn ;
 Rì seinn gu moiteil, cuirteil,
 Le muineil-chiuil, 's iad crom,
 Mar mhàla piob a's lùb air ;
 Ceòl tiamhaidh ciuin, nach trom.

O! 's grinn an obhair ghràbhail,
 Rinn nàdur air do bhruaich,
 Le d' lùrachain chreabhach, fhèsor,
 'S an buicein bhàn orr' shuas ;
 Gach saimeir, neoinean, 's mäsag,
 Min-bhreacht air làr do chluain ;
 Mar rèultan rèò an dearsadh,
 Na spangan àluim nuadh.

Bi'dh cruinn, 's am bàrr mar sgùrlaid,
 Do chaorran aluinn ann ;
 'S craobhan bachelach, àrbuidh,
 A faoisneadh àrd ma d' cheann ;
 Bi'dh dearcas, 's suithcan sùghor,
 Trom lùbadh an luis fèin,
 Caoin, seachdai, blasdadh, cubhraidh,
 A call an drùis rì grèin.

'S co lan mo lios rì Phàrrais,
 De gach enuas a 's fearr an coill ;
 Na rèidhlich arbhar fàsaidh,
 Bheir piseach àrd 's sgoimn ;
 Pòr reachdmhor, mìnear, fàsor,
 Nach cinn gu fàs na laom ;
 'S co reamhar, luchdmhor càileachd,
 'S gu sgàin a ghràn o dhruim !

Do thachdar mar' a's tìre,
 Bu theachd-an-tìr leis fèin ;
 Na 'n treudan féidh 'n a d' fhrithean ;
 'S na d' ehladach 's mìltean éisg ;
 Na d' thrìgh tha maorach lionmhor ;
 'S air t-uisge 's fìor-bhras leus,
 Aig oganachaibh rìmhèach,
 Le morgha' fìor-chruaidh gèur.

Gur h-ùròil, slòchdor, cuanda,
 Greidh-each air t-fhuarain ghorra,
 Le 'n iotadh tarraim suas riut,
 Le cluaintinn nuall do thoim ;
 Bi'dh buicein binneach 's ruadhag,
 'S minn-mheanbh-bhreac, cluais-dearg, ùg
 Rì h-ionaltradh gu h-uaigneach,
 'S rì ruideis luath ma d' lèn.

Gur damhach, adhach, laoghach,
Mangach, maoiseach, t-fhonn ;
Do ghlinn le seilg air laomadh,
Do gharbhach-chraobh 's do lom ;
Gur h-àluinn barr-fhionn, braonach,
Do chanach caoin-gheal thom,
Na mhaibenibh caoin, mao-mhin ;
Na d' mhointich sgaoth-chearc donn.

B' e sid an sealladh èibhinn,
Do bhruachan glé-dhearg ròs,
S iad daite le gath gréine,
Mar bhoisgnich leug-bhuil' òir ;
B' iad sid an geiltre glé ghrinn,
Cinn déideagan measg feoir,
De bharraibh luibhean centach ;
'S foirm bhinn aig téud gach eoin.

O lili rìgh nam flùran !
Thug bàrr mais air ùr-ros gheug,
Na bhabagan cruinn, plùir mhin,
'S a chrùn geal ùr mar ghréin ;
Do'n uisge ud Alt-an-t-siùcair,
'S e cùbhraidh d'a o bheud
Na rionnagan ma lùbaibh,
Mar reullan-iùil na spùr.

Do shealbhag ghlan 's do luachair
A bùrcadh suas ma d' choir ;
Do dhithein Iurach, luaineach,
Mar thuairneagan d'e'n òr ;
Do phrèis làn nèada cuachach,
Cruinn, cuairteagach, aig t-eoin ;
Barr bhraonan 's an t-sail-chuachaig,
Na'n dös an nachdar t-fheoir.

B' e sid an leughas lèirsinn,
De luingeas bréid-gheal, luath,
Na 'n sguadronaibh seoil-bhréid-chrom,
A bordadh geur ri d' chluais,
Nan giubhsaichibh beò ghleusda,
'S an cainn gu léir riù shuas ;
'S Caol-Muile fuar d'a reubadh,
Le anail speur bho thuath.

'S cruaidh a bhairlinn fhuair mi,
O'n fhuaran 's blasta glòir,
An caochan 's mò buadhan,
Ata fo thuath 's an Eòrp ;
Lion ach am bòla suas deth,
'S do bhrandaibh fhuair ni's còir ;
Am puinse milis, guanach,
A thairneas sluagh gu ceòl !

Muim' altrom gach pòr uasail,
Nach meith le fuachd nan speur,
Tha sgiath fo 'n airde tuath oirr',
Dh'fhag math a buar, 's a fear ;

Fonn deas-oireach, fìor uaibhreach,
Na spèncar buan do'n ghrein ;
Le spreidh theid duine suas ann,
Cho luath ri each na leum !

'S aol is grunn d'a dhailibh,
Dh-flàg nàdur tarbhach iad ;
Air a meinn gu'n toir iad arbhar,
'S tiugh, stàrbhanach ni fàs ;
Bi'dh dearrsanaich shearr-fhiaclach,
D' a lannadh sìos am boinn,
Le luinneagan binn nìonag ;
An ceol a 's mìse, roinn !

An Coir' is fearr 's an dùthaich,
An Coir' is sùghor fonn ;
'S e Coirean Uilt-an-t-siùcair,
An Coirean rùnach lom ;
'S ge lom, gur molach, ùrail,
Bog miadar dlù a thom,
'M beil mìl is bainn' a brìchdadh,
'S uisg' ruith air sìnear pronn.

An Coire searrachach, uanach,
Meannach, uaigneach àigh ;
An Coire gleannach, uaine,
Bhlìochdach, luath gu dàir ;
An Coire coillteach, luachrach,
An goir a chuach 's a Mhàrt ;
An Coir' a faigh duin-uasal,
Biaist-dubh, a's ruadh 'na chàrn !

An Coire brocach, taobh-ghorm ;
Torcach, faoilidh blàth ;
An Coire lonach, naosgach,
Cearcach, craobhach, gràidh ;
Gu bainneach, bailleach, braonach,
Breacach, laoghach, blàr ;
An sultor mart, a's caora,
'S a 's torach laomsgair bàrr !

An Coire am bi na caoirich
Na 'n caogadaibh, le 'n àl ;
Le 'n reamhad 'g gabhail faoisgnidh,
A 'n craicnibh maoth-gheal tà ;
B' iad sid am biadh, 's an t-aodach,
Na t-fhaoin-ghleannaibh 's na t-ard ;
An Coire luideach, gaolach,
'S e làn do mhaoinibh gràis !

An Coire lachach, dràcach
'M bi guilbneich 's tràigh-gheoidh òg ;
An Coire coileachach, làn-damhach,
'S moch, 's is an-moch spòrs ;
'S tim dhomh sgur d' an àireamh,
An Coire 's fàsor pòr
Gu h-inseach, doireach, blàrach,
'S imeacach, càiseach bò !

Note.—This piece is an animated and faithful description of a beautiful scene in the country, on a summer

morning. The bard walks abroad and sees the dew glittering on every leaf and flower—the birds warbling their songs—the animals grazing, and the bees collecting their stores—the fishes are leaping out of the water, and all nature rejoicing in the return of spring, or the luxuriance of summer! The very rivulet seems to partake of the common joy, and murmurs a more agreeable sound—the cows low aloud, and the calves answer responsive—while the dairy-maid is busily engaged at her task. The ground is bespangled with flowers of richer hues than the most costly gems. The horses gather together in groups to drink of the streamlet, and the kids are sporting and dancing about its banks. The ships, with all their white sails bent to the gentle breeze, are passing slowly along the Sound of Mull. The poet selects the most natural, lively, and agreeable images in the rural scene. All good judges admit that there is not a descriptive poem, in Gaelic or English, fit to be compared with this exquisite production.

ORAN LUAIGHE NO FUCAIDH.

LUNNEAG.

*Agus hò Mhòrag, no ho-rò,
'S no ho-rò-ghèallwath.*

A Mhòrag chiatach a chuil dualaich,
Gur h-è do luaigh a th' air m'aire.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S ma dh'imich thu null thar chuain uainn',
Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S cuimhnich thoir leat bannal ghruagach,
A luaigheas an clò ruadh gu dainghean.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

O! cha leiginn thu do'n bhual, Ma salaich am buachar t-anart.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

De cha leiginn thu gu eualach;
Obair thruaillidh sin nan caileag.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Gur h-i Mòrag ghrinn mo ghuamag,
Aig am beil an cuaillean barr-fhiom.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S gaganach, bachlagach, cuachach,
Ciabhag na gruagaiche glaine.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Do chùl pèuchdach sios na dhualaibh
Dhalladh e naislean le kinnir:
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Sios na fheoirneinan ma d' ghuaillean,
Leadan cuachagach na h-ainnir:
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Do chùl pèurlach, òr-bhuì, luachach.
Tìmehall do chluasan na chlannaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

A, Mhòrag! gu beil do chuaillean
Ormsa na bhuaireadh gu'n sgainnear.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S ge nach iarr mi thu ri d' phùsadh,
Gu'm b' e mo rùn a bhi mar riut.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S ma thig thu a rithist am lùbaibh,
'S e 'n t-èug a rùn ni ar sgaradh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Leanaidh mi cho dlù ri d' shàilean,
'S a ni bairneach ri sgeir mhara.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Shiubhail mi cian leat air m' eòlas,
Agus spailp de'n stroichd ar m' ain-eol.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Gu leanainn thu feadh an t-saoghail,
Ach thusa ghaoil theachd am fharraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Gu'n chuireadh air mhisg le d' ghaol mi;
'S mear aodrum a gbaoir ta m' bhallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S a Mhòrag 'g am beil a ghruaidh chiatach:
'S glan a fiaradh thar do mhala.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Do shùil shuillbhear, shochdrach, mhòdhar,
Mhìreagach, chonhnart, 's i meallach.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Dèud cailce shnasda na rìbhinn,
Snaite mar dhisn' air a gearradh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Maighdean bhoidheach, na 'm bós caoine,
'S iad cho maoth ri clòidh na h-eala.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Ciochan leaganach nan gneag,
'S fàileadh a mhurga d' a h-anail.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S iomadh oigear a ghabh tlachd dhiot,
Eadar Mor-thir agus Mannuinn.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S iomadh guisgeach do ghàil,
Nach obadh le m' ghràdh-sa tarraimn :
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

A reachadh le sgiath, 's le clàidheamh,
Air bheag sgà gu bial nan cannon :
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Chunnardaicheadh dol nan òrdaibh,
Thoir do chòrach, 'mach a dh' ain-deoin.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S iomadh àrmunn làsdail, trèubhach,
Ann an Dun-eideann, am barail.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Na faiceadh iad gnè do dhuais ort,
Dheanadh tarraimn suas ri d' ebarraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Mo chioun gu'n dheanadh leat éridh,
Do Chaiptin féin Mac-'le-Ailein :
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Gu'n theann e roi' ro chàch rint,
'S nì e fad e, ach thig thairis :
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Gach duine, tha 'n Uidhist a Muideart,
'S an Arasaig dhù-ghorm a bharrach ;
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

An Cana, an Eige, 's an Morror ; *
Reiseamaid chorr nd Shiol-Ailein !
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'N am Alasdair,† a's Mhontròs',
Gu 'm bu bhòchdain iad air Ghallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Gu'n d' thairich là Inbher-Lòchaidh,
Co bu stròieich ann le lannaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Am Peairt, an Cill-Saoidh,‡ 's an Allt-Eireann,
Dh-fhag iad Rèubalaich gu'n anam.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Alasdair mor Ghlinne-Cothann,
'S bragad coimheach Ghlinne-garadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Mar sin is an t-Armunn Sléibhteach,
Ge d' a tha e-fein na leanamh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Dh'èiridh leat a nall o'n Rùdha,
Antrum lù'-chleasach nan seang-each.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Dhruideadh, na Gàil gu leir riut,
Ge b' e dh'èireadh leat no dh'fhanadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Shuath, deich mìle dhiu air clè dhuibh,
An cogadh ri Sèurlus nach maireann.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S iomadh clò air 'n tug iad caitean,
Eadar Cat-taobh agus Anuinn.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Bha càch diultadh teachd a luagh dhuibh,
'S chruinnich iad-san sluagh am bannail.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

A rì ! bu mhath 's an luagh-lamb iad,
'Nuair a thàirneadh iad na lannan !
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Il-uile clò a luaigh iad riamh dhuibh,
Dh-fhag iad e gu ciatach daingheann ;
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Teann, tiugh, daingheann, fite, luaite,
Daite ruadh, air thuar na fala.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Greas thairis le d' mhnathan luaighe,
'S theid na gruagaichean-sa mar riu.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Note.—This song has been always highly popular, and is certainly the most spirited and elegant of all our Jacobite songs. Charles is represented under the similitude of Mòrag—a young girl with flowing locks of yellow hair waving on her shoulders. She had gone away over the seas, and the bard invokes her to return with a party of maidens (*i. e.* soldiers) to dress the red cloth, in other words, to beat the English red coats. The allegory is kept with elegance and spirit, and the poet introduces himself as one who had followed Mòrag in lands known and unknown, and was still ready to follow her over the world if required.

SMEORACH CHLOINN-RAONUILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag hòroll ò,
Hòlaibh o iriag hòro ò,
Hòlaibh o iriag hòroll ò,
Smeòrach le Clann-Raonuill mi.*

Gur h-e mis' an smeòrach chreagach,
An dèis leum bharr chuaich mo nidein,
Sholar bidh do'm lannaibh beaga,
Sheinneam ceol air bhàrr gach bidein.
Hòlaibh o iriag, §c.

* Mòr-Thir. † Alasdair Mac Chulla. ‡ Kilsyth.

Sneòrach mise do Chlann-Dòmhnuill,
Dream a dhithicheadh, 's a leonadh,
'S chuireadh mis' an riochd na sneòraich
Gu bhì seinn, 'sa cuir ri ceol daibh.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Sa chreig ghuirm a thogadh mise
An sgìreachd Chaisteil duibh nan cliar
Tìr tha daonnan a' cuir thairis
Le tuil bhainne, meal', a's fìon.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Sliochd nan Eun o'n Chaisteil-thìream,
'S o Eilean-Fhianain nan gallan,
Moch, a's feasgar togar m'ìolach,
Seinn gu bìleach, mìlis, mealach.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Tha mi de'n ghùr rioghail, luachach,
'S math eun fhaotainn á nead, uasal,
Ghineadh mi gun chol, gun truailleadh,
Fò sgiathaibh Ailein mbic Ruairidh.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Cinneadh, glan gun smùr, gun smodan
Gun smàl gun luaith ruaidh, no ghrodan,
'S iad gun ghìomh, gun fheall, gun sodan,
'S treum am buill' an tiugh nan trodan.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Cinneadh rioghail, th'air am buaineadh,
A meribh meara na cruadhach,
'S daoimein iad gun spàr gun truailleadh,
Nach gabh stùr, gnè, smal, no ruadh-mheirg.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Cinneadh mòr gun bhòsd gun sparán,
Suairce, sìobhalta, gun ràpal,
Caomhail, cineadail ri'n càirdean,
Fuilteach, faobharach, ri namhaid.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Raonullaich nan òr chrìos taghach,
Nan lùreach, nan sgiath, 's nan clogaid,
A thèid sìos gu gunnach, dagach,
Nu fir ghasda shunndach, chogach.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Sud na h-aon d'òine th'air m'aire,
Nach dianadh air spùileadh cromadh,
Dhianadh anns an àraich gearradh
Cinn ga'n sgaradh, cuirp ga'm pronnadh.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Ach mur tig mo rìgh-sa dhachaigh
Triallaidh mi do dh-uamhaig shlocaich,
'S bithidh mi'n sin ri caoidh, 's ri bàsraich,
Gus am faigh mi bàs le osnaich.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Ach ma thig mo phrionnsa thairis
Cuirrear mis' an cliabhan lurach,
'S bithidh mi canntaireachd gu buileach
'S ann 'san àros ni mi fuireach.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Madainn chéitean am barr gach badain
Sgaoileadh ciùil o ghlaic mo ghuibein,
'S àluinn mo chruiteach, 's mo ghlagan,
Stailceadh mo dha buinn air stuibeann.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Gur e mise cruit nan cuocan,
Seinn mo leadain air gach bacan,
'S mo chearc fèin gam' bheus air stocan,
'S glan ar glocan air gach stacau.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Crith chiuil air m'ugan da bhogadh,
'S mo chom tur uile làn beadruidh,
Tein-eibhinn am uchd air fadadh,
'S mi air fàd gu damhs' air leagail.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

'Nuair chuirean goic air mo ghogan,
'S thogain mo shailm air chreagan,
Sann orm fèin a bhiodh am frogan,
Ceol ga thogail, 's bròn ga leagail.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Eoin bhuchalach bhreac na coille,
Le'n òrganaibh òrdail mar rinn,
'S feadag ghlan am beul gach coilich,
'S binn fead-ghuil air gheugaibh baraich.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

'S mis an t-eunan beag le m'fheadan,
Am madainn dhriùchd am barr gach badain,
Sheinneadh na puirt ghrìnn gu'n spreadan,
'S ionmhuinn m'fheadag feadh gach lagain.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Togamaid deoch-slainge na h-armailt,
Dh-eirich le Tearlach o'n gharbhlaich,
Na fir ghasda dheanadh searr-bhuain
Air feoil 's cnàimhean nan dearg chot.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Olamaid fliuchadh ar slùgain,
'S cuireamaid mu'n cuairt lan nogain,
'Slainge Sheumais suas le suigeart,
Tosta Tearlach sios le sogan.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Slaight' an teaghlaich rioghail inbheich
Olamaid gu sunndach, geanaill,
'S nigheamaid ar sgornain ghionaich
Le dram mìlis, suileach, glaineach.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Cuireamaid sìos feadh ar mìonaich
Tosta nan curaidhnean clannach,
Nan colg gasda, sgaiteach, biorach,
'S ro mhòr sgìl air còmhrag lannach.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

O tha mi teannadh gu eir-thìr,
Ullaicheam m'acair gu cala,
Tosta Mhuideirt ceann nan Seileach,
'S an t-slaime eil' ud triath nan Garrach.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Lìonaibh suas a's olaibh bras i,
Slaime Raonuill òig o's deas i,
Sguiribh dh'amharc thugaibh as i,
Siabaibh leibh i as a teas i.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Stràc suas a ghlaime cheudna,
Cuimhnicheamaid slaint an t-Stéibhtich
Ridir òg gasda na eireadh,
Dol le sgairt a shracadh bheistean.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Slaint Iarl Antrum s' tosta prìseil,
'S na tha 'n Eirinn chlaunaibh Mìlìdh,
Tha mo shìle bàthadh m'ìtairidh
Chionn gu'm beil mo bheul lan mìslein.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Diolamaid gu foirmeil, frasach,
Slaime Bhaosadail mu'n stad sinn,
Laogh treun a dh'eireadh sgairtail,
Chuir retreat air bheistean Shasunn.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Lion suas duinn glaine do'n Deasach,
Learganaich nan gorm lann claiseach,
Laoghraidh sgathadh cheann, a's leasraidh,
Na suinn sheasmach, shuudach, mhaiseach.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Co nambaid sin riu sheasadh,
'S cruaidh ruisgte nan duirn gu slaiseadh?
Anns an ruaig nuair ghabhadh teas iad,
Le lù-chleasan bhualadh shuisean.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Greasam gu fìnid gun stopadh,
Ach cha mhian leam a bhi bacach,
Puirt chiùil na smeobraich dosaich,
Tostam fìor sheobhac na Ceapaich.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Togamaid slainte nan Gleannach,
O chothann nam bradan earrach
Bheireadh air bocanaibh pillèadh,
Cha bu ghiorrach iad air bealach.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Cuireamaid mu'n cuairt gu toileach,
Slaime Mhic Dhùghaill o'n Bharraich,
Cridhe rioghail, reamhar, solais,
Tha na bhroilleach shìos am falach.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Chuimhnicheam lain Ciar a Lathuirn,
Aig nach robh an stoidhle cumhann,
Gheibh e mìirn, a's onair fhathach,
A's caitheadh drais mar as cubhaidh.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

Cìod am fath dhaibh bhi ga'r tagradh?
'S nach urr' iad chuir rinn cluigeann,
Sguiribh de'r boillech 's de'r splanain,
'N rud tha againn, 's Dia thug dhuinne.

Holaibh o iriag, §c.

ORAN DO PHIRIONNSA TEARLACH.

LUINNEAG.

*O hì-rì-rì tha e tighinn,
O hì-rì-rì, 'n rìgh tha uainn,
Gheibheamaid ar n'airm 's ar n'èileadh
'S breacan-ghèillidh an cuach!*

'S EIBHINN leam fhìn tha e tighinn,
Mac an rìgh dhlighich tha uainn,
Slìos mòr rioghail d'an tig ìrmachd,
Claidheamh a's targaid nan dual.

O hì-rì-rì, §c.

'S ann a tighinn thar an t-shàile,
Tha 'm fear ard a's àille suadh,
Maraiche sunnach nan stéud-each,
Rachadh gu h-eutrom san ruaig.

O hì-rì-rì, §c.

Samhuilt an fhaoilich a choltas,
Fuaradh froise 's fada-cruaidh,
Lann thana 'na 'laimh gu cosgairt,
Sgoltadh chorp mar choire' air cluain.

O hì-rì-rì, §c.

Tòrman do phìoba 's do bhrataich,
Chuireadh spiorad bràs san t-sluagh,
Dhèireadh ar n-àrdan 's ar n-aigne,
'S chuir' air a phrasgan ruaig!

O hì-rì-rì, §c.

Tairneanach a bhombh 's a channain,
Sgoilteadh e'n talamh le' chru'as,
Fhreagradh dha gach beinn a's beallach,
'S bhodhradh a mhac-tall ar cluas!

O hì-rì-rì, §c.

Gur maing d'an éideadh san là sin,
Còta granda 'n mhàdar roadh,
Ad bhileach dhubh a's coc-àrd innt',
Sgoilteas mar an chàl ro'n chruaidh.
O hi-ri-ri, &c.

ORAN EILE

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Thug hò-o, luill hò-o,
Thug o-ho-rò 'n àill leibh,
Thug hò-o, luill hò-ò,
Seinn o-ho-rò 'n àill leibh.*

МОСК 'sa mhadainn 's mi dùsgadh,
'S mor mo shuund 's mo cheol-gàire;
O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thigh'n do dhùthaich Chlaun-Rà'ill.
Thug hò-o, &c.

O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thig'n do dhùthaich Chlaun-Rà'ill;
Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slàn gu'm pill thusa Thearlaich.
Thug hò-o, &c.

Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slàn gu'm pill thusa Thearlaich;
'S ann tha 'n fhior-fhuil gun truaillleadh,
Ann a ghruaidh is mor nàire.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S ann tha 'n fhior-fhuil gun truaillleadh,
Ann a ghruaidh is mor nàire;
Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur.
Thug hò-o, &c.

Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur;
'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithisd,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n àite
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithisd,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n àite;
'S na 'n càraicht' an crùn ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S na 'n càraicht a crùn ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean;
'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gàil.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gàil;
A's Clann-Dòmhnuaill a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh.
Thug hò-o, &c.

A's Clann-Dòmhnuaill a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh;
'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-stri,
Ri luchd chòtaichean màdair.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-stri,
Ri luchd chòtaichean màdair;
Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-àrd orr'.
Thug hò-o, &c.

Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorin a's coc-àrd orr;
'S bhiodh am féileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgàrlaid.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S bhiodh am féileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgàrlaid;
Eile cuaich air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phìostal 's lann Spainnteach.
Thug hò-o, &c.

Eile cuaich air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phìostal 's lann Spainnteach
'S na 'm faighinn mo dhùrachd,
Bhiodh an diùc air dhroch càradh.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S na 'm faighinn mo dhùrachd,
Bhiodh an diùc air dhroch càradh;
Gu 'm biodh bùidsair na feola,
Agus corcach m'a bhrìghad!
Thug hò-o, &c.

Gu 'm biodh bùidsair na feola,
Agus corcach m'a bhrìghad;
'S gu'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S gu 'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair—
Ach slàn gu'n tig thu 's gu 'n ruig thu,
Slàn gu'n tig thusa Thearlaich.
Thug hò-o, &c.

FAILTE NA MOR-THIR.

LUINNEAG.

*H-eitirin àirinn uirinn òth-h-o-rò,
H-eitirin àirinn h-ò-rò.*

FAILT' ort féin a mhòr-thir bhoidheach,
Auns an òg-mhìos bhealltainn.
H-eitirin, §c.

Grian-thír òr-bhuidh, 's uaine còta,
'S froinidh ròs ri h-alltaibh.
H-eitirin, §c.

Le biadh 's le dibh a' cuir thairis,
Cha téid Earrach teann orr.
H-eitirin, §c.

'S ianach, lurach, slìos a tulaich,
'S duilleach 'mullach chraun innt.
H-eitirin, §c.

A choill gu h-uile fo làn-duilleach,
'S i na culaidh-bainnse.
H-eitirin, §c.

'S bainneach, bailceach, braonach glacach,
Bruachan tachdrach, Ailleart.
H-eitirin, §c.

Uisge fallain nan clach geala,
Na do bhaile Geamhraidh.
H-eitirin, §c.

'Slionach, slatach, cuibhleach, breacach,
Seile ghlas nan samhuan.
H-eitirin, §c.

Mor-thir ghlan nam bradan tarra gheal,
'S airgeadach cuir lann orr'.
H-eitirin, §c.

Tir lan sonais, saor o dhonus,
Gun dad conais dràndain.
H-eitirin, §c.

Seirceach, caidreach, gun dad sladachd,
Saor o bhraid, 's o aantlachd.
H-eitirin, §c.

'S àluinn a beinnean, 'sa sraithean,
'S eibhinn dath a gleanntan.
H-eitirin, §c.

Greidhean dhearg a' tàmh mu fireach,
Eilid bhiorach, 's mang aic.
H-eitirin, §c.

Boc air daradh timcheall daraig,
'N déigh a leannain cheann-deirg.
H-eitirin, §c.

Searrach bhuicin anns an ruicil,
'S e sìor chruiteil dhambsaibh.
H-eitirin, §c.

Na meinn bheaga 's iad ri beadrach,
Auns na creagan teann air.
H-eitirin, §c.

Coilich choille, 's iad ri coilleig,
Auns an doire chrannuil.
H-eitirin, §c.

Cnothach, caorach, dearcach, braonach,
Glasrach, raonach, aibhneach.
H-eitirin, §c.

'S deiltreach, laomach, meiltreach, caointeach,
A fuinn mhaoineach, leamhnach.
H-eitirin, §c.

'S cùbhraidh 'suthan, 's badach luibhean,
Ris a bhruthainn ann-teas,
H-eitirin, §c.

'S feurach, craobhach, luideach, gaolach,
An tìr fhaoidh sheannsaì.
H-eitirin, §c.

Grian ag èiridh 'gòradh sléibhe,
'S beachan gheug ri srannraich.
H-eitirin, §c.

Seillein ruadha diogladh chluaran,
'S mìl ga buain le dranndan.
H-eitirin, §c.

Breac le sùlas leum a bhuinne,
Ruith nan cuileag greannar.
H-eitirin, §c.

Bàrr gach tolmair fo bhrat gorm-dhearc,
Air gach borrachan alltain.
H-eitirin, §c.

Lusan cùbhraidh mach a' brùchdadh,
'S cuid diubh cùl-ghorm bainn-dearg.
H-eitirin, §c.

'S ceolar, éibhinn, bàrr gach géige,
'S an eòin féin a damhs' orr'.
H-eitirin, §c.

Croth air dàir am bàrr an fhàsaich,
N fhèoir nach d'fhàs gu crainntidh.
H-eitirin, §c.

'S iad air theas a' ruith le 'm huarach,
'S tè le cuach gan teann-ruith.
H-eitirin, §c.

'S miosrach, cuachach, leabach, luachrach,
Dol gu buaile 's t-sàmhraidh.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S òmhach, nachdrach, blàthach, cnuachdach,
Lòn nam buachaill anna.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S imeach, gruthach, meogach, sruthach,
An imirich shubhach, shlabhach.

H-eitirin, &c.

Deoch gun tomhas dol far comhair,
Gun aon ghlothar gainntir.

H-eitirin, &c.

IORRAM CUAIN.

GUR neo-aoidheil turas faoillich,
Ge d' bhiodh na daoine tàbhachdach.

Tha m' fhearann saibhir hò-a hò,

Ho-rì ki-rò na b' àile leat mì :

Tha m' fhearann saibhir hò-a hò.

An fhaireg molach, bronnach, torrach,
Giobhach, corrach, ràpalach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S cruaidh ri stiùireadh bial-mhuir duldaidh,
Teachd le bruchdail chàrsanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Clagh a chulain cha b'e 'n sùgradh,
'S e ri bùirein bàchdanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An cùlanach féin cha n e 's fasadh,
Agus lasan àrdain air.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Teachd gu dlù' n deighe chéile,
Agus geumnaich dàir orra.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An fhaireg phàiteach, 'sa bial farsuinn,
Agus acras araidh oirr'.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S maing a choimeas muir ri mointich,
Ge d' bhiodh mor-shneachd stràchd orra.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Neoil a' gealadh oidhche shalach,
Gun aon chala sàbhailte.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Dubh-ra-dorcha gun dad ghcalaich,
Oir-thir ain-eoil' ard-chreagach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth a' seideadh, muir ag eiridh,
'S fear ag eubhach ard ghuthach :—

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

“Sud e' tidhinn 's cha n'ann ruighinn,
Croc-mhuir, friothar, bàsanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

“Cum ceann caol a fiodha dìreach,
Rì muir diolain, dàsunach.”

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ach dh'aithnich sinn gun sheol sinn fada,
A mach san t-sàmh 's bu ghabbaidh sin.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S leag sinn a croinn a's a h-aodach,
'S bu ghnìomh dhaoine cailleadhach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S chuir sinn amach cliathan rìghne,
Is bu ghriom an àlach iad.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S shuidh orr' ochduar, theoma, thromha,
A' sgoillteadh tonnan stàplainneach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Héig air chnagaibh, bùg air mhaidean,
'S cogall bhac air t-àbhvanaibh !

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a' mhogladh suas a chéile,
'S masgadh trenn air sàil aca.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sgìnean lochdrach rannh a Lochluinn,
'Bualadh bhoc air bhàirlimean.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a' traoghadh suas na dìle,
Le neart fìor gharg ghìrdeanan.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Cathadh mara 's marcachd-shine,
'S stoirm na sion, da 'n sàrachadh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lasraichean sràd theine-shinnuachain,
Dearg o'n iumradh chàileachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad ag obair as an léintean,
“Hùg a's thèid 'da rannh' aca.”

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iorram ard-bhinn shuas aig Eamun,
Aun an cléith ràn bhaghada.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Aonghas Mac-Dhonnachaidh da réir sin,
A ri ! bu treun a thàirneadh e.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Donnacha Mac-Uaraig a luagh leo,
'S b' fhada buan a spàlagan.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Bha fuaim aon-mhaide air chléith ac'
Bualadh spéicean tàbhachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Raimh dam pianadh, 's fir dan spianadh,
'N glachdaibh iarnaidd àrd-thonnach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gallain chiatach, leoghar, liaghach,
'S fuirbinean da'n sàrachadh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lunnan mine, 's duirn da'n sìneadh,
Seile sìos air dhearnaimean.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Muir ag osnaich shuas ma toiseach.
Chuip-gheal, choip-gheal, ghàir-bheuchdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Suas le sgrudadh saoidh ri bùirein,
Le sìor dhuirachd sàr iomaraiddh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Slabhraidh chuirneineach ri dùirdail,
Shios bha stiur a fàgail ann.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth na deannan 's i ri feannadh,
Na'n tonn ceann-fhionn ràsanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Na fir lughmhor an deigh an rùsgaidh,
A' cur smùid dbeth an àlaichean.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Chaidh cha mhìticheadh a misneach,
Na fir sgibidh th' bhachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Rìgh an eagail, *Neptun* ceigeach,
Ri sìor sgreadail—"bàthar sibh !"

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gu'm b'fhad' uamhuinn muir ri nualraich,
'S cathadh cuain a stràcadh orr',

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'Ghuidh an sgioba gear na dùilín,
'S fhuair an urnaigh gràfadh dbaibh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Smachdaich *Aeolus* na spèuran,
'S a bhuilg shèidibh àrd-ghaothach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gun d' rinn *Neptun* fàirge lòmadh,
Mar bhiodh glaine sgàthain ann.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sgaoil na neòil bha tònn-ghorm càr-dhubh,
'S shoilsich grian mar b' àbhaist dh'i.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S mhothaich an sgioba do dh' fhearann,
'S ghlac iad cala sàbhailte.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ghabh iad pronn, a's deoch, a's leabaidh.
'S rinn iad cadal samhach orr'.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

A BHANARACH DHONN.

LUINNEAG.

*A Bhanarach dhonn a 'chruidh,
Chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh ;
Cailin deas donn a cruidh,
Cuachag an f'hàsaich.*

*A Bhanarach mhìogach,
'S e do ghaol thug fo chìs mì ;
'S math thig lambainnean sìoda,
Air do mhìn-bhasan bàna.*

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

*'S mor bu bhinne bhi t-eisteachd,
An am bli bleathan na spreidhe ;
N'an smeòrach sa' chéitein,
Am barr góig an am fàs-choill.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

*'Nuair a sheinne tu coilleag,
A leigeil mairt ann an coille ;
Thaladh eunlaith gach doire,
Dh' eisteachd coireall do mhàraic.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

*Ceol farasda fìor-bhinn,
Fonnar, farumach, dìonach ;
A shein an caillin donn mìogach,
A bheireadh biogadh air m' àirneann.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.*

'S ge b' fionnar an fhiodhall,
'S a tendan an rithidh ;
'S e bheireadh damhs air gach cridhe
Ceol nighin na h-àiridh.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Tha deirg agus gile,
A gleachd an gruaidhean na finne',
Beul min mar an t-shirist,
O'm millis thig gàire.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Deud snasda na rìbhinn,
Snaite, cruinn, mar na dīsuan ;
Gur h-i 'n donn-gheal, ghlan smideach,
'S ro mhìog-shuileach fàite.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Chuireadh maill' air do leirsinn,
Ann am madaim chiuin chéitein,
Na gathannan greine,
Thig bho teud-chul cas, fainneach.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruagaich,
A' bleothann cruaidh ghuaillinn ;
A' toirt torroman air cuachaig,
'S bothar fhuaim aig a clàraidh.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuaillein,
Ga chrathadh mu cluasan ;
A' toirt muigh air seid luachraich
An taigh buaile, an gleann fàsaich.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

A' muineal geal boidheach,
Mu'n iathadh an t-òmar,
A' dhath fèin air gach seòrsa,
Chite dortadh tre bràghad.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Dà mhaoth-bhois bu ghriane,
Fo 'n dà ghàirdin bu ghile ;
'N uair a shìnt iad gu h-innealt',
Gu sinean cruaidh fhàsgadh.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Gu'm bu mhothar mo bheadradh,
Teachd do'n bhuaile mu ead-thra,
Sèanb sult-chorpach beitir,
'S buarach ghreasaid an àil aie'.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Glac gheal a b' ard gleodhar,
A' stealladh bainn' an cuach bleothainn ;
A' seinn luinneagan seadhach,
An gobhal na blaraig.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'N uair thogadh tu bhuarach,
Cuach a's cùrruan na buaile ;
B'ao-coltach do ghluasad
Ri guanag na sràide.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

O R A N,

MAR GUM B'ANN EADAR AM PRIONNSA AGUS NA GAEIL.

AIR FONS—" *Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.*"

AM PRIONNSA.

MILE marbhaig air an t-saoghal,
'S carach baoghalach a dhàil ;
Cuibhl' an fhortain oirn air caochladh,
Cha do chleachd sinn moim ro' chàch ;
Tha sinn a nis air ar sgaoileadh,
Air feadh ghleann, a's fhraoch-beann àrd ;
Ach teanailidh sinn fòs ar daoine,
'N uair a dh' fhaodas sinn gu blàr.

Misneach mbath a mhuinntir ghaolach,
'S gabhaidh Dia dhuinn daonnan càs ;
Cuiribh dòchus daingheann, faoilteach,
Anns an aon Tìni dhuin stà :
'S buanaichibh gu righeil, adhrach,
Traisgeach, uirneach, caoineach, blà ;
'S bi'bh dileas do chach a chéile,
'S duinear suas ar creuchdan bàis

Ach 's feadar dhomhs' a nis bhì falbh uaibh,
A Ghàèilibh càlma mo gheidh ;
Bu mhor m' earbsa' às ar fònadh,
Ge do hd' fhonadh dhuinn 's an àr,
'S iomadh ana-cothrom a choimnich
Sinn, 's an choimnidh bua gun àgh ;
Ach gabhaidh mis' a nis mo chead dhibh,
Uine bleag : ach thig mi tràth.

Leasaichidh mi fòs ar callsa,
Chraidhbhean gun fheall, gun sgàth ;
A dhùise dhlìodhach, righeil, threuna,
A dheanadh ènehd ri nehd nam blàr ;
'S cinna's coluinn chuir o chéile,
Sinn', 's sibh-fèin a sgaradh fàs ;
Ach togaibh suas ar misneach gleusda,
'S cuiream fèin r' ar creuchdan plàsda.

NA GAEIL.

A Mhoire sinn th' air ar cùsadh !
Air dhi-cèille, sinn gun chàil ;
Tearlach Stiubhart Mac rìgh Sèmmas,
A bhì na cìginn anns gach càs ;

Gur h-e sin a rinn ar lèireadh,
Gur h-e 's feudar dha gu'm fàg;
Sinn na dhèigh gun airm, gun èideadh,
Falbh 'n ainm Dhé; ach thig a ghràidh.

Ar mìle beannachd na d' dbeigh,
'S Dia do d' gheigheadh anns gach àit;
Muir a's tir a bhì cho réidh dhut;
M' urnaigh gheur leat fein os àird;
'S ge do sgar mìo-fhortan deurach
Sinn o chéile, 's ceum ro'n bhàs;
Ach soraidh leat a mhic rìgh Seumas,
Shùgh mo chéille thig gun chaird.

Chaill sinn ar stiuir, 's ar buill-bheairte;
Thugadh uainn ar n-acair-bàis;
Chaill sin ar compaisd 's ar cairtean,
Ar reull-iuil 's ar beachd gach là;
Tha ar cuirp gun chinn, gun chasan,
Sinn marr charcaisich gun stàth;
Ach gabh thus' a ghràidh do t-astar,
Dean gleas tapaidh 's thig gun dail.

AM PRIONNSA.

Beannachd gu léir le Clann-Dòmhuill,
Sibh a dh' fhoirium orm na m' chàs,
Eadar eileanan, a's mhòr-thìr,
Lean sibh deonach, rium gach trà;
'S iomadh beinn, a's muir, a's moineach,
A shiubhail sin air chòrsa bàis;
Ach theasraig Dia sinn air fuar-fhòirneart,
Nau con sròn-ghaath 'bha ri 'r sàil.

Sibh a rion fo-laime na Trianaid,
Mis' a dhion o mhi-ruin chibh;
Mo dhearg-naimhdean, neartmhor, lionmhor,
Chuir an lion feadh ghleann a's àrd.
A mhiad 's a thaisbean sibh d' ar dìlseachd,
'S còir nach dì-chuimhnich gu bràth;
A dharr, gur sibh is luaithe shìn rium,
Toic air tìr 's an talamb-ard.

NA GASIL.

Ochan! ochan! cruaidh an dearmad,
Bhì 'g ar tearbadh bhuat gun bhàs;
B'i 'n fhoir eibhinneachd, 's am beirteas,
Bhì d' a t-fhaicinn gach aon là;
B'f'dh ar rùisg lan tim a frasadh;
Ar cri lag-chùiseach gun chàil,
Gu 'm pill thus' a ris air tais oirn,
Beannachd leat le neart ar gràidh.

AM PRIONNSA.

O! tiormaichibh a suas 'ur sùilean,
'Chomuinn rùnaich 'fhuair 'ur cràdh,
B'f'dh sibh fàs, maoiniach, mùirneach,
N 'ur gàrd dùbailt' ma *Whitehall*,

'Nuair a bhios an reubal lùbach,
Rì bog chrùban feadh nan cùrn,
Gu 'm bi sibhs' an caitheamh cùirte,
Lasdail, lù-chleasach, lan àidh.

AM BREACAN UALLACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Hé 'n clò-dubh,
Hò 'n clò-dubh,
Hé 'n clò-dubh,
B'fhearr am breacan.*

B' FHEARR leam breacan uallach,
Ma m' ghuailllean, 's a chuir fo m' achlais,
Na ged gheibhinn còta,
De 'n chlò is fearr thig á Sasuinn.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Mo laochan fein an t-éideadh,
A dh-fheumadh an crios d' a ghlasadh,
Cuacbeanach an éilidh,
Déis eiridh gu dol air astar.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Eilidh cruinn nan cuachan,
Gur buadbach an t-earradh gaisgeich;
Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain,
Feadh fhuair-bheann; 's bu ghasd' air faich thu.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Fìor chulaidh an t-saighdear,
'S neo-ghloiceil ri uchd na caismeachd;
'S ciatach 's an *adhbhans* thu,
Fo shranntaich nam piob 's nam bratach.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Cha mhos anns an dol sìos thu,
'Nuair sgrìobar á duille claiseach;
Fìor earradh na ruaise,
Gu luaths a chuir anns na casan!

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath gu sealg an fhéidh thu,
'N am eridh do 'n ghréin air creachunn;
'S dh-fhallbhainn leat gu lodhar,
Dì-dòmhaich a dol do'n chlachan.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Laidhinn leat gu cearbail,
'S mar earbaig gu 'm brìosgainn grad leat,
Na b' ullamb air m' armachd,
Na dearganach, 's mosgaid ghlagach.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

'N am coilleach a bhi dùrdan,
Air stùcan am madainn dhealta.
Bu ghasda t-fheum 's a chùis sin,
Seach mùtan de thrustar càsaig.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shiubhlainn leat a phòsadh,
'S bharr feoirnein cha fhrosainn dealta ;
B' i sid a' t-sunach bhòidheach,
An òg-bhean bha moran tlachd dh'i.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

B' aigeantach 's a' choill' thu,
D a m' choireadh le d' bhlàths 's le t-fhasgath,
Bho chathadh, a's bho chrìon-chur,
Gu 'n dìonadh tu mi ri frasachd.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Air t-uachdar gur a sgiamhach
A laidheadh a sgiath air a breacadh ;
'S claidheamh air chrios ciatach,
Air fhiaradh os-ceann do phleatan.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S deas a thigeadh cuilbheir,
Gu suilbhearra leat fa 'n asgaill ;
'S a dh-aindeoin uisg' a's urchaid,
No tuil-bheun gu 'm biodh air fasgath.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath anns an oidhech' thu ;
Mo loinn thu mar aodach-leapa ;
B' fhearr leam na 'm brat liu thu,
Is prìseile thig a Glascho.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

S' baganta grunn bòidheach,
Air banais a's air mòd am breacan ;
Suas an òileadh-sguaise,
'S dealg-gualainn a' cur air fasdaidh.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath an là 's an oidhech' thu,
Bha loinn ort am beinn 's an eladach,
Bu mhath am feachd 's an sìth thu ;
Cha rìgh am fear a chuir as dut.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shaoil leis gun do mhaolaich, so
Faobhar nan Gàid tapaidh,
Ach 's ann a chuir e gèur orr',
Ni 's beurra na deud na h-calltainn :
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Dh-flag e iad làn mì-ruin,
Cho ciocrasach ri coin acrach ;
Cha chaisg deoch an iotadh,
Ge b' fhion i, ach fìor fhuil Shasuinn.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ged' spion sibh an Crì asainn,
'S ar broilleichean sìos a shracadh,
Cha toir sibh asainn Tearlach,
Gu bràth gus an téid ar tacadh !
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

R' ar n-anam' tha e fuaighte,
Teann, luaite cho cruaidh ri glasan ;
'S uainn cha' n fhaodar fhuasgladh,
Gu 'm buaine ar fear ud asainn.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Cleas na mnatha-siùbhla,
'Gheibh tuillinn mu'm beir i' h-asaid ;
An ionad a bhi'n duimbh ris,
Gun dùbhail d'a fear a lasan.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ge d' chuir sibh oirne buarach,
Thiugh, luaighte, gu 'r falbh a bhacadh,
Ruithidh sinn cho luath,
'S na 's buaine na féidh a ghlasraidh.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Tha sinn 's na t-sean nàdar,
A bhà sinn ro am an *acta* ;
Am pearsannan 's an inntinn,
'S 'n ar righealachd cha téid lagadh.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S i 'n fhuil bha 'n cuis' ar sinnsridh,
'S an inusginn a bha n' an aigne,
A dh-fhagadh dhuinn' mar dhìleab,
Bhi righeil.—O ! sin ar paidir !
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mallachd air gach seòrsa,
Nach deonaicheadh fòs dol leat-sa,
Co dhiù bhiodh aca còmhdaich,
No còmhruiste, lòn gu 'n chraiceann.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mo chion an t-òg fearragha,
Thar fairge chaidh uainn air astar :
Dùrachd blàth do dhùthcha,
'S an ùrnaigh gu lean do phearsa.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S ge d' fhuair sibh lamb-an-uachdar,
Aon uair oirn le seòrsa tapaidh,
An *donus* blàr ri bheò-sa,
Ni leòladair tuilleadh tapaidh.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

TEARLACH MAC SHEUMAIS.

AIR FONS—"Black Jock."

O! Tearlach mhic Sheumais,
Mhic Sheumais, mhic Thearlach,
Leat shiubhlainn gu h-eutrom,
N am èubhachd 'bhi mairsal,
'S cha b' ann leis a phlàigh ud,
A tharmaich o 'n mhuic.
Bheireadh creideamh a's reusan
Oirn éiridh mar b' àbhaist,
Leis an ailleagan ehteach,
'Shliochd éifeachdach Bhàncho;
Mo ghràdh a ghruaidh àluinn,
A dhearsadh orm stuir.
Thu 'g iomachd gu sùrdail,
Air tùs a bhataill,
Cha fhrosainn an drùchda,
'S mi dlù air do shàilean;
Mi eadar an talamh
'S an t-adhar a seòladh,
Air iteig le aighear,
Misg-chath, agus shòlais;
'S caismeachd phìob' mòra,
Bras-shròicheadh am puirt.

O 'n eibhinneachd ghlòrmhor,
An t-sblais a b' airde!
G' ar lìonadh do spionnadh,
Air slinneinibh Thearlaich,
Gu 'n calcadh tu àrdan
An càileachd ar cuirp;
Do làthaireachd mhòr-chuiseach,
Dh-fhògradh gach faillinn,
Gu 'n tiuntadh tu fèdar
Gach feola gu stàilinn,
'Nuair sheal'maid gu sunndach,
Air fabhra do rùisg.
Gu gnùis torrach de chrudal,
De dh' uaisle, 's de mhàire,
Nach taisciehadh fuathas,
Ro' luaidhe do nàmhaid;
'S mar deanadh fir Shasuinn
Do mhealladh, 's do thrèigsinn,
Bhiodh an crùn air a spalpadh,
Le d' thapadh air Séurlas,
A dh-aindeoin na bèist'.
Leis an d' érich na h-uile.

Cu 'm b' fhoirmeil leam torran
Na 'n òrganan àluinn!
'S tein'-éibhinn a lasadh
Gu bras-gheal air sràidibh!
'S na croisibh ri h àrd-ghaoir,
Mhòir Thearlach ar Prionns'!

Gach uinneag le foineal
A boisgeadh le dearsadh,
Le solus nan coillean,
'S deas mhaighdeann d'an smàladh;
'S gach nì mar a b' araidh,
'G cuir failt' air le puimp!
Na canoin ri bùirich,
'S iad a' stùradh an fhàilidh,
A' cuir crith air gach dùthaich
Le muiseag nan Gaël;
Agus sinne gu lù'-chleasach,
Mùirneach lan àrdain,
Am mairsail gu miùinte,
Àrd-shundach m' a shailean—
'S gann bha cudrom 's gach fear dhuinn,
Trì chairteil a phuinnt!

MO BHIOBUG AN DRAM.

AIR FONS—"The bucket you want."

LUTINNEAG.

*Ho rò mo bhobug an dràm,
Hò rì mo bhobug an dràm,
Hò rò mo bhobug an dràm,
'S e chuireadh an sòdan na m' cheann.**

FHEARABH ta'r suidhe ma 'n bhòrl,
Le 'r glaineachan cridheil n-'ar doru,
Na leanamaid ruidhinn air òl,
Ma mill sinn ar bruidhinn le bòl.
Ho rò mo, &c.

Na tostachan sigeanta fial,
'Ga'n aiseag gu ruige mo bhial;
Bu mhìreagach stuigeadh, a's triall,
Am mairsal le ciogailt tro' m' chliabh.
Ho rò mo, &c.

* The above chorus is not by Macdonald—it belongs to an old Uist song. Here are two stanzas of the original:—

Cha téid mi'n taigh-òsd' tha sud thall,
Cha'n fhiach an sìocabhar a th' ann,
Ge d' olainn am buideal le srann,
Gu'n gulan mo cholainn mo cheann.
Ho rò mo, &c.

Thuir cailleadh cho lileasd' sa bh' ann,
'Nuair fhuair i blas air an dràm:—
"O! tairnibh 'ur casan a chlann,
'S bheir mise mo char air an damhs'."
Ho rò mo, &c.

'S tu chuireadh an cuireid' san t-sluagh,
'N am cogaidh ri aodainn nan ruag,
Gun olamaid sgaile dhiot gu luath,
Ma sguidseamaid slacain a truail'.

Ho ro mo, &c.

'S tu dh' fhagadh sinn tapaiddh san tòir,
'N am tarraim nan glas-lann ri sròin,
'Nuair thilgte na breacain de 'n t-slògh,
'S á truail, bheirt a mach claidhe mór.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Ge tu mo leannan glan ùr,
Cha phòg mi gu dìlinn thu 'n cùil;
Ach phògann, a's dheodhlainn thu rùin,
Nuair thig thu 's *Jacobus* na d' ghnòis:

Ho ro mo, &c.

An t-ainm sin is fearr ata ann,
Ainm Sheumais a chuir air do cheann;
'S e thogadh an sògan fo m' chainnt,
'S a dh-fhagadh gu blasda mo dhràm.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Fadamaid teine beag shìos,
Na lasraichean ciuin a ni grìos,
A gharas ar claigeann 's ar crì,
'Sa dh-fhògras ar n'airteal, 's ar sgìos.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Gur tu mo ghlaineag ghlan lom,
Mo leannan is cannaiche fonn;
Ged rinneadh thu dh' fheamain nan tonn,
Gur mòr tha do cheanal na d' chòm.

Ho ro mo, &c.

O fair a ghaoil channaich do phòg,
Leig clannadh d' a t-anail fo' m' shròin,
Gur cubhraidh leam fannal do bheoil,
No tùis agus *mìre* na h-Eòrp.

Ho ro mo, &c.

O aisig a ghlaire do phòg!
Cuir speirid n' ar teangaidh gu ceòl;
An òc-shlainte bheannaichte chòir,
A leasaicheas cnàmhan a's foil!

Ho ro mo, &c.

M A R B H R A N N

DO PHEATA CALUMAN, A MHRABHAIDH LE ABHAG.

'S tùrsach mo sgeul ri luaidh,
'S gun chàch gha d' chaoidh,
Ma bhàs an fhir bu leanabail' tuar,
'S dà mheanbh ga chaoidh.

'S oil leam bàs a Choluim chaoimh,
Nach b' anagrach gnàs,
A thuiteam le madadh d'a 'm bèus,
Dòran' nan càrn.

'S tu 's truagh linn de bhàs nan ian;
Mo chràdh nach beò,
Fhir a b' iteagach, miotagach triall,
Ge bu mheirbh do threòir;

B' fheumail' do Noah na càch,
'N am bhàrcadh nan stuadh,
Ba tu 'n teachdair' gun seacharan d' à,
'Nuair thraigh an cuan;

A dh' idreachdainn do dh-fhalbh an tuil,
Litir gach fear;
Dùghall is Colum gu'n chuir
Deagh Noah thar lear;

Ach chaidh Dùghall air seacharan cuain,
'S cha do phill e riamh;
Ach phill Colum le iteagach luath,
'S a fhreagra na bhial.

Air thùs, cha d' fhuair e ionad d' a bhonn
An seasadh e ann,
Gus do thiormaich dìle nan tonn,
Thar mullach nam beann;

'S an sin, a litir-san leugh an duine bha glie,
Gu 'n thiormaich a bhaile,

'S gu'm faigheadh a mhuirichinn, cobhair na'n
Agus fuasgladh na 'n airc, [teirc,

Le neart cha spùilte do nead,
Ge do thigte dha d' shlad;

Bhiodh do chaisteal fo bhearradh nan creag,
Ann an dainghnichibh rag;

Bha do mhodh sìolaich air leath bho chàch,
Cha togradh tu suas,

Ach a durraghail an taca ri d' ghràdh,

'Sa cuir eagair 'n a cluais.

Cha do chuir thu duil ann airgead no spròidh,

No fèisd am biodh sùgh,

Ach spìoladh, a's criomadh an t-sil le d' bhèul;

'S ag òl a bhùirn;

Aodach, no anart, sìoda, no sròl,

Cha cheannaicheadh tu 'm bùth;

Bhiodh t-cìdeadh de mhìn-iteacha gorm,

Air nach drùidheadh an driùchd;

Cha do ghabh thu riamh paidir no creud,

A ghuidh nan dùl;

Giheadh, cha 'n eil t-anam am péin

O chaidh tu 'null,

Cha 'n e gun chiste no anart

Bhi comhdach do chré,

Fo lùc anns an ùir,

Tha mise ge cruaidh e, 'g acain gu léir,

Ach do thuiteam le cù.

Note.—This is the best of his smaller pieces, although it contains more of sparkling conceit than tenderness or pathos. It is probable that it was composed before he became a member of the Church of Rome, as he says that the pigeon never repeated *paternoster* or *creed*.

M O L A D H

A CHAIM-BEULAICH DHUIBH.

Ge beag orts' an Caim-beulach dubh,
 Gur toigh leams' an Caim-beulach dubh ;
 Biodh e dubh, no geal, no gris-fhionn,
 Gràdh mo chrì-s' an Caim-beulach dubh.
 Ge h-ainnisgeach air an t-seòrs' thu,
 Na 'n b' aithne dhomsa do phùrsa,
 Chuirinn moran fios do 'n dò-bheirt,
 'N an dubh dhlòintibh fhòtusach, tiugh.

'Suilean cuirpt' bh' ann an droch chrùth,
 A fhuair oilbheim do 'n fhear gheal-dhubh,
 Do 'n dream oirdheirc 's foirmeile fuil ;
 'S duilich tolg a chuir 'n a chruaidh stuth.
 'S tric le madraidh bhì ri dealunn,
 An òidhche reòt' ris a' ghealaich ;
 B' ionann sin, 's eifeachd t-ealaidh,
 Air cliù geal a Chaim-beulaich dhuibh.

'S cà mar fhuair thu dh' aodann no ghnuis,
 Caineadh uasail gun mhodh, gun tìus ?
 Fhior dhearc-luachrach chinneach a lus ;
 Ma t-aoir bhacach tachdam thu bhuic.
 Sgiùrsaidh mi gu gu 'm bi thu marbh thu ;
 Cha bhì ach mo theang' de dh'arain riut ;
 A rag-mheirlich, bhradaich, a gharbhlaich,
 'S iomagharbh-mhart dh'fheann thu le d' chuic.

Do'n t-sìol chruithneachd chuireadh gu tiugh ;
 Cha b' e 'n fhìdeag, no 'n coirce dubh,
 Ach por priseil, 's ro sgaoilteach cur,
 Feadh gach rìoghachd air tìr, 's air muir.
 Gur iongantach leam, a dhuine,
 Mar robh mearan ort air tuinneadh,
 Cìod man do bhuin thu do 'n urr' ad ;
 Curaidh ullamh, 's cuireideach fuil ?

Dream nan geur-lann gu reubadh cuirp,
 Cruaidh 'g a feachainn air beulamh trùp ;
 S' math 's is gleust' iad gu bualadh phluic,
 'N an retrèata dh' éibheach le stuir.
 Cha "bhreac breun-loin" idir Cailean,
 Ach do dh' fhion-fhuil ard Mhic-Cailein ;
 Teughlach ùiseil Iarla-Bhealaich ;
 'S buadhach caitheam ri uchd an truid !

'S cinnteach thiotadh gheibh thu do mhurt,
 Ma t-aoir chiotach, mhiosguinnich churt ;
 Ge do dh' eirich gu robh ort stuir,
 B' dh a bhìodag ridleadh do chuirp.
 Clàigeanu gun eanachainn, gun mheadrach,
 Sa faodadh na h-iolairéan neadadh ;
 Cia mar fhuair thu ghnùis do sgìodar,
 Ghluasad idir an ionad puirt ?

Eisg bhoichd, chearbaich, seargaidh mi tur,
 Do theanga chealgach a chearbaire dhuibh,
 Rinn an t-searbhag gun chair' a muigh ;
 Asad dh' earbiun "cealgairéachd cruiddh."
 Cha fhior-ragair ge d' bhìodh fearg air
 Do 'n d' rinn thus' a dhuin' an t-searbhag ;
 Ach òg faighidneach gun earra-ghloir ;
 Lan do dh' fearra-ghnìomh, dhearb e le ghuin.

Bha thu mi-mhoil a toirt dh'a guth ;
 Cràg a chobhair gu màgradh gruth ;
 Leòbas odhar a ghlainseadh suth,
 Deis dh'a leaghadh, 's e ruidh na shruth.
 Cha bu bheudagan gu sàbaid
 Ach fìor leoghann stolda, staideil,
 Do 'n d' rinn us' an t-oran pràbach ;
 Ach fìor ghaisgeach ; 's am blàr 'ga chur.

Sparram cinnteach ort a ghlas-ghuib ;
 Losgadh peircill, corcadh, a's cuip
 Air sou ascaoin chealgach do bhuis ;
 B' fhearr gu 'm bithinn-sa fasag dhut.
 Ge do bhìodh tu caineadh ghàel,
 Anns gach siorramachd a dh' àirinn,
 Seachainn muinntir Earra-ghàel,
 'S gun a Cheòlraidh fabharach dhut.

'S maing a dh' èireadh ri sìol an tuirc,
 Gasraidh ghlèusda nach càradh cluich ;
 Cha bu bhèus dhaibh bhì ris a mhurt,
 Ach cath trèun, a's cothrom r' an uchd'.
 Ge beag ort-sa mìle cuairt e,
 'S ioma sonn aigeantach ullach,
 Eadar Asainn, 's Cluaigh nan luath-long,
 A 's trom luaigh air Caim-beulach dubh.

Suil na seòca, 's ro bheòchail cur,
 An ceann rò-bhinn nam bachalag dubh ;
 Cha b' i "fròg-shuil, rògair" a chruiddh ;"
 Fìor fhiamh seoid air còr ann an sult
 'S geal 's a's dearg do leac, a's t-aogas,
 Ge thubhuirt iad "peirceall caol riut ;"
 Cha b' ionann as sligeas-gaoisneach,
 'S fiasag-p*-laoigh ort nach eil tiugh.

'S ge d'reachadh tu 's na spèuraibh
 Chum a Chaim-beulach dhuibh éisgeadh,
 Tuaidh tusa mar a bhéisteg,
 'N a t-ionad féin am buachar maírt.
 Thusa bhreinen, magaran cac ;
 E-san ghlè-ghlan lomlan do thlachd ;
 Thus a dhéistinn 's muig ort air àt,
 Mar bu bhéus do dhòran no chàt.

Aodann craineig, fharr-aodann tuirc ;
 Com a chnaimh-fhì'ch, 's nadur na muic ;
 Beul mhic-lamhaich, 's fàileadh a bhuic ;
 Spàgan clàrach ; sailean nan cùp'.

De dh' oirlichean aoiridh bàrdail,
Toiseam o d' bhathais, gu d' shàil thu ;
'S feannam do leathar a thràil dhiot,
Chìoun gu'n chàin 'thu'n Caim-beulach dubh.

Cha 'n fhear sgipi thus' ach fìor ghlu ;
'S beairt gun teagamh b'ìdh tu fo bhruid ;
T-iasag failidh, t-fhailt, a's do ruig ;
Tuitidh t-fhiaclan 's fàlbhaidh do thuigs'.
'S coltach nach b' aithne dhut mise,
'Nuair a bha mi so gun fhios dut ;
Na 'm b' eol, cha ghlaicadh tu mhiseach,
Ròine riobadh as an fhear dhubh.

Note—The Black Campbell was a cattle-lifter, and stole some cows from M'Lean of Lochbui. For this M'Lean's *àireach*, or herdsman, composed the satire. At the end of the song he calls on all the bards to join him in lashing the thief. When M'Donald heard this he composed his song in praise of Campbell and against the satirist—without any cause of love or hatred to either party. It is only an exercise of his wit ; but it shows his usual talents and powers of invention, and felicity of language. After that the herdsman composed a very severe satire on M'Donald himself. We give a few verses of the satire on Campbell as a specimen :—

" An Caim-beulach dubh á Cinn-tàile,
Iar-ogh' mhortair 's ogha 'mheirlich ;
Am Braid-Alban fhuair e àrach.
Siol na ceilge 's meirleach a chruidh.
'S obhar, ciar, an Caim-beulach dubh,
'S oillteil, fiadhaich, amharc sa' chruth ;
'S laethan bath-ghlas, dubh cha'n fhilach e ;
'S fear gu'n mhiadh an Caim-beulach dubh !

" Cuiream tuath e, cuiream deas e,
Cuiream siar e, cuiream sear e ;
Cuiream fios gu bàird gach fearainn,
Gus an caill e 'n eileacan na shruth."
'S obhar, ciar, &c.

MOLADH AN LEOGHAINN.

AIR FÖNN—" *Cabar Feith*."

Faill' an leoghainn chreachdaich,
Is eugsamhuil spracaladh,
'Nuair dheireadh do chinn-fheadna,
Bu mheaghrach am brataichean,
'Nuair chruinnicheadh guch dream dhin,
Gu ceannsgalach tartarach,
Bhiodh pronnadh agus callach,
Air naimhdean a thachradh ribh ;
Iad gu h-oidheire air bharr corr-ghleus,
Teinteach foir-dhearg, lasrachail,
'S ard an stoirm air mhìre-chonbhaidh,
'S lainn nan dorn ri spealtairachd,
Le'n geur cholg ri stracadh bholg,
A' gearradh cheann is chorpunnan ;
'S cha slugh gun chruaidh gun cheannsgal,
Le'n lann bheireadh fosadh orr.

Dùisg a leoghainn euchdaich,
'S dean Òirigh gu farumach,
Air brat ball-dearg, breid-ghéal,
'S fraoch sleibhe mar bharan air ;
Tog suas do cheann gu h-eatrom,
'S na speuraibh gu caithearseach,
'S théid mi-fhìn cho géire,
'S dh'fheadas mi d' arabhag ;
Togam suas do mholadh prìseil,
'S do cheann righeil farasda.
Cha'n 'eil ceann no corp san righeachd,
An cruaidh-ghnìomh thug barrachd ort,
An ceann cruadalach ard sgiamhach
Maiseach, fìor-dheas, arranta,
'S tric thug sgairt ri h-uchd an fhuathais,
Ri h-àm luchd t-fhuatha tarraimh ruit.

Co b'urraimh tair no dè-bleachd,
Gu dìlinn a bharalacha ?
No shamhlachd riut mi-chliù,
A rìgh nan ceann barrasach ;
A chreutair ghasda, rìmhich,
'S garg fìor-dheas do tharraimise,
Air brat glan de'n t-sìoda,
Ri mìn-chraim caol gallanach ;
E ri lapraich ri crann-brataich,
A' stailce chàs gu h-eangarra ;
Is còmhlaigh ghasda lan do ghaisge,
Teanaill bras gu leanailt ris,
Fearg gu casgairt 'nan gnùis dhaite,
Fraoch a's fras gu fearachas ;
Bh'ìdh sgrios a's lannadh sìos,
Air luchd mì-ruin a bheanadh riut.

Cha robh garta gleòis,
Air an t-seòrsa o'n ghineadh tu,
An dream rathail mhòr-chùiseach ;
Chòmhragach, iomaireach ;
Bu ghunnach, dagach, òr-sgiathach,
Gùirseideach, nìmhèil iad ;
Bu domhain farsuinn creuchdach,
Cneidh euchdach am fìrionnach ;
Iad gu sìrdail losga' fùdair,
Toirt as smuid bho lasraichean ;
Na fìr ùra, gheala, lùghar.
A ghearra smuais a's aineichean ;
Lannan dù-ghorm, geura, cùl-tiugh,
'N glaic nam fìuran aigeantach,
A' sgolta chorp a sìos gu'n rumpail,
Sùrd le sunnd air stracaireachd.

'S fòimh, fearail, laidir,
Cuanda, dàicheil, cinneadail,
Slìochd nan Collaidh lann-dhearg,
'S iad lan do dh'ard spiorad annt.
Cho dian ri lasair chra-dheing,
'S gaoth Mhàirt a' cuir spìonnaidh in

Gun mheang, gun mheirg, gun fhàillin,
 'Nar càileachd ge d' shìreair sibh ;
 Na fir chogach thèid 's na trodaibh,
 Nach biodh ro lotaibh gioragach ;
 Nach iarr broсна' ri h-àm cosgraidh,
 A phronna chorp a's mhìonaichean,
 A' sgatha cheann, a's lamh, a's chas, diubh,
 Ann san toit le mìre-chath,
 Na fir bhèurra, threin, fhearrdha,
 Gheur, armach, fhineadail !

An cinneadh maiseach, treubhach,
 Nan réidh-chuillbheir acuinneach,
 Nach diultadh dol air ghleus,
 Rì h-àm feuma gu grad-mharbhadh,
 Madaidh rì ùird ghleusta,
 Gu beuma nan sradagan,
 A' conas dearg ri chéile,
 A' cuir eibhlean gu lasraichean.
 Frasan dealanach dearg pheileir,
 Teachd o'r teine tartarach,
 A' spadadh, 's a pronnadh, 's a leadairt,
 Nan corp ceigeach, casagach.
 Lannan dù-ghorm dol gan dùlan,
 A gearra smùis is ainsichean,
 Aig na treunaibh cruaidh, bheumnach,
 'S luath bhuala speachannan.

Clann-Dòmhnuaill tha mi 'g raite,
 'N sàr chinneadh urramach,
 'S tric a fhuair 's na blàraibh,
 Air nàmhaid buaidh iomanach ;
 Iad fearra. 'capuidh, dàna,
 Cho làn de nimh-ghuineadeach,
 Rì nathraichean an t-sléibhe,
 Le'n geur-lamaibh fulangach.
 Iad gu sìtheach, glenst, cos-luath,
 Rùnach, bos-luath, fulasgach,
 Cruas na eraige, luathas na draige,
 Chluinntè fead am buillinnean ;
 Na fir dhàna, lùghar, nàrach,
 Fhoinnidh, làidir, urranda,
 Cho garg ri tuil-mhaoim sléibhe,
 No falaigsg gheur nam munainean !

A charraig dhaingheann dhileant,
 Nach dìobair gu'n acarachd,
 Gluais suas gu spòrsail righeil,
 Ro d' mhillinibh gaisgeanda ;
 'S iad mìre geal na cruadhach,
 Gun truaille, gun ghaiseadh annt',
 'S bòcain a chuir ruaig iad,
 Bheir buaidh le 'n sluagh bras-bhuilleach.
 'S ioma fleasgach cùl-bhuì dòid-ghéal,
 Is garbh dorn is slinneinean,
 A dh' éireas leat an tùs na co'-stri,
 A nì comhrag min-bhuailteach,

Iad gu bonn-mhall, bas-luath, cròdha,
 Saitheach, stròiceach, iomairteach,
 A' dol a sìos an àm na teughbail,
 'S lèoghunn bèuc air mhìre aca.

A leoghuinn bheucaich, ghruamaich,
 'Bheil cruadal air tuineacha,
 Is tric a dhearbh an cruaidh chùis,
 'S na buan ruagaibh cumasgach.
 'Nuair a spailpte suas thu,
 Le d' bhuaidh ri crann fulangach ;
 Chite conadh ruaimleach,
 'An gruaidhean na h-uile fir.
 'S daingheann, seasmach, rang do fhleasgach,
 'Nuair bhiodh deise tarraim ort,
 Cha toir eagal nàmhaid eag annt,
 'S iad mar chreag nach caraicheadh.
 S glan am preas iad, chaoidh cha teieh iad,
 'S fiodh nach peasg, de'n darach iad :
 S tric a fhuair sibh air 'ur nàmhaid,
 'S na blàraibh buaidh-chaitheamach.

Nan tigeach ortsa foirneart,
 Gu d' leon o chrich aineolaich,
 Coigrich le rùn dò'-bheirt,
 Gu d' chùir thoirt a dh-aindeoin diot :
 'S iomad làn cheann-ileach,
 'S lainn liobhta 'm beairt dhaingheann ann,
 A thairneadh suas ri d' shìoda,
 Dheth t-fhuir-fhuil d'a t-anagladh.
 Fuiribin chomasach nach cromadh,
 Ro fhrois tholladh phearsunnan ;
 Nach biodh somalt dhol air cholluin,
 'N am bhì sonnadh chlaigeanann.
 Crùn-luath lomarra 'ga phronnadh,
 Air pìob loinneich thartaraich,
 A chuireadh anam ann sna maibh,
 A dhol gu fearr-ghleus gaisge leo.

Stoc Chlann-Dòmhnuaill dh' éireadh,
 Le'n geugaibh 's le meanganaibh,
 B'i sid a choille cheutach,
 A b' eugsamhuil 's bu cheannardaich.
 'Nuair thairneadh iad ri chéile
 Gach treubh dhiu gu fearachail,
 'S maing a spiola feusag
 Nan leoghann, ga ghreannachadh.
 Bhiodh cinn is dùirn ga sgathadh dhiubh-san,
 Ann an dùiseal lannaireachd,
 Fuil ri feur-imeachd 's ri srùladh,
 Feadh nan lùb 's nan camhanan.
 Bhiodh lannan lotach dù-ghorm,
 Cuir smùidrich de cheannaibh Ghall,
 Is caoidhean cruaidh a's rànaich,
 'S an àraich gu gearnach.

C' ait am beil san rìgheachd,
 Am fear-ghnuimh thug barrachd oirbh ?

Nam broснаichte chum strì sibh,
 A mhilidhnean barraideach ;
 Na tuirin sgairteil prìseil,
 De'n fhior-chruaidh nach fannaicheadh :
 D'am b' àbhaist a bhì dileas,
 'S nach dìobradh na ghealladh iad,
 Gaothair chatha thèid mar shaigheid,
 Sios le'n claidhe' dealanaich.
 Nach toir atha gun dad athais,
 Gus an sgath iad bealach romp ;
 Cuirp gan sgatha 's cruaidh ga crathadh,
 'S orra pathadh falanach ;
 Chluintear fead ar claidhean,
 Truagh ghair agus langanaich.

Tha iomadh mìle an Alba,
 De gharbh-fhearaibh fùlasgach,
 Sliochd Ghàèil ghlaiss á Scòta
 Thig deonach m' ar cularaibh.
 Gun tig iad le rùn cruadail,
 'S gum fuaigh iad gu bunailteach,
 Rì teanchair ghaire an leoghainn,
 'S rì spògaibh dearg fùileachdach.
 Togaibh leibh gun airc gun easbhuidh,
 Trom fheachd seasmhach cunbhalach,
 De laochraidh dheise, shunndach, threiseil,
 Thèid neo-leisg 's an iomairt sgleo.
 Cha'n fhacas rianh na suinn 'nan geiltibh
 Dol 'an teas nan cumasg ;
 Teichidh iad o'r stròiceadh,
 'S o'r sròlaibh breac, duilleagach.

BEANNACHA LUINGE,

MAILLE RÌ BROSNACHA FAIRGE, A RINNEADH DO
 SGOIBA BIRLINN THIGHEARNA CHLANN-RAONUILL.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia Long Chlann-Raonuill,
 A cheud là do chaidh air sàil',
 E-fein, 's a threim fhlir ga caitheamh,
 Treun a chaidh thar mathas chàich ;
 Gu'm beannaich an Co-dhia naomh,
 An iunrais anail nan speur,
 Gu'n sguabta garbhlach na mara,
 G'ar tarruinn gu cala rìidh.
 Athair a chrothaich an fhaire !
 'S gach gaoth a sheideas as gach òird,
 Beannaich ar caol-bharc 's ar gaisgich,
 'S cum i-fein 's a gasraidh slàn.
 A Mhic beannaich féin ar n-achdair
 Ar siùil, ar beirtein, 's ar stiùir,
 'S gach droinip tha crochta r'ar craunaibh,
 'S thoir gu cala sin le t-ùil.

Beannaich ar rachdan 's ar slat,
 Ar croinn 's ar taodaibh gu léir
 Ar stadh, 's ar tarruinn cum fallain,
 'S na leig-sa 'nar caramh beud.
 An Spiorad Naomh biodh air an stiùir,
 Seoladh è 'n t-ùil a bhios ceart ;
 'S eol da gach long-phort fo'n ghréin,
 Tilgeamaid sinn féin fo bheachd.

Beannuchadh nan Arm.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia ar claidhean,
 'S ar lannan spainnteach, geur ghlas,
 'S ar lùirichean troma màilleach,
 Nach gearr-te le faobhar tais ;
 Ar lannan cruadhach, 's ar gèrsaid,
 'S ar sgiathan an-dealbhach dualach ;
 Beannaich gach armachd gu h-ìomlan,
 Th' air ar n-iomchar 's ar crìos-guaile ;
 Ar boghannan foinealach iubhair,
 'Ghabhadh lugha ri uchd tuasaid ;
 'S na saighdean beithe nach spealgadh,
 Ann am balgan a bhruc ghruamaich,
 Beannaich ar biodag, 's ar daga ;
 'S ar n-èile gasd ann an cuaichean,
 'S gach trealach cath agus comhraig,
 Tha'm bàrc Mhic-Dhòmhnuill san uair so.
 Na biodh simplidheachd oirbh no taise,
 Gu'n dol air ghaisge le cruadal,
 Fad 's a mhaireas ceithir bùird d'i,
 No bhios càrad shùth dh'i fuaighte ;
 'M fad 's a shnàmbas i fo 'r casan,
 Na dh'fhaineas cnag dh'i an uachdar,
 A dh-aindeoin aon fhuathas gam faic sibh,
 Na meataicheadh gart a chuain sibh ;
 Ma ni sibh cothacha ceart,
 'S nach mothaich an fhaire sibh dìbli,
 Gun islich a h-àrdan 'sa beachd,
 'S gar cothacha sgairteil gu'n strìochd i.
 Do chèile comhraig air tìr,
 M' ar faic i thu cinntinn tais,
 'S dàch' i bhogachadh 's an strì,
 No chinntinn idir nì's brais ;
 'S amhuil sin a ta mhuir mhor,
 Coisinnidh le colg 's le sùrd,
 'S gun ùmhlaich i dhut fa dheòigh,
 Mar a dh' òrdaich Rìgh nan dùl.

Brosnachadh iomraidh gu ionad seòlaidh.

Gun cuirt an iubhrach dhubb-dhealbhach,
 An àite seòlaidh,
 Sàthaibh a mach cleathan rìghne,
 Liath-lom còmharnad ;
 Ràmban min-Innacha dealbhach,
 Socair, entrom,
 A ni 'n t-iomradh toirteil, calma,
 Bos-luath, caoir-gheal ;

Chuireas an fhainge 'na sradaibh,
 Suas 's 'na'n speuraibh,
 'Na teine-siunnachain a' lasadh,
 Mar fhras Òibhlean ;
 Le buillean gaillbeacha, tarbhach,
 Nan cleth troma,
 A bheir air bochd-thuinn thonnaich,
 Lot le'n cromadh,
 Le sgìonan nan ràmh geal, tana,
 Bual a chelluinn,
 Air mullach nan gorm-chnochd, ghleannach,
 Gharbhlach, thomach.
 O ! sinibh 's tàirneibh, agus lùbaibh,
 Ann sna bacaibh !
 Na gallain bhas-leathunn, ghiùbsaich,
 Le lùs ghlac-ghéal.
 Na fuirbinean troma, treuna,
 A' laidhe suas orr,
 Le'n gaoirdeanaibh dòideach, feitheach,
 Gaoisneach, cnuachlach,
 'Thogas 's a' leagas le chéile,
 Fo aon ghluasad,
 A gathan liath-reamhar, réithe,
 Fo bhàrr stuadhan ;
 Iurghuilich garbh 'an tùs cléithe,
 'G eubhlach suas orr ;
 Iorram dhùisgeas an speurad,
 Ann sna guaillean ;
 'Sparras a Bhirliun le sèitrìch,
 Tro gach fuar-ghleann ;
 Sgoltadh na bòchd-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Le sàimh chruaidh-chruinn,
 Dh-ìomaineas beanntainean beiseil,
 Ro dà ghualainn.
 Hùgan ! air cuan, nuallan gàireach,
 Heig air chnagaibh !
 Farum le bras-ghaoir na bàirlinn,
 Itis na maidibh ;
 Ràimh gam pianadh, 's bolgan fol',
 Air bhos gach fuirbi ;
 Na suinn laidir gharba thoirteil,
 'S cop gheal iomradh,
 'Chreanaicheas gach bòrd dheth darach,
 Bìgh a's iarann ;
 'S lannan gan tilgeil le staplainn,
 Chnap ri sliasaid ;
 Foirne fearail, a bheir tulga,
 Dugharra, dàicheil,
 'Sparras a chaol-bharc le giubhsaich,
 'N aodaun àibheis,
 Nach piller le friegh nan tonn dù-ghorm,
 Le lùghs ghàirdein ;
 Sùd an sgioba neartmhor, shùrdail,
 Air chùl àlaich,
 Phronnas na cuairteagan cùl-ghlas,
 Le roinn ràmhachd,
 Gun sgìos gun airtneal gun lùbadh
 Rì h-uchd gàbhaidh.

*An sin an deigh do na sia-fearaibh-deug, suidhe
 air na ràimh, a chum a h-ìomradh, fo'n ghaoith
 gu ionad seolaidh, do ghlaodh CALUM GARBH,
 MAC-RAONAILL NAN CUAN, Iorram oirre, 's
 è air ràmh-bràghad, agus 's i so i:—*

'S a nìs o rinneadh 'ur taghadh,
 'S gur còtach dhuibh bhì 'n-ar roghainn,
 Thugaibh tulga neo-chladharra dàicheil.
 Thugaibh tulga, &c.

Thugaibh tulga neo-chearbach,
 Gu'n airtneal gun dearnad,
 Gu freasdal na gaille-bheinne sàil-ghlais.
 Gu freasdal, &c.

Tulga danarra treun-ghlac,
 A ridheas cnàmhan a's féithean,
 Dh-fhàgas soilleir a ceumannan àlaich.
 Dh-fhagas, &c.

Sgobadh fonnar gun éislein,
 Rì garbh bhrosnacha chéile,
 Iorram gleust ann bho bheul fir a bràghad.
 Iorram gleust, &c.

Cogull ràmh air na bacaibh,
 Leis, a's rusgadh air bhasaibh,
 'S ràimh d'an snìomh ann an achlaisean ard-
 'S ràimh, &c. [thonn.

Biodh 'ur gruaidhean air lasadh,
 Biodh 'ur bois gu'n leòb chraicinn,
 Fallas mala bras chrapa gu lèr dhibh.
 Fallas mala bras, &c.

Sinibh, tàirneibh, a's luthaibh,
 Na gallain liath-leothar ghiubhaibh,
 'S dìanaibh uighe tro shruthaibh an t-sàile.
 'S deanaibh, &c.

Cliaith ràmh air gach taobh dh'i,
 Masgadh fàirge le saothair,
 Dol 'na still ann an aodann na bàirlinn.
 Dol 'na still, &c.

Iomraibh cò'-lath glan gleusta,
 Sgoltadh bòc-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Obair shunndach gun eislein gun fhàrdal.
 Obair shunndach, &c.

Buailibh co-thromach tréin i,
 Sealltainn tric air a chéile,
 Dùisgibh spiorad 'n-ar féithean gu laidir !
 Dùisgibh spiorad, &c.

Biodh a darach a' collainn,
Ris na fiadh-ghleannaibh bronnach
'S a da shliasaid a' pronnadh, gach bàrlainn.
'S a da shliasaid, &c.

Biodh an fhairge ghlas thonnach,
Ag àt 'na garbh mhòthar lonnach,
S na h-ard-uisgeachan bronnach 'sa ghàraich.
'S na h-ard-uisgeachan, &c.

A ghlas-fhàirge sior chopadh,
A steach mu dè ghualainn thoisich,
Sruth ag osnàich a' sloistreadh a h-earr-linn.
Sruth ag osnaich, &c.

Sluibh, tàirrnibh, a's lùbaibh,
Na gathain mhìn-lunnach chùl-dearg,
Le iumaireidh smuis 'ur garbh ghàirdean.
Le iumaireidh smuis, &c.

Cuiribh fothaibh an rugh' ud,
Le fallas mhailean a' sruthadh,
'S togaibh siùil ri bho Uidhist nan crà-ghiadh.
'S togaibh siùil, &c.

Dh-iomair iad 'an sin gu ionad seòlaidh.

An sin thàr iad na seoil shìthe,
Gu fìor ghasda,
'Shaor iad na sia-ramh-dheug,
A' steach tro' bacaibh,
Sgathadh grad iad sìos r'a shliasaid,
Sheachnadh bhac-bhreid.
Dh-ordaich Clann-Raonuill d' an-naisean,
Sàr-sgiobairean cuain a bhì aca,
Nach gabhadh eagal ro fhuathas,
No gnè thuairgneadh a thachradh.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh an deigh an taghadh na, h-uile
duine dhol 'an seilbh a ghram' àraidh fèin 's
na cho-lorg sin ghlaodhudh ri fear na stiùrach
suidh air stiùir anns na briathraibh so :—*

Suitheadh air stiùir trom laoch leathunn,
Neartar, fuasgailt',
Nach tilg bun no bàrr na sùmaid,
Fairge bhuaithie ;
Claireanach taiceil, lan spiunnaidh,
Plocach, màsach,
Min-bheumnach, faicleach,
Furachail, lan nàistinn ;
Bunnsaidh eutromach,
Garbh, sòcair, seolta, Iugh'or ;
Eirmseach, faighidneach, gun ghriomhag,
Rih-uchd tùilinn ;
'Nuair a chluinn e 'n fhàirge ghiobach,
Teachd le bùirein,

Chumas a ceann caol gu sgibidh,
Ris na sùghaibh ;
Chumas gu socrach a gabhail,
Gun dad luasgain.
Sgòd a's cluas ga rian le amhare,
Suil air fuaradh ;
Nach caill aon òirleach na h-òrdaig,
Deth cheart chùrsa ;
'Dh-aindeoin bàrr sùmadain màra,
Teachd le sùrdaig ;
Theid air fuaradh leatha cho daingheann,
Mas a h-èigin,
Nach bì lann, no reang 'na darach,
Nach tòir eibh asd ;
Nach taisich a's nach téid 'na bhreislich,
Dh-aindoin fuathais,
Ge do dh-atadh a mhuir cheanna-ghlas
Suas gu chluasaibh ;
Nach b'urraim am fuiribi chreanachadh,
No ghluasad,
O ionad a shuidh, 's e tearainnte,
'S ailm 'na asguil,
Gu freasdal na seana mhara ceanna-ghlas,
'S gleann-ghaoir ascaoin,
Nach crithnich le fuaradh cluaise,
An taod-aoire,
Leigeas leath ruith a's gabhail,
'S làn a h-òdaich ;
Cheanglas a gabhail cho daingheann,
'M barr gach tuinne,
Falbh dìreach 'na still gu cala,
'N aird gach buinne.

Dh-òrdaicheadh a mach fear-beairte.

Suidheadh toirtearlach garbh dhòideach,
'An glaic beairte,
A bhios staideil lan do chùram,
Graimear, glac-mhor ;
Leigeas cudthrom air ceann slaite,
Ri h-àm cruaidhich,
Dh-fhaothaicheas air crann 's air acuin,
Bheir dhaibh fuasgladh ;
Thuigeas a ghaoth mar a thig i,
Do réir seòlaidh,
Fhreagras min le fearas beairte,
Beum an sgòid-fhìr :—
'Sior chuideachadh leis an acuin,
Mar fàilnich buill bheairte
Reanhar ghaoiste.

Chuireadh air leth fear-sgòide.

Suitheadhfeas sgòid' air an tota
Gaoirdean luidir,
Nan righin gaoisneach, feitheach,
Reanhar, cnàmhach ;

Cràgan tiugha, leathunn, clianach,
 Mèur gharbh chròeach :
 Mach's a steach an sgoid a leigeas,
 Le neart sgròbaidh ;
 'An àm cruaidhich a bheir thuig i,
 Gaoth ma sheideas,
 'S 'nnair a ni an oiteag lagadh,
 Leigeas beum leis.

Dh-òrdaicheadh air leth fear-cluaise.

Suitheadh fear crapara, taiceil,
 Gasda, cuanda,
 Laimhsicheas a chluas neo-lapach,
 Air a fuaradh ;
 Bheir imirich sìos sa suas i,
 A chum gach urraicg,
 A reir 's mar thig an soirbheas.
 No barr urchaid ;
 'S ma chì e 'n iunnrais a 'g éiridh,
 Teachd le h-osaich,
 Lomadh e gu gramail treun-mhor
 Sìos gu stoc i.

Dh-òrdaicheadh do'n toiseach fear-iùil.

Eireadh mar-nialach na sheasamh,
 Suas do'n toiseach,
 'S deanadh e dhuinn eolas seasamhach,
 Cala a choisneas ;
 Sealladh e 'n ceithir àirdean,
 Cian an adhair,
 'S innseadh e do dh-fhear na stiùrach,
 'S math a gabhail.
 Glacadh e comharadh tìre,
 Le sàr-shùl-bheachd,
 O'n 'se sin a's Dia gach sìde,
 'S reull-iùil duinn.

Chuireadh air leth fear-calpa na tàirne.

Suitheadh air calpa na tàirne,
 Fear gu'n soistinn,
 Snaomanach fuasgailteach, sgairteil,
 Foinnidh, sòlta ;
 Duine cùramach gu'n ghriobhag,
 Ealamh gruamach ;
 A bheir uair a's dh'i mar dh-fheumas,
 Gleusda, luaineach ;
 Laitheas le spòghannan troma,
 Treun' air taruinn ;
 Air cudthrom a dhòid a' cromadh,
 'Dh-ionnsuidh daraich ;
 Nach ceangail le sparraig mu'n urraicg,
 An taod-frithir ;
 Ach gabhail uime gu daingheann seolta,
 Le lùb-rithe ;
 Air eagal 'n uair sgairte an t-ausadh,
 I chuir stad air,
 Los i ruith 'na still le crònan,
 Bharr na cnaige.

*Chuireadh air leth fear-innse nan uisgeachan, 's
 an fhàirge air cinntinn tuilleadh a's molach,
 agus thuit an Stiùireadair ris :—*

Suitheadh fear-innse gach uisge,
 Làmh ri m' chluais-sa,
 'S cumadh e a shùil gu biorach,
 'Au cridh' an fhuaraidh.
 Taghaibh an duine leth eagalach,
 Fiamhach seir,
 'S cha mhath leam e bhi air fad,
 'Na ghealtair' riochdall ;
 Biodh e furachair 'nnair chì è,
 Fuaradh froise,
 Co dhiubh bhios an soirbheas,
 Na deireadh no na toiseach ;
 'S gu'n cuireadh e mis air m' fhaicill,
 Suas d'am mhosgladh,
 Ma ni e gnè chunnairt fhaicinn,
 Nach bi tostach.
 'S ma chì e coltas muir bhàite,
 Teachd le nallan,
 A sgairteas cruaidh:—"ceann caol a fiodha,
 Chunnail luath ris."

Biodh e ard labhrach, céillidh,
 'G-eubhach "bàirlinn ;"
 'S na ceileadh air fear na stiùrach,
 Ma chì gàbbadh.
 'Na biodh fear innse nan uisgean,
 Ann ach e-san ;
 Cuiridh giamhag, briot, a's gusgul,
 Neach 'na bhreislich.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh a mach fear-taomaidh, 'san
 fhàirg' a' bàrcadh air am muin rompa 's nan
 déigh.*

Freasdladh air leabaidh na taoime,
 Laoch bhios fuasgailt',
 Nach fànaich gu bràth 's nach tiomaich,
 Le gàir chuainteann ;
 Nach lapaich, 's nach meataich,
 Fnachd, sàil', no clach-mheallain
 Laomadh mu bhroilleach 's mu mhuineal,
 'Na fuar steallaibh ;
 Le crùmpa mor cruinn tluh fiodha,
 'Na chiar dhòidibh,
 Sior thilgeadh a mach na fàirge
 A steach a dhoirteas ;
 Nach dìrich a dhruim lùghor,
 Le rag earlaid,
 Gus nach fag e sìle 'n grunn,
 Nan lùr a h-earluinn ;
 'S ge do chinneadh a buird cho tolltach
 Ris an ridil,
 Chumas cho tioram gach cnag dh'i,
 Rì clàr buideil.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh dithis gu dragha nam ball chul-
aodaich, 's coltas orra gun tugta na sìùil uapa
le ro ghuirbhead na sìde.*

Cuiribh caraid laidir chnàmh-reamhar,
Gairbneach, ghaoistneach,
Gum freasdaladh iad tearuinnt trenn ceart i,
Buill chul-aodaich ;
Le smuais a's le miad lùghis,
An ruighean treunna,
'N am cruaghaich bheir orr a steach,
No leigeas beum leis,
Chumas gu sgiobalta a staigh e,
'Na teis meadhon,
Dh-òrdaicheadh Donnacha Mac-Chormaig,
A's Iain mac Iain,
Dithis starbhanach theoma, ladorn,
De dh-fhearaibh Chana.

*Thayhadh seisir gu fearas ùrlair, an earalas
gum fàilicheadh a h-aon de na thuir mi, no
gu'n spionadh onfadh na fàirge mach thar
bord è, 's gu'n suidheadh fear dhiù so 'na
àite.*

Eireadh seisir ealamh, ghleusta,
Lamhach, bheotha,
Shinbhlas, 'sa dh-fhalbas, 's a leumas,
Feadh gach bòrd dh'i,
Mar ghearr-fhiadh am mullach sléibhe
'S coin d'a copadh ;
Streupas ri cruaidh bhallaibh réidhe,
De'n chaol chòrcaich,
Cho grad ri feòragan céitein,
Ri erann rò-choill ;
A bhios ullamh, ealamh, treubhach,
Falbhach, eolach,
Gu toirt dh'i, 's gu toirt an ausadh,
'S clausail òrdail,
Chaitheas gun airtsneal gun éislean,
Long Mhic-Dhòmhnuill.

*Do bha nis na h-uile goireas a bhuineadh do 'n
t-seoladh, air a chuir 'an deagh riaghailt, agus
theann na h-uile laoch tapaidh gun taise, gun
fhiamh, gun sgàthachas chum a cheart ionaid
an d'òrdaicheadh dha dol; agus thog iad na
sìùil ma èiridh na greine là-fheill-Brìde, a'
toyail a mach o bhun Loch-Aineit, ann 'an
Uidhist-a-chinne-deas.*

Grian a faoisgneadh gu h-òr-bhuidh',
A's a mogul,
Chinn an speur gu dùbhuidh dòite,
Lan de dh-oglachd ;
Dh-fhàs i tonn-ghorm, tiugh, tàrr-lachduinn,
Odhar, iargalt ;
Chinn gach dath bhiodh ann am breacan,
Air an iarmailt.

Fada-cruaidh san aird an iar orr,
Stoirm 'na coltas,
'S neoil shiubhlach aig gaoth gan riasladh,
Fuaradh frois orr.
Thog iad na siuil bhreaca,
Bhaidealacha, dhìonach ;
'S shìn iad na calpannan raga,
Teanna, rìghne,
Ri fiodhanan arda, fada,
Nan colg high dhearg ;
Cheangladh iad gu gramail, snaompach,
Gu neo-chearbach,
Tro shùilean nan cormag iarrainn,
'S nan cruinn aillbheag.
Cheartaich iad gach ball de'n acuinn,
Ealamh, dòigheil ;
'S shuidh gach fear gu freasdal tapaidh,
'Bhuill bu choir dha ;
'N sìn dh' fhosgail ninneagan an adhair.
Ballach, liath-ghorm,
Gu séideadh na gaoithe greannaich,
'S bannail iargalt ;
Tharruinn an cuan a bhrat dù-ghlas,
Air gu h-uile,
A mhantul garbh caiteanach, ciar-dhubh,
Sgreitidh buinne,
Dh-àt e 'na bheannaibh, 's na ghleannaibh,
Molach ròbach.
Gun do bhòchd an fhairge cheigeach,
Suas na cnocaibh ;
Dh-fhosgail a mhuir ghorm na craosaibh,
Farsuinn, cràcach,
'An glaicibh a chéile ri taosgadh,
'S caonnag bhàs-nìhor.
Gum b'fhear-ghnìomh bli 'g amhare 'an aodann
Nam maom teinntidh,
Lasraichean sradanach sionnachain,
Air gach beinn diubh,
Na beulanaich arda liath-cheann,
Ri searbh bheucail ;
Na cùlanaich 's an clagh dùdaidh,
Ri fuaim gheumnaich.
'Nuair dh-eirimid gu h-allail,
Am barr nan tonn sìn,
B' eigin an t-ausadh a bhearradh,
Gu grad phongail ;
'Nuair thuiteamaid le aon slugadh,
Sios 's na gleanntaibh,
Bheirte gach seòl a bhiodh aice
'Am barr nan erann d'i :
Na ceòsanaich arda, chroma,
Teachd 's a bhàirich,
M'an tigeadh iad idir 'n-ar caramh,
Chluinnt 'an gàirich.
Iad a sguabadh nan tonn beaga,
Lom gan sgiursadh,
Chinneadh i 'na h-aon mhuir bhàsor,
'S càs a stiùireadh.

'Nuair a thuiteamaid fo bharr,
 Nan ard-thonn giobach,
 Gur beag nach dochaineadh an sail,
 An t-aigeal sligeach ;
 An fhaige ga maistreadh 's ga sluistreadh,
 Troimhe chéile,
 Gun robh ròin a's mialan mòra,
 'Am barrachd eigin.
 Onfadh a's tonnan na mara,
 A's falbh na luinge,
 A' sràdadh an eanchainean geala,
 Feadh gach tuinne.
 Iad ri nuallanaich ard-uamhaineach,
 Searbh thùrsach ;
 'G eubhach, gur h-ìochdarain sinne,
 Dragh chum bùird sinn :
 Gach min-iasg a bh'ann san fhàirge,
 'Tarr-gheal, tiunnadait' ;
 Le gluasad confach na gailbheinn,
 Marbh gun chumntas.
 Clachan a's maorach an aigeil,
 Teachd an uachdar,
 Air am buain a nuas le slacraich,
 A chuain uainhreigh.
 An fhaige uile 'si 'na brochan,
 Strioplach, ruaimleach,
 Le fuil 's le gaor nam biast lorcach,
 'S droch dhath ruadh orr.
 Na bèistean adharcach iongach,
 Plùtach, lorcach ;
 Lan cheann-sian nam beoil gun gialaibh,
 'S an craos fosgailte.
 An aibheis uile lan bhoichdan,
 Air cragradh,
 Le spògan 's le earbuill mor-bhiast,
 Air magradh.
 Bu sgreamhail an ròbhain sgriachach,
 Bhi 'ga eisdeachd,
 Thogadh iad air caogad milidh,
 Eatrom céille.
 Chaill an sgioba càil g'an claiستهachd,
 Ri bhi 'g èisteachd,
 Ceileirean sgreadach nan deomhan,
 'S m'òthar bhèistean.
 Fa-ghàir na fairge 'sa slacraich,
 Gleachd ri darach,
 Fosghair a toisich a slòistreadh,
 Mhuca-màra.
 A' Gbaoth ag ùrachadh a fuaraidh
 As an iar-aird ;
 Bha sinn leis gach seòrsa buairidh,
 Air ar pianadh.
 S sinn dall le cathadh fairge,
 Sior dhòl tharunn,
 Tairneanach aibheiseach rè oidliche,
 'S teine dealain.
 Peileirean bethrich a' losgadh,
 Ar cuid acuin ;

Fàileadh a's deathach na riofa,
 Gar glan thachadh :
 Na dùilean uachdrach a's iochdrach,
 Ruinn a' cogadh ;
 Talamh, teine uisg a's sion-ghath,
 Ruinn air togail.
 Ach 'n uair dh'artlaich air an fhaige,
 Toirt oirn strìchda,
 Ghabh i truas le fàite gàire,
 Rinn i sìth ruinn.
 Ge d'rinn, cha robh crann gun lubadh,
 Seol gun reubadh ;
 Slat gun sgaradh, rac gun fhàillin,
 Ràmh gun èislein.
 Cha robh stagh ann gun stuadh-leumnach :
 Beairt ghaisidh,
 Tarrainn, no cupull gun bhrìstheadh,
 Fìse ! Faise !
 Cha robh tota no beul-mor ann,
 Nach tug aìdeach,
 Bha h-uile crannaghail a's goireas,
 Air an lagadh.
 Cha robh achlachan no aise dh'i,
 Gun fhuasgladh ;
 A slat-bheoil 'sa sgùitchinn asgail,
 Air an tairgneadh.
 Cha robh falmadair gun sgoltadh,
 Stiùir gun chreuchadh ;
 Cnead a's diosgan aig gach maide,
 'S iad air dèasgadh.
 Cha robh crann-tarrunn gun tarrainn,
 Bòrd gun obadh ;
 H-uile lann bha air an barradh,
 Ghabh iad togail.
 Cha robh tarraun ann gu'n tràladh,
 Cha robh calp' ann gu'n lubadh ;
 Cha robh ball a bhùineadh dh'i-se,
 Nach robh nì's measa na thùradh.
 Ghairm an fhaige sìochaint ruinne,
 Air crois Chaol Ile,
 'S gu'n d'fhuair a gharbh ghaoth,
 Shearbh-ghlòireach, ordugh sìnidh.
 Thog i uainn do ionadaibh uachdrach
 An adhair ;
 'S chinn i dhuinn na clàr rèidh min-ghéal,
 'N deigh a tabhunn.
 'S thug sinn buidheachas do'n Ard-Rìgh,
 Chum na dùilean,
 Deagh Chlann-Raonuill a bhi sàbhailt,
 O bhàs bruideil.
 'S an sin bheum sinn a siuil thana, bhallach,
 Do thuillin ;
 'S leag sinn a croinn mhìn-dearg ghasda,
 Air fad a h-ìrlair.
 'S chuir sinn a mach ràimh chaol bhasgant,
 Dhaite mhine,
 De'n ghiubhas a bhuaig Mac-Bharais,
 'An Eilean-Fhionain.

'S rinn sinn an t-ìomra réidh tulgánach,
 Gun dearmad ;
 S ghabh sinn deag long-phort aig barraibh,
 Charraig Fhearghais ;

Tbíl sinn Acraichean gu socair,
 Ann san ròd sin ;
 Ghabh sinn biadh a's deoch gun airceas,
 'S rinn sinn còmhnuidh.

IAIN MAC CODRUM.

JOHN M'CODRUM,* the North Uist bard, commonly called *Iain Mac Fhearchuir*, was contemporary with the celebrated Alexander M'Donald. He was bard to Sir James Macdonald, who died at Rome. The occasion of his obtaining this situation was as follows :—He made a satirical piece on all the tailors of the Long Island, at which they were so exasperated that they would not work for him on any account. One consequence of this was, that John soon became a literal tatterdemalion. Sir James meeting him one day, inquired the reason of his being thus clad. John explained. Sir James desired him to repeat the verses—which he did ; and the piece was so much to Sir James's liking, that John was forthwith promoted to be his bard, and obtained free lands on his estate in North Uist. In a letter from Sir James Macdonald to Dr Blair of Edinburgh, relating to the poems of Ossian, dated Isle of Skye, 10th October, 1763, we find Sir James speaking as follows of Mac Codrum :—"The few bards that are left among us, repeat only detached pieces of these poems. I have often heard and understood them, particularly from one man called John Mac Codrum, who lives on my estate, in North Uist. I have heard him repeat, for hours together, poems which seemed to me to be the same with Macpherson's translations."

The first of M'Codrum's compositions was a severe and scurrilous satire. Being young, and unnoticed, he was neglected to be invited to a wedding to which he considered he had as good a right to be bidden as others. He was very indignant, and gave vent to his feelings in the most severe invectives. He had the prudence to conceal his name. The wedding party being minutely characterized, several of them lampooned, and held up to derision, the poem gave great offence to some of those concerned. Although the author was concealed, the satire could not be suppressed. Several individuals were suspected, while the real author enjoyed the pleasure of knowing himself to be at the same time a person of some consideration, and amply revenged for the neglect of those who should have acknowledged it. His father only knew him to be the author. He was alone about the farm : John was in the barn, whither his parent went, as he could hear no

* The Mac Codrums are not properly a clan, but a sept of the M'Donalds. They belong to North Uist.

one thrashing ; but, on approaching nearer, he heard his son rehearsing his poem. He admonished him to attend more to his work than to idle songs, and left him, without thinking of the verses he had heard till the fame of the satire was spread abroad, and a noise was made about it throughout the country. The verses then recurred to his mind, and he had no doubt of the real author. He spoke to John most seriously in private. He was himself a pious and a respectable man, and was much affected at the thought that any of his family should disgrace his fair reputation. He was sensible of the ill-will and hatred that John would incur were he known to be the author ; and he, moreover, disapproved of the license taken with the characters of individuals. The young poet promised him that he would give him no more occasion of regret on that score ; and he kept his word. Respect for his parent's authority restrained him ; for he composed no more of the kind while his father lived, nor any so severe afterwards. He must have had great command over himself, as well as submission to the will of a parent. It is no easy task for a young author, while hearing his compositions recited and applauded, not to indicate the interest which he feels. Although unnoticed and unknown, while feeling all the flattering suggestions which popularity must have incited within him, yet a revered parent's authority checked the progress of the young aspirant in the career of fame.

After his father's death, M'Codrum concealed no longer the flame which he had been smothering in his breast. His name became known, and he was acknowledged to be the most famous bard in the Long Island since the time of Neil M'Vurich, the family bard of Clanronald. John M'Codrum was, like most of the bards, indolent. The activity of the body, and the exertion of mental qualities, go not always together. An anecdote will better illustrate this part of his character than any description we can give:—A gentleman sent for his neighbours to assist in draining a lake. The country people assembled in numbers ; and, exerting themselves, soon finished the work, much sooner than the poet had expected they would have done : he just came in time to see the last of it. The gentleman was determined to punish him for his sluggish and indifferent behaviour. When he ordered some provisions and a cask of whisky for the people, he told them to sit down, and called on the poet to act as chaplain, and ask a blessing. The bard was not regarded as a man of *grace*. All were attentive, thinking him for once out of place. He, however, spoke in a most reverential manner—his grace was brief and pithy, couched in verse, and was longer remembered than the sumptuous repast. While he expressed gratitude to the bestower of all good gifts, he turned the operations of the day into ridicule.

When Mr M'Pherson was collecting "Ossian's Poems," he landed at Lochmady, and proceeded across the moor to Benbecula, the seat of the younger Clanronald. On his way thither he fell in with a man, whom he afterwards ascertained to have been *Mac Codrum*, the poet : M'Pherson asked him the question, "*Am beil dad agad air an Fhéinn ?*" by which he meant to inquire whether or not he knew any of the poems of Ossian relative to the Fingalians, but that the terms in which the question was asked, strictly imported whether or not the Fingalians owed him anything, and Mac Codrum,

being a man of humour, took advantage of the incorrectness or inelegance of the Gaelic in which the question was put, answered as follows:—*Cha'n eil, is ged do bhitheadh cha ruiginn a leas iarraidh nis, i.e.* No; and should I, it is long since proscribed; which sally of Mac Codrum's wit seemed to have hurt M'Pherson's feelings, for he cut short the conversation and proceeded to Benbecula.

We will not attempt to select any parts of the poems of this author. All indicate the master-hand of the performer. One trait is striking in his character as a poet—his disposition to satire. He is perhaps the first satirist of the modern Gaelic poets. M'Donald and M'Intyre attacked like men determined to take a stronghold by open force, in defiance of all resistance: Mac Codrum held up the object of his animadversion in a light that exposed him to ridicule and contempt, and he made others his judges.

His fame as a poet and wit soon spread, and so delighted Alexander M'Donald that he determined to visit him. On meeting Mac Codrum a few yards from his own door, the visitor, naturally enough, inquired "*An aithne dhut Iain Mac Codrum?*" "*'S aithne gu ro mhath,*" replied John. "*Am beil fhios agad am bheil e 'stigh?*" was M'Donald's next question, to which the facetious bard answered with an arch smile, "*Mu ta bha e 'stigh nuair a bha mise 's cha drinn mi ach tighinn anach.*" M'Donald, yet ignorant that he was speaking to the individual about whom he was inquiring, proceeded to say, "*Caitheadh mi 'n oidhche nochd mar-ris, ma's àbhaist aoidhean a bhi aiga.*" "*Tha mi creidsin,*" replied the witty John, "*nach bi e falamh dhiù sin cuideachd nu bhios na cearcan a breith (uibhean)."*"

In purity and elegance of language Mac Codrum comes nearest to Macdonald, who appears to have been his model. Some of his pieces appear to us as servile copies of great originals. When he chooses to think and compose for himself, he appears to more advantage; witty, ingenuous, and original. His satire on "*Donald Bain's Bagpipe*" is a masterpiece of its kind; full of wit and humour, without the filth and servility that disgrace the satires of Macdonald and other Keltic poets. His poems on "*Old Age*" and "*Whiskey*" are excellent. They first appeared in Macdonald's volume, without the author's name; but Mac Codrum's countrymen have claimed them for him. He never published any thing of his own, and many of his poems are now lost. In his days the only poets who ventured to send their works to the press were Macdonald and Macintyre; and, it is probable, that their great fame prevented our author from entering the lists with such formidable competitors.

* Mac Codrum's skill in the Gaelic was exquisite, and he was in the practice of playing on words of doubtful or double meaning, when used by others. He was once on a voyage, and the boat put into Tobermory, in the island of Mull, when the inhabitants, as usual, gathered on the shore to learn from whence the strangers came. One of them asked the crew, "*Cia us a thug sibh an t-iomradh?*" "*As na gairdeanan,*" answered the bard. Another asked, "*An ann bho thuath a hainig' sibh?*" to which Mac Codrum again rejoined, "*pàirt bho thuath a's pàirt bho thighearnan.*"

SMEORACH CHLANN-DOMHNUILLE.

LUINNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag hòroll ò,
 Holaibh o iriag hòro ì,
 Holaibh o iriag hòroll ò,
 Smeòrach le Clann-Dòmhnuille mi.*

SMEÒRACH mis air urlar Phubail;
 Crubadh ann an dùsal cadail,
 Gun deorachd a theid nì's faide;
 Truimeid mo bhròin thòirleum maighe.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Smeòrach mis ri mulach beinne,
 'G amhare grèin' a's speuran soilleir,
 Thig mi stolda choir na coille,
 'S bidh mi beò air tre'das eile.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Smeòrach mis air bharr gach bidean,
 Dianamh muirn ri driùchd na maidne,
 Bualadh mo chliath-lù air m' fheadan,
 Seinn mo chiuil gun smùr gun smòdan.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Ma mholas gach eun a thir fein,
 Ciod am fath nach moladh mise—
 Tìr nan euraidh, tìr nan eliar;
 An tìr bhiachar, fhialaidh, mhiosail?
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

An tìr nach caol ri cois na mara,
 An tìr ghaolach, chaomhach, chanach,
 An tìr laoghach, uanach, mheannach,
 Tìr an arain, bhaineach, mhealach.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

An tìr riabhach, ghrianach, thaitneach;
 An tìr dhionach, fhìarach, fhasgach;
 An tìr lianach, ghiaghach, laachach,
 'N tìr 'm bi biadh gun mhiagh air tacar.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

An tìr choirceach, eornach, phailte;
 An tìr bhuadhach, chluanach, ghartach;
 An tìr chruachach, sguabach, ghaisneach
 Dlù ri cuan, gun fhuachd ri sneachda.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

'S i 'n tìr sgìambach tìr na mhachrach,
 Tìr nan dithean, miadar, daite;
 An tìr laireach, aigeach, mhartach,
 Tìr an aigh gu bràch nach gaisear.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

An tìr a's bòiche ta ri faicinn;
 'M bi fir òg an comhdach dreachail;
 Pailt nì 's leoir le p' r na machrach;
 Spreigh air mòintich; òr air chlachan.*
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

An cladh Chòthan rugadh mise,
 'N aird na h-Unnair chaidh mo thogail;
 'Fradhare a chuain uainbrieh, chuislich,
 Nan stuadh guanach, chaineach, cluicheach.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Measg Chlann-Dòmhnuille fhuair mi m-altrom,
 Buidheann nan seol, 's nan sròl daite;
 Nan long luath air chuaintean farsuinn,
 Aiteam nach ciuin rusgadh ghlas-lann.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Na fir eolach, stòilde, stàideil,
 Bha 's an chomb-strì stroiceach, sgaiteach,
 Fir gun bhròn, gun leon, gun airsneal,
 Leanadh tòir, a's tìr a chasgadh.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann mo ghaol nach faoin caitean,
 Buidheann nach ganu greann san aisith;
 Buidheann shuntach 'n am bli aca,
 Rusgadh lann fo shramtaich bhratach.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann uallach an uair caismeachd,
 Leanadh ruaig gun luaidh air gealtachd;
 Cinn a's guailean cruaidh gan spealtadh,
 Aodach ruadh le fuaim ga shracadh.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann rioghail, 's fir-ghlan, alla,
 Buidheann gun fhianmh, 's iotadh fal orr;
 Buidheann gun sgàth 'm blàr na'n deannal,
 Foinniuh, nàrach, laidir, fearail.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann mor 's am pòr nach troicheil,
 Dh-fhas gu meanmach, dealbhach, toirteil;
 Fearail fo'n airm, 's mairg d'a nochdadh,
 Rì uchd stoirm nach leanabail coltas.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Suidheam' mu'n bhord, stòilde, beachdail,
 An t-shuil san dorn nach òl a mach i,
 Slainte Shìr Seumais thigh'n' dachaigh;
 Aon mhac Dhé mar sgéith d'a phearsa.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

* Alluding to kelp

COMHRADH,

[MAR GU 'N P' ANN]

EADAR CARAID AGUS NAMHAID AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire spraeil,
 Fear nan gorm.shuilean maiseach,
 Chuireadh foirm fo na macaibh,
 'Nuair a thachradh iad ris.
 'Nuair a chruinnicheadh do chòisir,
 Cha b' i chuilm gun a chòmhradh;
 Gheibhte rainn agus òrain,
 'S iomadh *stòri* na meas;
 Gille beadarrach, sùgach,
 Tha na chleasaiche lùghor;
 'S ro mhath bhreabadh an t-ùrlar,
 Agus tiuntadh gu brisg.
 'S e dhamhsadh gu h-uallach,
 Gu h-aucaideach, guanach;
 Gun sealltainn air truailleachd,
 Ach uaisl' agus meas.

NAMHAID.

'S maírg a dheanadh an t-òran,
 'S nach deanadh air chùir e;
 Gun bhi moladh an do'-fhìr.
 Bha na rùgaire tric.
 Fear a sheargadh an conach,
 Thiuntadh mionach nan sporan
 Dh-fhàgadh leanbain air aimbheirt,
 Ann an carraid 's an drip.
 An struthaire dì-bhuan,
 Tha gu brosgulach, briagach;
 Fear crosta mi-chiallach,
 Gun riaghailt, gun mbeas.
 Call mor tha gun bhuinnig.
 Ann an sòlas ro dhiombuan;
 'S fear stòrais is urrainn
 A bhi cumantas ris.

CARAID.

'Mhic-an-Tòisich, mhic-bhracha,
 'Fhìr comhraig nan gaisgeach,
 A chuireadh bìllich 's na claignean,
 Sa chuireadh casan air chrith!
 Bu tu cleòca na h-aithribh,
 'N aghaidh ròt' agus sneachda,
 Dheanadh *notion* do dh-fhrasan;
 'S chuireadh seachad an cith.
 Dheanadh dàna fear saidealt';
 Dheanadh lag am fear neartor;
 Dheanadh daibhir fear beairteach,
 Dh-am-deoin pailteas a chruidh;
 An ceart aghaidh na th' aca,
 De mhuirn, no mheoghail, no mhaenus,

'S tu raghainn is taitneich,
 De chùis mhacnuis air bith.

NAMHAID.

A dhuin! an cual' thu, no'm fac' thu,
 Riamh nì 's miosa chùis mhacnuis,
 Na bhi 'n a d' shìneadh 's na claisean,
 Gun chlaisteachd, gun ruith?
 Air do mhùchadh le daoraich;
 'G a do ghiulan aig daoine,
 'N a d' chùis-bhùird aig an t-saoghal,
 Far nach faodar a chleith;
 'S e bhi 'g coinneachadh Rati,
 Nì do lomadh ma d' bheartas;
 Luchd a chomuin, 's a chaidrimh,
 Nì e 'n creachadh gun fhios.
 'S e ciall-sgur a bhios aca,
 Bhi ri buillean, 's ri cnapadh;
 Gu 'm bi fuil air an claignean,
 'S bi 'm batachan brist.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire suairce,
 Chleachd bhi 'n caidreamh nan uaislean;
 'S iomadh tlachd, a's deagh bhuaidh,
 Ata fuaite ri d' chrios.
 Biorach, gorm.shuileach, meallach,
 Beachdail, colgarra, fallain,
 Laidir, caoin, air deagh tharruinn,
 Gu fègradh gaillionn a' chuirp.
 Far an cruinnich do phàistean,
 Gu 'm bi mìr' ann a's maran,
 Agus iomadh ceol-gàire;
 'S iad neo-chràiteach na 'n cuid.
 Bheir e 'n t-umaidh gu solas;
 Nì e glic am fear gòrach;
 Nì e sunndach fear brùnach;
 'S nì e gòrach fear glic.

NAMHAID.

'M b' e sin raghainn nam macabh.
 Bhi gu'n fhradharc, gu'n chlaisteachd;
 'Nuair bu mhiann leò dhol dachaigh,
 'S e nì thachras nì's mios'.
 Gur e 'n ceann is treas cas daibh,
 Lom-làn mheall, agus chnapan;
 Gach aon bhall ga 'm bi aca,
 Goid a neart uath' gun fhios.
 Iad na 'n tamhaig gun toinieg;
 Iad a labhairt an dòutis;
 Iad ro lambach gu conus,
 'S nach urr' iad cuir leis;
 Bi'dh an aodnaibh 'g an sgròbadh,
 Bi'dh an aodach 'ga shròicheadh;
 Cha 'n fhaod iad bhi stòda,
 'S iad an comhnuidh air mhìsg.

CARAID.

Nach boidheach an spòrs,
 Bhì suidhe ma bhòrdaibh,
 Le cuideachda chòir,
 A bhios 's an tòir air an dìbh !
 B' dh mo bhotal air sgòrnan,
 Rì toirt cop air mo stòpan ;
 Nach toirteil an ceòl leam
 An crònan, 's an glig ?
 Gu 'm bi fear air an daoraich ;
 Gu 'm bi fear dhù ri basireadh ;
 Gu 'm bi fear dhù ri caoineadh ;
 Nach beag a shaoileadh tu sid ?
 Nì e fosgaoilt' fear dìonach ;
 Nì e crosta fear ciallach ;
 Nì e tostach fear briathrach,
 Ach ann am *blialum* nach tuig.

NAMHAID.

Nach dona mar spòrs,
 Bhì suidhe ma bhòrdaibh ;
 Na bhì milleadh mo stòrais,
 Le gòraich gun mheas.
 Le siarach, 's le stàplaich ;
 Le briathran mi-ghnàthaicht' ;
 Rì spearadh, 's rì sàradh
 An Abharsair dhuibh.
 B' dh an douus, 's an d'olas,
 De chonas, 's do chomh-strì ;
 'S do tharruinn air dhòrnaibh,
 Anns an chomhail nach glie :
 Rì fuathas, 's rì sgainneal ;
 Rì gruaidhean 'g an pronnadh,
 Le gruagan 'g an tarruinn,
 Le barrachd de 'n mhìsg.

ARMAID.

Mo ghaol an gille glan òibhinn,
 Dh-fhas gu cineadail spèiseil ;
 Dh-fhas gu spioradail treubhach,
 'Nuair a dh-èireadh an drip.
 Bhiodh do ghille an sòlas,
 Iad gu nìreagach boidheach,
 Iad a' sìreadh nì 's leoir,
 'S iad ag òl mar a thig.
 Iad gu h-aighearach fonnor,
 Iad gun athadh, gun lompais ;
 Iad ro mhat air an ronnas,
 'Nuair a b' ann tlachd an cluich.
 Cuid d'a fasan air uairean,
 Duirn, a's bat, agus gruagadh,
 Dh-aithnte dhreach air an spuacan,
 Gu'n robh bruidhean 's a' mhìsg.

NAMHAID.

Tha mhìsg dona 'n a nàdur,
 Lom-làn mòrchuis a's ardain ;

Lom-làn bòsd agus spàraig,
 Anns gach càs air an tig.
 Tha i uamharra, fiadhaich,
 Tha i murtaidh 'n a h-iarbhaill ;
 Tha i dustach, droch-nialach,
 Làn de dh-fhìabhras, 's de fhriodh.
 Gu 'm bi fear dhù 'n a shineadh ;
 Gu 'm bi fear 'n a chùis-mhi-loinn ;
 Gu 'm aithlise lionor ;
 'S iad am maoidheadh nam pluie'.
 Tha i tuar-shreupach foilleil ;
 Iomadh uair air droch oilean ;
 'S gun do dh-fhuasgladh fa-dheireadh,
 Ach 's i bu choireach a mhìsg.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an cleasaiche lùghor,
 Fear gun cheasad gun chùna ;
 Fear gu'n cheiltinn air cùineadh,
 'N am bhì dlùthaich ris.
 Bheireadh tlachd a's a mhùigean ;
 Dheanadh gealtair de 'n diùdhlach ;
 Dheanadh dùn' am fear diùid,
 Chum a chùis a dhol leis.
 Fear a's fear an taigh 'òd' thu ;
 Fear a's ùr-fhailteach òraiu ;
 Fear nach fuilligear 'n a ònar,
 Ach a bhàilich 's an drip.
 Fear tha mairnach, ceolar ;
 Cridheil, càirdeach, le pògan ;
 'S a lamb dheas air a phòca,
 'S sgapadh stòrais le mìsg.

NAMHAID.

A chinn-aobhair a chonais,
 'S tric a dh-fhobhaich na sporain ;
 Fhìr nach d' fhoghlum an onair,
 B' e bhì 'g a d' mholadh a bhleid ;
 'Nis ou's bùanna ro dhaor thu,
 Tha ri buaireadh nan daoine,
 Dol man cuairt air an t-saighal,
 Chum na dh-fhaodas tu ghoid.
 Fear ri aithreachas m' r thu ;
 Fear ri carraid, 's ri comh-strì ;
 Fear ri geallan ; 's cha tòran ;
 Thug sid leonadh do d' mheas.
 Nì thu 'm pòitear 'n a striopaich,
 Nì thu striopaich 'n a pòitear ;
 'S iomadh mìle droch codhail,
 A tha'n tòir air a mhìsg.

CARAID.

Ge b' e thionnsgan, no dh-inndrig,
 Air ann ionustramaid phrìseil,
 'S duine grunnail na ionnsgin,
 Bha gu h-inntinneach glie.
 Thug bho arbharr gu sìol e ;

Thug bho bhrach, gu nì a's brìgheil';
 Thug á prais 'na cheo-liath e,
 'Mach tro chliath nan lùb tric.
 Thug á buideal gu stòp e,
 Rinn e 'n t-susbainte cùladh,
 Thogadh sligean reòta;
 Dheth fir bhreòite gun sgrid.
 An donus coinneamh no cùdhail,
 No eireachdas mior-shluaigh,
 Gun do cheileireachd bhoidheach,
 Cha bhi sòlas na measg.

NAMHAID.

Ge be thionnsgan an aimhlig,
 'S ole an grunn bha na eanachainn,
 'S mor a dhùisg e de dh-argamaid,
 'S de dhroch sheanachas mar ris.
 Dheilbh e misg agus daorach,
 Rinn e breisleach san t-shaoghal.
 B'fhearr nach beirte gu aois e;
 Ach bàs na naoidheachan beag.
 Dhùisg e trioblaid a's comh-strì,
 Ruig e biodag an dòrnaibh,
 Chuir e peabar san dòmhach,
 'Nuair a thoisich a mhisg.
 Cha chùis buinig ri leanmhuinn,
 Ach cuis guil agus falmhachd,
 Sa chaoidh cha'n urr' thu ga sheanachas,
 Mar a dh-fhalbh do chuid leis.

DÌ-MOLADH

PIOB DHOMHNUILL BHAIN.

A'CHAINNT a thuirt Iain
 Gu'n labhair e cearr i,
 'S feudar dhuinn ùicheadh
 Is pàidheadh d'a cinn.
 Dh-fhag e Mac-Cruimein,
 Clann-Duillidh a's Tearlach;
 Is Dòmhnallan Bàn
 A tharruinn gu prìs.
 Oim is beag mòran sgeig,
 Agus bleid chòmhradh,
 Thu labhairt na h-urrad
 'S nach b'urrainn thu chòmhdach,
 Ach pilleadh gu stòlda
 Far 'n do thòisich thu dian.

An cual' thu cia 'n t-urram
 An taobh-sa do Lunnainn?
 Air na pioairean uile
 B'e Mac-Cruimein an rìgh:

Le pongannan àluinn
 A b'fhonnair fàite,
 Thàirrneadh 'an càileachd
 Gu slùinte fear tinn.
 Caismeachd bhinn, 's i bras dian,
 Nì tais' a's fiamh fhògradh;
 Gaisg' agus cruadal,
 Tha buaidh air an òisich,
 Muim uasal nan Leòdach,
 Ga spreotadh le spid.

A' bhàirisgeach spòrsail
 Bh' aig Tearlach 'ga pògadh,
 An t-àilleagan ceòlar,
 Is bòiche guth cinn.
 Tha na Gàidil cho dèigheil
 Air a mhàran aic éisdeachd,
 'S na tha'n 'an Dun-eideann
 A luchd beurl' air an tì.
 Breac nan dual is neartmhor fuaim,
 Bras an ruaig namhaid,
 Leis 'm bu cheil leadurra,
 Feadannan spòineach,
 Luchd dheiseachan màdair
 Bhi cràidht' air droch dhiol.

Nam cluinnt' ann am Muile
 Mar dh-fhàg thu Clann-Duill,
 Cha b'fhuilear leo t-fhuil
 Bhi air mulach do chinn.
 'S i bu ghreadanta dealachainn
 Air deas làimh na h-armachd;
 A' breabadh nan garbh-phort,
 Bu shearbh a dol sìos.
 Creach nach gann, sibh gun cheann,
 Fo bhruid theann Sheòrais;
 Luchd nam beul fiara
 'Gar pianadh 's 'gar fògradh;
 Rinn iad le fòirneart
 Bhur còir a bhuin dibh.

Cha tug thu taing idir
 Do bhriogardaich Thearlaich,
 Mach o fhear bhàile
 Bhi ghu'n air a thì.
 Mhol thu ' chorr' ghliogach
 Nach dligeadh de bhàidse,
 Ach deannan beag gràin,
 No màin de dhroch shìl.
 Shaoil thu suas maoin gun ghruaim,
 Craobh nam buadh ceòlthor,
 Chuireadh fonn to na creagan
 Le breabadaich mheoirean;
 'S nach fuiligeadh ùdròchain!
 A thogail a cinn.

Cha'n fhaigh a' chùis-bhùirt ud
 Talla 'm bì mùirn,

Ach àth air a mùchadh
Le dùdan 's le sùith.
Cha bhi cathair aig Dòmhnall
'S cha 'n ìrich e cònard,
Ach suidh' air an t-sòrn
Agus sòpag ri dhrùin.

Plàigh bloigh phuirt, gàir dhroch dhuibh,
Fàileadh cuirp bhreòite ;
Ceòl tha cho sgreadaidh
Ri sgreadail nan ròcus,
No iseanan òga
Bhiodh leòinte chion bidh.

Nach gasta chùis-bhùrt'
A bhi cneatraich air ùrlar
Gun phronnadh air lùtha
Gun siubhlaichean griann,
A' sparradh *od-ròch-ain*
A'n earball *od-ròch-ain* !
A' sparradh *od-ròch-ain*
An tòn *òd-ro-bhì*.

Màl' caol càin le thaosg chrann,
Gaoth mar ghreann reòta,
Tro na tuill fhiara
Nach dìonaich na meoirean,
Nach tuigear air dòigh
Ach "*ùth-heòin*" 's "*ùth-hì* !"

Diùdbadh nam fùidhbidh
Bha aig Tubal Cain,
'Nuair sheinn e puirt Ghàidlig
'S a dh'àlaich e phòibh.
Bha i tamull fo 'n uisge
'Nuair dhruideadh an àirce.
Thachair dh'i cnàmhadh
Fo uisge 's fo ghaoith.

Thàinig smug agus dus
Auns na duis bhreòtach,
Iomadach drochaid
G'a stopadh na sgòrnan.
Dh-fhàg i le crònan
Od-ròch-ain, gun brìgh.

Bha i seal uair
Aig Maol Ruainidh O' Dornan,*
Chuireadh mi-dhòigheil
Thar ordugh na fuinn.
Bha i treis aig Mac-Bheatrais
A sheinneadh na dàin,
'Nar theirig a' chlàrsach
'S a dh'fhàillig a prìs.
Shéid Balàam 'na màla
Osna chràmh chrònaidh.
Shearg i le tabhann
Seachd cathan nam fiantan.

'S i lagaich a' chiad uair
Neart Dhiarmaid a's Ghuill.

Turruraich an dòlais,
Bha greis aig Iain òg dh'i.
Chosg i ribheidean conlaich
Na chòmhuadh le nì.
Bha i corr is seachd bliadhna
'Na h-atharais-bhialain
Aig Mac-Eachuinn 'ga riasladh
Air sliabh Cìnoc-an-lìn.

An fhiudhbidh shean nach dùisg gean,
Ghnùis nach glan còmhdach ;
'S maig dha 'm bu leannan
A' chraunnalach dhòinidh.
Chàite gràn eòrna
Leis na dh-fhoghadh dh'i ghaoith.

Mu'n cuirear fo h-inneal
Corra-bhinneach na glaothaich,
'S inneach air aodach
Na dh-fheumas i snàth.
Cha bheag a' ehuis dhéistinn
Bhì 'g éisdeachd a gioraich ;
Dhianadh i aognaidh
An taobh a bhiodh blàth.
Riasladh phort, sgrìachail dhos,
Fhìr ri droch shaothair,
Bheir i chiad éubha
'N àm séideadh a gaoithe,
Mar ronnac bà caoile
'S i faotainn a' bhàis.

Tha'n iunsramaid ghlagach
Air a lobhadh na craiceann ;
Cha'n fhuirich i 'n altan
Gun chearcaill g'a tàdh'.
'S seirbh' i na'n gabhann
Ri tabhann a crènlath,
Tròmpaid a dhùisgeadh
Gach lùdas fhuair bàs.
Mar chòm gear'ich 'ga chreuchdadh
Shéideadh àn gaoithe,
Turraich nach urra' mi
Siunnailt da innseadh,
Ach rodain ri sìanail
No sgiamhail laoih òig.

Com caithe na curra
Is tachdadh 'na muineal,
Meoir traiste gun fhus
Cur triullin 'an dàn,
Sheinneadh a brollaich
Ri solus an eòlain,
Ruidhle gun ordugh
An còmhuadh air lìr.

'N aognaidh lèin, gaoth tro tholl,
Gàir gun fhuinn còmhraig,

* A wandering Irish piper, whose music the Highlanders could not appreciate.

A thaisicheadh cruadal,
'S a luathaicheadh teoltachd,
Gu beachdail don-dùchais
Mu 'n t-sòrn am bi ghràisg.

Bì'dh gaoth a' mhàil' ghroadaidh
Cur gair anns na dosaibh,
I daonnan 'na trotan
Ri propadh "òd-rà."
Bì'dh seannasair caol, crochtach
Fo chaonnaig aig oehdnar,
Sruth staonaig 'ga stopadh,
Cur droch cheol 'na thàmh.
Fuaim mar chlag fhuadach each,
Duan chur as frithe;
Cha 'n abair mi tuille
Gu di-moladh pìoban,
Ach leigeidh mi' chluinntinn
Gu'n phill mi Mac-Phàil.

A' CHOMH-STRI.

Gur h-e dhùisg mo sheanchas domh
Cùis mu'm beil mi dearmalach,
Gach Tureach 's gach Gearmailteach,
Gach Frangach 'an rùn marbhaidh dhuinn;
Muir no tìr cha tearmann duinn.

Tha mo dhùil 's gur fìrinneach,
Gach muiseag tha mi cluinntinn deth,
Nach dean iad unnsa dhireadh oirn,
S uach buinig iad na h-Innean oirn,
Gu 'n sguir iad far 'n do dh-inntrig iad.

On chaidh na h-airm 'an tasgaidh oirn,
Ge tric a' ghairm gu faigh sinn iad,
Nach foghnadh claidhean maide dhuinn
Gu seasamh a' chrùn shasannaich,
Mar thug an diùc a dh'fhasan duinn?

Ge mormalach rìgh Phruisia
'S na rìghrean mòr tha 'n trioblaid ris,
'S co neònach leams' an Fìriselach,
'S am Bàideanach le measrachadh,
Bhi deanamh rèit 's nach bris iad i.

Bha mise nair 's gu'm faca mi
Nach creidinn bhuaithe facal deth,
Nach bithinn suas 'nuair thachradh e,
A liughad gruag a's bagaisde,
Bha fuasgladh anns an t-sabaid ud.

'Nuair dh-inntrigeadh an ascaoineis,
Is àrd a chluinnt' 'm Pabaidh iad;
Fhreagair coill a's clachan daibh;
Cha bhiodh bean 'an àite faicinn daibh,
Iad féin 's mac-talla bàs-bhuadhadh.

'Nuair bhiodh iad sgì 's na tagraichean,
'Se crìochnacha ' bhiodh aca-san,
A'g iarraidh fàsadh bhatachan,
Gach tuairisgeul ri chlaistinn ann,
Nach cuadas riamh o bhaisteadh sinn.

Gur maing a bhiodh 'san ùbaraid
'Nuair ghabhadh iad gu tùirneileis.
Bhiodh fàsagadh air na sùilean ann;
Bu Ìomhor duirn a's glùinean ann;
A's breaban cha bhiodh cùmhu' orra.

Bhiodh rocladh air na claigeanann;
Bhiodh sgòrnannan 'gan tachdadh ann;
Bhiodh meoirean air an cagnadh ann;
Bhiodh cluasan air an sracadh ann;
Bhiodh spuaicean air an cnapadh ann.

'Nuair thuiteadh iad gu mì-chenntaidh,
Bhiodh rùsgadh leis na h-inean ann;
Bhiodh pìocadh leis na bìdeagan;
Bhiodh riabadh air na cìreanan;
Bhiodh cus de'n uile mì-loinn ann.

Mu'm biodh a' chomh-stri dealaichte,
Bhiodh dòrnagan 'g an sadadh ann;
Bhiodh sgrèbadh air na malaidh ann;
Bhiodh beoil a's sìleadh fal' asda;
'S nis leòr aig fear dha aithris ann.

'Nuair theirgeadh giubhas Lochlainneach
'S a' choill' an dèis a stopadh oirn,
Bu mhath na h-airm na bodehrannan;
Bu sgiobailt iad an ùn bogsaigeadh;
Cha bhrisendh e na cogaisean.

'S ann do 'n tìr bu shamhach so;
Bu shòlas inntinn bàilli e;
Bu Ìomhor fear gu'n àiteach' ann,
Dol gu fianais 's fianh a bhàthaidh air,
Caoidh mu mhnai 's mu phèistean ann.

Bha Uidhist air a nàrachadh.
Bha Iutharn air a fàsachadh.
Le guidheachan na càraid ud
Bha sòlas air an àbhairsear.
Bu neònach leis nach tàinig iad.

Cluinnidh Mac-Cuinn an toiseach e.
Cluinnidh a ris an Dotor e,
Mar chrìochnaichear na portaibh ud.
Cha tàirg e làn a' chopain domh,
Gu 'm bàraig e dà bhotul rium.

Innsidh mi do dh-Uisdean e,
D'fhear Bhàile pairt do'n t-sùgradh, ud,
Do'n Bhàili thair an dùthaich e;
Air chach cha dean mi cùmhnadh air,
Bheir iad bàidse a's dùrachd dhomh.

O R A N,

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNUILL SHLEIBHTE.

Air tuiteam a' m' chadal
A nis o cheann fada
Gu'n thachair dhomh acaid
A stad ann am bhràghad,
Tha chnead air mo ghiùlan
Tha àmhgharach ciùrrta.
Cha bhi mi 'ga mùchadh,
Gu rùisg mi os airidh.
Ach Dia bhi 'ga chòmhnadh
'S a riaghladh a ròidean!
An tì 'm beil mo dhòchas
Fo chòmhnadh an Ard-righ,
Lagaich mo dhòrainn,
Neartaich mo shòlas,
Chuir mi an dòchas
Bhi mi 's òige na tha mi.

'S iomadach buille
So b'eudar dhuinn fhulang.
Bha chuing air ar mùineal
'S bu truim' i na phàiseach
Cho trom ri clach-mhuileinn
'Na sineadh air lunnan,
Ri iargain nan curaidh
'S iad uil' air ar fàgail.
Gradan a' gheanhruidh
A lagaich gu teann sinn,
'Nuair a chaill sinn ar ceannard,
Nach robh shamhla measg Ghael,
Connspunn na h-aoidhealachd,
Leòghann na rioghalachd,
Dòrainn r'a innseadh
Dha 'n linne nach tàinig :

Dòrainn r'a innseadh,
An dòrainn a chlaoidh sinn,
Thoirleum n-ar n-inntinn
Cho ìosal ri 'r shùilean;
Ar Ceann-feadhna mòr prìseil
Bu mhòr urram san rioghalachd,
Gu'n do bhuin an t-eug dhinn e,
Ar mi-fhortan làidir!
Fhir a chunnaic ar cruadal,
Leig umainn am fuaradh,

Bì thusa 'na d' bhuachaill
Air na thuair sinn 'na àite.
Cnir dhachaidh Sir Seumas
Gun aiceid, gun òislean,
Gu chuideachda fèin;
Mhuire 's òibhinn a tharsuinn.

Chriosda, glèidh dhùinne
Ar buachaille cliùiteach,
Ar n-uachdaran dùthcha;
Tha chùram an dràs oirn.
Allail ar fiùran,
Smiorail, a's grunn-dail,
Fearail ri dhùsgadh
'Nan tiuntadh a mhàran,
Ar baranta mùirneach,
Carraig ar bunndaisd,
Ar n-ùil 's ar cairt dhùbailt
S ar crùn a's an tùileasg,
An r' mh nach 'eil bristeach,
Ar lann ann am trioblaid,
Ar ceannard 's ar misneach,
Fear briseadh a' bhàire.

An dùsgadh no'n cadal duinn,
'N ùrnuigh no'n ahlanaich
Ar déirce ga nasgadh,
Thu thigh'n' dachaidh sàbhailt.
Muint' ann an chleachdadh thu,
Cliùiteach ri d' chlaistinn thu,
Muirneach ri t-fhaicinn
Air each no air lùr thu,
Ar 'n-aighear 's ar sòlas,
Ar fion air na bòrdaibh,
Ar mire 's ar ceòl thu,
'S ar doigh air ceòl-gaire:
Ar connspunna fèile
A dheònaich Mac Dhé dhuinn
Gu còir chur air stéidhe,
'S gu eucoir a smàladh.

Gur h-innealt' an connspunn
Ceann-cinnidh Chlann-Dòmhnail,
Fear iriosal stòlda
Gun tòir air an àrdan;
Eireachdail, coimhliont',
Soilleir 'an eòlas,
Canair 'n am togghail ris,
Bòchdan, mo lamhsa.
Cùirteir na sìobhaltachd,
Urla na h-aoidhealachd,
Tlusail ri dìleachdain 's
Cùmhnach air airidh,
Aigeantach innsineach,
Beachdail air rioghalachd,
Gaisgeach ro mhilten
Nan sineadh e 'n g' irdean.

Mo rùn an sàr ghaigseach,
 Fear òg a' chùil chleachdaich,
 Fear mòrghalach gasda,
 Gun ghaiseadh, gun tàire.
 Cuiridh nam brataichean
 Guineach ri 'm bagairt iad,
 Chuireadh an t-sradag
 'Na lasair gun smàladh.
 A bhuailleadh a' chollaid
 Mu 'n chluain air an cromadh iad
 A ghluaiseadh neo-shomalt'
 An coimeamh an nàmhaid
 Le spàintichean loma,
 Le mosgaidean troma,
 Le fòdar caol meallach
 'N am teannadh ri lámhach.

Ge fad a bha 'n acaid
 'Na còmhnuidh fo m'asgail,
 Fògraidh mi as i,
 Thig aiteas 'na h-àite.
 Cuiridh mi airtneal
 Air fuadach gu chairtealan,
 Nuair chuireas Dia dhachaidh
 Na dh-aisig mo shlàinte.
 Moladh dha 'n léigh
 A dh-fhàg fallain mo chreuchdan,
 Tharruinn mo spéiread
 Nì 's tréine na b' àbhaist!
 Aghaidh Shir Seumas,
 Aghaidh na féile,
 Taghadh gach speulcair
 Thug an léirsinn nì b'fhearr dhomh.

Aghaidh na stàidealachd,
 Aghaidh na sgairtealachd,
 Aghaidh na maisealachd,
 Tlachd agus àilleachd:
 Aghaidh na fearalachd,
 Aghaidh na smioralachd,
 Aghaidh is glaine
 Bheir sealladh 'an sgàthan.
 Aghaidh na stòldachd,
 Aghaidh na mòrchuis,
 Aghaidh an leòghainn,
 Ach tòiseachadh cearr air!
 Boinidh dha 'n òigear
 Bhi currant 'an comh-strì,
 'S gur iomadh laoch dorn-gheal
 Bheir ùireachd mas aill leis.

Cha sùgradh ri chlaistinn
 Bhi dùsgadh do chaisneachd,
 Bhi rùsgadh do bhratach
 Gu h-aigeantach stàdail.
 Fìob tholltach 'ga spalpadh
 Sior-phronnadh nam bras-phort,
 Fraoch tomach nam badan
 Rì brat-cram da chàradh.

Barant de dh-uaislean
 A' tarruinn mu'n cuairt d'i;
 Gu'm b'fhearrail an dulachas
 'N am buannach buaidh-làrach.
 Ceathairne ghruamach,
 Gun athadh roimh luaidhe,
 Dh-fhàgadh gun gluasad
 Cuirp fhuair anns an àraich.

Gur h-iomadh sàr-ghaigseach
 Tha urranta smachdail,
 A theannadh a steach riut
 'N am aisth no cuimhain:
 Le 'n spaintichean sgaiteach
 Cho geur ris an ealtainn,
 'N am bhualadh nan claignean
 Gu 'n spealtadh iad cuimhnean.
 Gu fireachail aotrom,
 Air mhir' anns a' chaonaig,
 Bhiodh fuil air na traochaibh
 Mu 'n traoghadh an ardan:
 Le comunn gun chlaonadh,
 Gun somaltachd gaoirdean,
 'N am iomadh nam faobhar
 Rì aodainn an nàmhaid.

Na'm faicte Sir Seumas
 'S gu'n cuireadh e feum air,
 Gur h-iomadh taobh dh-ùireadh leis
 Rèisimeid làidir.
 'An Alb' a's 'an Èirinn
 Cho deònach le chéile,
 O Chluaidh nan long gleusta
 Gu leum e Phort-phlàdruig.
 Uaislean Chinn-tìre
 Bu dual da o shinnis,
 Gu rachadh iad sìos leis
 Gun dì-chuimhu, gun fhàillim.
 Gu'm biodh iad cho tìdheach
 'S gu'n dianadh iad nì-stath
 Mar leogbannan mianuach
 'S gu'n bhiaidh aig an ìlach.

Dh-ùireadh na Leòdaich,
 Dh-ùireadh 's bu chòir dhaibh,
 Dh-ùireadh, 's bu deònach
 Thaobh còlais 's càrdeis.
 Thigeadh am mòr-shluagh
 Brisg ann an òrdugh,
 Sgiolta na comspuinn
 An tòiseachadh blàir iad.
 Dearbhadh na fearalachd
 Calma 'n am tarruinn iad,
 An ealg mar na nathraichean
 'S fearann 'ga reiteach.
 Stròiceach le lamuibh iad,
 Dòrtach air falanan,
 Còcairean calamh
 Air cheannan 's air chùimhean.

Dhùisgeadh 'na d' charraid
 Fir ùr Ghlinne-garadh,
 B'e 'n dearmad gu'n ghainne
 Siol Ailein da fhàgail.
 Daoine cho fearail,
 Cho saoireach air lannaibh,
 Gu faicte neul fal' òrr'
 Gan tarrainn a sgàbard,
 Iuntinneach, togarach,
 Impidh cha 'n obadh iad,
 Fìor chruaidh gun bhogachadh
 'S obair air làrach.
 Calma mar churaidhnean,
 'S mairg air an cuireadh iad;
 Chuireadh an buillean
 Gu fulang na spaintich.

Dh-éireadh fìr Mhuile
 Le éibhe nan cluinneadh iad,
 Dh-éireadh iad uile
 Gu h-urranta làidir.
 Dualehas a chumadh iad,
 Gualainn ri uileann iad,
 Buailidh iad buillean
 Mu 'm fuilig thu tàmailt.
 'S cràiteach ri innseadh
 Bhì 'g àireamh bhuir diobhail,
 Na thuit de'n dream rioghail
 Am mì-fhortan Thearlaich.
 Iadsan cho ìosal
 Fo shàilean nan Duineach,
 Na cairdean cho dìleas
 'S a bha inc ris a' phaipeir.

M A R B H R A N N

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNULL SHLEIBHTE.

[A DH-EUG 'S AN ROIMH.]

Moch 'sa maduinn 's mi 'g éirigh,
 Cha 'n e 'n cadal tha streup rium,
 'S fliuch mo leaba gun seasdar, gun sàmhehair.
 'S fliuch mo leaba gun seasdar, &c.

Cha 'n eil agam na dhéigh,
 'N déis mo thaic-sa 'gam thréigsinn,
 Ach maille clasteachd a's léirsinn a's tàbhachd.
 Ach maille clasteachd, &c.

'S trom a' chuing-s' air ar muineal,
 Air ar lìonadh le mulad,
 Tha sinn sgith 's cha 'n ann ullamh a ta sinn,
 Tha sinn sgith, &c.

Sinn ri iargainn nan curaidh
 Nach robh 'n iasad ach diombuan,
 Gun fhear liath a bhì uil' air an làraich.
 Gun fhear liath, &c.

Daoine mòrchuiseach measail,
 Daoine còrr ann an iochd iad,
 Daoine cròdha gu bristeadh air nàmhaid.
 Daoine cròdha, &c.

Ann an ùine dà fhichead
 Gur diòbhail ar briseadh,
 Chuir e dùbhailt a nis oirn e lèthair!
 Chuir e dùbhailt, &c.

Chaill sin éighear no seisir
 Do na comspuinn bu treise,
 Nach robh beò ann am Breatann an àicheadh.
 Nach robh beò, &c.

Ann an uaisle 's 'an urram,
 Anns gach deagh bhuaidh bh'air duine;
 Ann an cruadal gu buinig buaidh-làrach.
 Ann an cruadal, &c.

'S bochd an ruaigs' oirn an còmhnuidh,
 Dh-fuig ar gualainn 'nan ònar,
 Bhì sguabhadh ar n-òigridh gun dàil uainn.
 Bhì sguabhadh ar n-òigridh, &c.

Thàinig meaghoil gu bròn duinn,
 Thàinig aighear gu dòrainn,
 Chaill sinn amharc a's sòlas ar sgàthain.
 Chaill sinn amharc, &c.

Bàs ar n-nachdarain prìseil,
 Sgeul a's cruaidhe ri chluinntinn;
 Fhuair luchd fuath' agus mì-ruin an àilleas.
 Fhuair luchd fuatha, &c.

Gur h-e 'm fuaradh-s' an uiridh
 Chuir ar gluasad 'an trumail,
 So 'n ruaig tha 'gar n-ìomain gu anurath.
 So 'n ruaig tha 'gar n-ìomain, &c.

Bhì fo phuthar an sgeoil ud
 Gach aon latha ri'r beo-shlaint,
 Air bheag aighear, no sòlais, no sl' inte.
 Air bheag aighear, &c.

Fhuair sinn naigheachd ar leatrom,
 Fhuair sinn naigheachd na ereiche,
 Sin an naigheachd thug leagadh d'ar n-ardan.
 Sin an naigheachd, &c.

'S trom an galar 's is diubhail
 Mòran uallaich ri ghiùlan,
 Rinn ar n-anail a mhuchadh 's ar dàna.
 Rinn ar n-anail, &c.

Nis on 's dileachdan bochd mi,
Oighe dìreach air Oisian,
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh fhortain do Phàdruig.
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh, &c.

Mi 'g innseadh cruas m'fhortain,
Mar a dh-inntrig e 'n toiseach ;
Cha'n 'eil brìgh dhomh, no toirt bhi 'ga àireamh.
Cha'n 'eil brìgh, &c.

Ach an sgrìob thug a' chreach oirn,
Dh-fhàg a chaoidh' sinn 'ga h-acain,
So i 'n dìle chuir brat air na thàinig.
So i 'n dìle chuir, &c.

Dh-fhalbh ar ceannard òg maiseach,
Bha gun àrdan, gun ghaiseadh,
Muir a thàinig gu grad a thug bhàre oirn.
Muir a thàinig gu grad, &c.

Chuir ar leabaidh san droigheann,
'S gun ar cadal thar faighinn,
Ar sùil frasach o'n naigheachd a thàinig.
Ar sùil frasach, &c.

O nach dùil ri Sir Seumas,
'S beag ar rùn 'an gair eibhinn,
Bì'dh sinn tùrsach 'na dhéidh gu 's a bàs duinn.
Bithidh sinn tùrsach, &c.

Chaill sinn duilleach ar géige,
Grànne mullaich ar déise,
So an turas chuir éis air ar n-armuinn.
So an turas chuir, &c.

'S eudar fuireach ri sìochainnt,
O nach urrainn air strì sinn,
Ach bhì fulang gu 'n strìochd sinn d'ar n-èmhaid.
Ach bhì fulang, &c.

Ma thig oirn foirneart no bagradh,
Sinn gun dùigh air am bacadh ;
Tha sinn leointe 'nar pearsa 's 'n-ar càileachd.
Tha sinn leointe, &c.

O'n là thàinig am briseadh,
A thug tearnadh 'nar meas duinn,
Ar Ceann-tànach 's ar misneach g'ar fàgail.
Ar Ceann-tànach, &c.

Dh-fhag e sinne bochd tùrsach,
Ann an ionad ar cùrraidh,
Gun e philleadh g'a dhùchanman sàbhailt.
Gun e philleadh, &c.

Thug e sgrìob air n-uaislean,
Chaoidh' cha dìrich an tuath e,
Tha sinn mi-ghèanach truagh air bheag stàtha.
Tha sinn mi-ghèanach, &c.

Sinn mar chaoirich gun bhuachaill,
'N déis an t-aoghair thoirt uatha,
Air ar sgaoileadh le ruaig 'ille-mhàrtuinn.
Air ar sgaoileadh, &c.

Ar toil-inntinn 's ar s' las,
Craobh a dhèidh an còrach,
Ann an cathair na Ròimh' air a chàradh.
Ann an cathair, &c.

Thu bhì 'n cathair na Ròimhe,
'S goirt ri innseadh na sgeoil sin !
'Dhé ! cha dìrich Clann Dòmhnuaill nì 's airde.
'Dhé ! cha dìrich, &c.

O'n là sgathadh ar n-ègan,
A' chraobh bu fhlathaile còmhach,
Gun a h-abhall air dùigh dhuinn a tharail.
Gun a h-abhall, &c.

Mòr an sgeul san Roinn-Eòrp e,
Mòr a bheud do rìgh Seòrsa,
Mòr an éis air do sheòrsa gu bràth e !
Mòr an éis air do sheòrsa, &c.

Cha do dhùineadh an còta,
'S cha do ghiùlan na brègan,
Neach an cunntadh iad còladh do phàrtean.
Neach an cunntadh, &c.

Ann an gliocas. 's 'an eòlas,
Ann an tuigse 's an mòrchuis,
Is na gibhteanan mòr a bha fàs riut.
Is na gibhteanan, &c.

Tha sinn deumach, bochd, tùrsach,
Gun ghair eibhinn, gun duil ris,
Mar an Fheinn agus Fionn air am fàgail.
Mar an Fheinn, &c.

Sinn gun Oscar, gun Diarmad,
Gun Gholl osgarra fialaidh,
Gach craobh thoiseich air triall naoin gu Pàrrais.
Gach craobh thoiseich, &c.

Cinn nam bìnidheannan calma
Leis an d'ùmhlaicheadh Alba,
'S iomadh ùghdar thug seanchas mar bha sin.
'S iomadh ùghdar, &c.

'S bochd a chrìochnaich ar n-aimsir,
Mar Mhaol-cìaran gun Fhearchair,
Sinn ag iargainn na dh-fhalbh uainn 's nach tainig
Sinn ag iargainn, &c.

'Se nì 's cosmhail ri sheanchas,
Lion sinn cepan na h-àingeachd,
Gus 'na bhrosnaich sinn fearg an Tì 's àirde.
Gus 'na bhrosnaich, &c.

Se'n Ti phriscil thug uainn e
Chum na rioghachd is buaine;
O Chriosda, cum suas duinn na bràithrean.
O Chriosda, cum suas, &c.

Note.—The poet laments the untimely death of five or six of the M'Donalds of Slate. Sir Alexander died, a young man, in 1746; and his son, the amiable and accomplished Sir James, died at Rome in 1766, aged 25. This family prudently avoided committing themselves in the rebellion of 1745; but the bard appears to have been a thorough Jacobite.

MOLADH CHLANN-DOMHNAILL.

AIR FÒNN—"Oran a' ghunna da' b' ainm an spàinteach."

TAFADH leat, a Dho'ill 'Ic-Fhionnlaidh,
Dhùisg thu mi le pàirt de d' chomhradh.
Air bheagan cùlais san dùthaich,
Tha cuntas gur gille còir thu.
Chuir thu do chomaine romhad,
'S fearde do ghnòthach an còmhnuidh
'S cinnteach gar a leat ar bàidse;
'S leat ar cairdeas 'm fad a's beò thu.

Mhol thu ar daoine 's ar fearann,
Ar muaithean baile, 's bu chòir dhut.
Cha d'rinn thu dì-chuimhn' no mearachd;
Mhol thu gach sean is gach òg dhiubh.
Mhol thu 'n uaislean, mhol thu 'n islean.
Dh-fhag thu shìos air an aon dòigh iad,
Na bheil de 'n ealain ri chluinntinn,
Cha chion dicheil a dh-fhag sgòd oirr'.

Teannadh ri moladh ar daoine,
Cha robh e saoirsheach air aon dòigh;
An gleus, 'an gaisge 's 'an teòmhach,
Air aon aobhar thig 'nan còdhail
Nochdadh an eudann ri gradan
Cha robh gaiseadh anns a' phòr ud,
Clù a's pailteas, mais' a's tabhachd;
Ciod e 'n càs nach faight' air chòir iad?

Cha bu mhist' thu mise laimh riut,
'An am a bli'g aireamh nan comuspuun,
Gu inns' am maise 's an uaisle,
An gaisge 's an cruadal 'n am togbail.
B'iad sud na fir a bha fearail
'Philleadh an-seasgair 'an t-èireachd,
'S a dh-fhagadh salach an uraich
Nam fanadh an nàmhaid ri 'n còmhrag.

Ach nam faicheadh tu na fir ud
Ri uchd teine 's iad 'an òrdugh,
Coslas fiadhaich a dol sìos orr',
Fulbh gu dian air bheagan stòlachd;

Claidheamh ruisgt 'an laimh gach aon fhir,
Fearg 'nan aodann 's faobhar gleois orr',
Iad cho nimheil ris an iolair.
'S iad cho frioghail ris na leùghainn.

Cha mhòr a thionnal nan daoine' ud
Bha ri fhaotainn san Roinn Eòrpa.
Bha iad fearrail 'an am caonnaig,
Gu fuileach, faobharrach, stròiceach.
Nam faigheadh tu iad 'an gliocas
Mar bha 'm misneach a's am mòrehuis,
'C'ait' am feudadh tu aireamh,
Aon chinne' b'fhearr na Clann-Dòmhnail.

Bha iad treubhach, fearail, foinnidh,
Gu neo-lomara mu 'n stòras.
Bha iad cumbhalach 'nan gealladh,
Gun theall, gun charachd, gun ròidean.
Ge de dh-iartha nuas an sinnsir,
O mhullach an ciùn gu'm brìgan,
'N donas cron a bha ri inns' orr',
Ach an rioghalachd mar sheòrsa.

Ach ma mhol thu ar daoine' uaisle,
C'uim nach de luaidh thu Mac-Dòmhnail?
Aon Mhac Dhé bhi air 'na bhuachail'
G'a ghleidheadh buan duinn 'na bheò-shlainte!
On 's curaidh a choisneas buaidh e,
Leanas ri dhualchas 'an còmhnuidh,
Nach deachdadh neach riamh 'na thuasaid
Rinn dad buannachd air an comb-stri.

C'ait an dh-fhag thu Mac 'Ic-Ailein
'Nuair a thionailleadh e mhòr-shluagh,
Na fir chrodha bu mhòr alla,
Ri linn Alasdair 's Mhontròis?
'S maing a dhùisgeadh ruinn blur n-aisith
No thionndadh taobh ascaoin bhur cleica,
Ge b'e sùil a bhiodh 'gan amhar
Cromadh sìos gu abhainn Lòchaidh.

Ach ma chaidh tu 'nan seallbhaidh,
C'uim nach de sheanchais thu air chòir iad,
Teaghlach usal Ghlinne-garadh
'S nam fùrain o ghleannaibh Chnoideart.
'S iomadh curaidh laidir uaimhreach
Sheasadh cruaidh 's a bhuailleadh stròicean,
O cheann Loch-Uthairn nam fuar-bheann
Gu bun na Staidhe an Mòr-thir.

An dh-fhag thu teaghlach na Ceapaich
'S mòr a' chreach nach 'eil iad còmhlan,
Dh-èireadh leinn suas 'an aisith
Le 'm piob 's le 'm brataichean srùile.
Mac Iain a Gleanna-Cothan,
Fir chothanta 'n am na comb-stri,
Daoine foinnidh, fearail, fearradha
Rùsgadh arm a's fearg na'n sròn?

Dh-fhag thu Mac Dhùghail a Lathurn,
(Bu mhuirneach gabhail a chòmhlaín,)
Cuide ri uaislean Chiuntire,
O'n Roinn Bìch 's mhaol na h-Odha.
Dh-fhag thu Iarl Antrum á Eirion
Rinn an t-euchd am blàr na Bòine.
'Nuair a dhùthaicheadh iad ri chèile,
Co chunntadh féich air Clann-Dòmhnuaill?

Alba, ge bu mhòr ri inns' e,
Roinn iad i o thuinn gu mòintich.
Fhuair an còir o làimh Chlann-Dòmhnuaill,
Fhuair iad a ris an Ròta;
'S ioma currai mhòr bha innte
Cunntaidh Antrum ge bu mhòr i.
Sgrìos iad as an nàmhdean uile,
'S thuit Mac Ghuilbinn san tòireachd.

Bhuinig iad baile 's leth Alba;
'S e 'n claidheamh a shealbhaich coir dhaibh.
Bhuinig iad latba chath Gairbheach,
Rinn an argumaid a chòmhach.
Air bheagan cnuaidh gu trioblaid
Thug iad an bristeadh a mòran,
Mac' Ill-Iain ann le chuideachd,
'S Lachann cutach Mac-an-Tòisich.

Nan tigeadh feum air Sir Seumas,
Gun éireadh iad uile còmhlaith
O roinn Ghall-thaobh gu roinn Ile,
Gach fear thug a shìnnisr còir dhaibh.
Thigeadh Mac-Choinnich á Brathainn,
Mac-Aoidh Strath-Nàbhair 's diùe Gordon,
Thigeadh Barraich, 's thigeadh Bànaich,
Rothaich a's Sàilich a's Rùsaich.

Ar luchd dèimh 's ar cairdean dèileas
Dh-eiridh leinne a sìos 'an comb-strì.
Thigeadh naislean Chloinne-Lean
Mu'n cuairt cho daingheann ri d' chòta,
Iad fo ghruaim 'an uair a' chatba
Cruaidh 'nan lamhan sgathadh feòla,
Tarraim spàinteach làidir hobhar
Sgoilteadh dìreach cinn gu brògan.

Bhuidheann fhuilteach, glan nan geur-lann,
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Leòdach,
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Niallach
Le loingheas Ìomhòr 's le seòltaibh,
Foirbeisich 's Friscaleich dh-éireadh,
'S thigeadh Clann-Reubhair 'an òrdugh.
'Nuair a dhùisgeadh fir na h-Iubhraich,
Co thigeadh air tùs ach Tìmas!!

Note.—There are several hills in the Highlands which still bear the name *Tom-na-h-Iubhraich*, all haunted by the fairies. One of them is near Strachur, Lochline side; another near Inverness. According to popular belief, Thomas the Rhymer was captain of the fairy troops.

ORAN DON TEASAICH.

AIR FOKN—"Daibhidh gròsgach crom ciar."

'S mise chaill air geall na carachd,
Bha cadar mi-téin sa chailleach,
Gu'n tug i dhìom brìgh mo bharra,
Cul mo chinn a chuir ri talamh.
M' fhuil a's m' fheoil thug i dhìom,
Chuir i crònan am chliabh,
Be 'n droch codhail domh 'bhiasd,
Gu robh tòireachd ga dìol.

Chuir i boil am cheann is bu mhòr i,
Faicinn dhaoine marbh a's beodha,
Coltas Hector mor na Tròidhe,
S nan gaisgeach bha 'm feachd na Ròimhe.
Cailleach dhuathsach, chrom, chiar,
Bha làn tuaileis a's blriag,
Chuir mi'm bruaillean 's gach iall,
'S chuir i 'm fuadach mo chiall.

'S bochd a fhuair mi bhuat am foghar,
'S mi gun luaigh air buain no ceanghal,
Mo cheann iosal a's mi am laidhe,
Bruite tinn a's sgios am chnaimhean.
Bha mo chnaimhean cho sgith,
'S ged do sgathadh iad dhìom,
Gu'n robh am padhadh gam chlaoidh,
'S gun traighinn abhainn le mhiad.

'S bochd an t-àite leap' am fiabhras,
Dh-fhagas daoine fada, riabhach,
Glagaich lag le fada 'n iargainn,
Gann do dh' fhalt a's pailt do dh' fhiasaig
Pailt do dh' fhiasaig gu'n tlachd,
Chuir am bial air droch dhreach,
Droch no biadh theid a steach,
A dha thrian innte stad.

Do chota fìs is e gun lianadh,
T-òsan roeach air dhroch fhiaradh,
Caol do chois nochdaidh pliatlach,
Ionan cho fad ri cat fiadhaich.
Casán pliatlach gun sùgh,
Fo'n dà shleasaid gu'n lùgh,
Gur pailt liagh dhaibh no lunn,
Cha bhean fiar dhaibh nach lùb.

Bidh do mhuinneal fada, feathach,
'S taisnichean mar chabar cleibhe,
Easgadan glagach gun spéirid,
Ghuinean ri tachas a chèile.
Ghuinean geura gun neart,
'S iad cho ciar ris a chairt,
Thu cho creabhi ri cat,
B' fhearr an t-eug gad sgath as.

A bhonaid da uiread sa b'abhaist,
Air uachdar currachd nach àluinn ;
Cluasan gu'n uireasbhaidh fàsa,
Ceann cho lòn ri crì na dearnaidh.
Cha be 'n companach caomh,
Dh-fhag cho lòn mì 's cho maol,
Rinn mo chom mar phreas caoil,
Mar nì hac-samhla do'n aog.

Bidh tu coltach ri fear misge,
Gun dad ùl gun aon mhir ithe,
Chionn nach bi lùghs na d' dha iosgaid,
Bidh tu null sa nall mar chlisnich.
Bì'dh tu d' shiachaire lag,
'S ceann do shìthe gun neart,
Ann ad ghnìomh cha bhì tlachd,
Na d' chus mhìo-loin air fad.

ORAN NA H-AOISE.

AIR FOSN—"The pearl of the Irish nation."

CHA tog mise fonn,
Cha 'n eirich e leam,
Tha m' aigne ro throun
Fo easlain' ;
Tha 'n crì tha 'na m' chom
Mar chloich 's i na deann,
'S i tuiteam le gleann,
'S cha 'n eirich ;
Tha 'n gaisgeach nach tiom
Rinn a' cogadh, 's a' strì,
Cha 'n fhaigh sinn a chaoidh
Bhì reidh ris ;
On is treis' e na sinn,
Théid leis-an ar claidh,
'S cha teasaig aon nì
Fo 'n ghréin sinn !
'S euis thùrsa gu dearbh
Bhì 'g ionndraidh mar dh-fhalbh,
Ar cruitheachd, ar dealbh
'S ar 'n eugasg,
Ar spionnadh, 's ar neart,
Ar cumadh, 's ar dreach,
Ar cur an ann gleachd',
A's streupa ;
Mar a sgaoileas an ceò
Air aodainn an fheoir,
'S a chaochaileas neoil
'S na 'n speuran,
Tha 'n aois a' teachd oirn
Cumhach, caointeach, làn bròin,
'S neo-shocrach ri leòn
An té ud.

Aois chasadach gharbh,
Cheann-trom, chadalach, bhalbh,
Ann an ion 's a bhì marbh
Gu'n speirid ;
Cha ghluais thu ach màll,
Agus cuail' ann do laimh,
Dol mu'n cuairt air gach àilt,
A's féithe ;
Cha chuir thu gu bràth,
'S cha chumhaidh dhut e,
Geall ruithe, no snamh,
No leuma,
Ach fiabhras, a's eradh
Ga t-iarraidh gu bàs,
Nì 's lionmhoir na plàigh
Na h-Eiphit.

Aois chianail ro bhochd,
Rì caoidh na rug ort,
Neo brìgheil gun toirt,
Gun spéis thu ;
Do luchd comuin, a's gaoil
Fo chomhair an aoig,
Gun chomas a b-aon
Diu eirigh ;
Dh-fhalbh t-earnais, 's do chuid,
Dh-fhalbh slainte do chuirp,
Thig ort faillinne tuigs',
A's reasain,
Thig di-chuimhne, thig b' chd,
Thig diomhanas dha,
Thig mì-loinn do chairdean
Féin ort.

Aois èghar gun bhrìgh
Ga t-fhègar gu cill,
Dh-fhagas bòdhaig a chinn
Ro éitidh,
Aois bhòdhar nach cluinn,
Gun toighe, gun suim ;
Gun chàr foghainteach strì,
No streupa,
Aois acaideach thinn
Gun taice, gun chli,
Gun ghaige, gun spid,
Gun speirid,
Lan airtneal, a's cràidh
Gun aidmheil bhì slàn,
Gun neach dharm beil càs
Dheth t-éigin.

Aois ghreannach bhochd thruagh,
'S measa sealladh, a's tuar,
Maol, sgallach, gun ghruaig,
Gun déudaich,
Roc aodainneach, chruaidh,
Phreasach, chraicneach, lom, fhuar,
Chrùbach, chrotach,
Gun ghluasad céuma ;

Aois lobhar nan spìoc
 Bheir na subhailcean dhinn,
 Co san domhainn le'm binn
 Do shéis-sa?
 Aois ghliogach gun ch'ìl,
 'S tu 's mìose na 'm bàs,
 'S tu 's tric a rinn tràill
 De 'n treun-fhear.

Aois chlar-dubh a bhròin,
 Gun rionnachd, gun spòrs,
 Gun toil inntinn ri ceol
 Do éisdeachd;
 Rob fhiasagach ghlas,
 Air dhroch sheasamh chas,
 Leasg, sheotail, neo-ghrad
 Gu eirigh;
 Cha'n fhuilig thu 'm fuachd,
 'S olc an ùrr' thu 'n càs cruaidh
 'Se do mhuighinn an tuath,
 'S an déiree;
 Cha 'n eil neach ort an tìr,
 Nach e aidmheil am beòil
 Gur fada leo beò
 Gun fheum thu.

Aois uain' a's olc dreach,
 Orm is suarach do theachd,
 Cha 'n eil tuaraisgeul ceart
 Fo 'n ghréin ort,
 Gun mhìre, gun mhùirn,
 Gun spiorad, gun sùth;
 Far an cruinnich luchd-ciùil
 Cha téid thu,
 Aois chairtidh 's olc greann,
 Aois acaideach mhall,
 Aois phrab-shuileach dhal
 Gun leirsìn,

Chas fheargach gun sùth,
 Lan farmaid, a's thù,
 Rì fear meannmach, beò,
 Lùghmhòr, gleusda.

Faire! faire! dhuin' òig,
 Cia do bharantas mòr,
 'Ne do bharaill bhì beò
 'S nach éug thu?
 Tha'n saoghal, 's an fheoil,
 Fìor aontach gu leoir,
 Air do chlaonadh o chòir
 Gu h-eacoir,
 Co fad 'sa tha 'n dàil
 Thig ort teachdair o'n bhàs,
 Na creid idir gur faisneachd
 Bhreig e;
 Biodh do *gheard* ort gle chruaidh,
 'S tha do namhaid mu'n cuairt;
 Cha taigh crabhaidh
 An uaigh dha'n téid thu.

Ach fàrdach gun tuar
 Bhreun, dhaolagach, fhuar
 Anns an caraich iad suas
 Leat féin thu;
 Co mòr 's tha e d' bheachd,
 Dheth d' stòr cha téid leat,
 Ach b' rdain bheag shnaighte,
 A's léine,
 Ach 's e cùram as mò,
 Dol a dh-ionnsaidh a mhòid,
 Thoirt cunntas an coir,
 'S an ea-coir,
 Far nach seasamh do nì
 Dhut dad dheth d' chuid feich,
 'S mo an t-eagal
 Bhi 'm prìosan péine!

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID.

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID, or HECTOR M'LEOD, the South Uist bard, lived after the year 1745, on the main land, chiefly in the districts of Arisaig and Morar. He composed and sung as he was moved by those internal powers of which the generality of men appear but little sensible. There are some individuals that appear heavy and destitute of parts, who are possessed of powers which attract the attention and merit the esteem of those who are more intimately acquainted with them: our poet was one of these. What occasioned his removal from the Long Island we know not. It is not unlikely that he was sent hither to watch and give information of what was going on in those troublesome times. He went often to Fort-William, as if doing something of no consequence, while in reality he was hearing all the news of the day, which he related to friends who durst not appear themselves. Shrewd and intelligent, he concealed those talents from strangers, to whom he seemed fooling, which character he could assume as occasion required. As he was frequently going and returning the same way, he was suspected and brought as a spy before the Governor of the Fort: on being examined and interrogated, he acquitted himself so well, under the assumed character, that he was dismissed as a fool.

MOLADH DO CHOILEACH SMEORAICH.

Moch madainn shambrai' am mìos fàs nam meas,	'Nuair bhios seillean le lan shòlas
'Nuair bu ro aluinn leinn sgiamh gach luis,	Deilleanachd a measg nan dìthean,
Bha cuibhbrig, air dhreach criostail de 'n dealt,	Cop meala nu ghob a chròinain,
Na dhùlù bhrat a' còmhdach gach cuic.	A' deoghladh nan gengan mìne.
Sin àm anns, am molaich le duilleach gach craobh,	'Nuair bhitheas gach àilean, 's gach doire,
'S ro bhoidheach gach tullach fo bhà,	Le blà uaine fo làn toraidh,
A's nuallanach gach uile spréidh,	A's meanglain gach craoibh sa' choille
A' geimnich ri chéil' iad fein, 's an cuid àil.	Cromadh fo throm nam meas milis.
An ceann leath dara mìos an t-samhraidh,	Chualas co-sheirm binn, ceolmhor,
'Nuair a's grianaich gach aon ardan,	Beagan roimh eirigh na gréine,
'S gach fiadhair gu mion-bhreac, boidheach,	Aig coltas coileich na smeóraich,
Le meilbheig, le nòinean, 's le slán-las,	'S maighstir mac-talla 'g a bheusadh.

An sin a chualadh m' n cheileireachd binn,
Bu euraideich seinn, gu cuimhir, 's gu luath,
Air feadan ga m'fhreagrachd, gach seilàn sa' bheinn
Ann an eirigh na greine, sa' mhadainn dì-luain.

B'e sin an ceol caoin gun tuchan, gun sgread,
Gun eislean, na stad na chliabh, no na ghob,
Bu mhilse na bimeas nan teud air fad,
'Nuair ghearradh e fead air deireadh gach puirt.

'S iad sin na puirt a bha binn, mion, bras,
Socrach ri 'n seinn, gun ochan, gun ehnead,
Bu glan sgeimh eudaich an eoin, ge bu lag,
'San robh urrad de thlachd, na laidh air a nead.

B'annsa leam na fiodhall, a's plob,
Bhi tamull dhe m'aimsir na m'shuidh na chùir,
On aig tha na puirt as fìor chanaiche rainn,
'S a's ealanta seinn gun aon bhuile meoir.

Bheirinn comhairle trà air gach nighin, 's muai,
Gach laidir, a's lag, gach beartach, a's bochd,
Iad a mholadh oid-iunnsaich an eoin, gu beachd,
Le h-inntinn cheart, gu h-an-moeh, 's gu moch.

MOLADH EAS MOR-THIR.

Eas Mhor-thìr sòraidh le d' stòirm,
Bu mhorghalach, gleodhraich do thriall,
Bu bharragheal fhuich dortadh nam bàre,
Bha toirleum le braidhe do chlàibh.

Na maoth-limntean tha bàlbh, mall,
Far nach bith saobh-shruth a' leum,
'S gile 'n cop ri 'n taobh tha tàmh
Na caineichean àluinn an t-shlàibh.

'S a choille tha timcheall do bhruch,
Bu cheolmhor ceileireadh ian,
Gu luraich air bharrach nan geug,
'N am do ghrein togail o nial.

As t-Samhradh nar thigeadh am blàthas,
Bu chubhraidh fàileadh nan ròs
A dh-fhasadh 's na fàsaichean fraoich,
Tha 'n taobh-s' d'an eas mheadhrach mhòr.

'San fhobhar anns a choill sin Crois,
Nam biodh tu coiseachd na measg,
Chitheadh tu croit air gach gäs,
A lubadh fo chudrom a meas.

Bu nuallanach, binn-ghuthach spréidh,
Geimhich, iad fhein 's an cuid àil,
Mu innis mhullaich an tùir,
Far am bith 'n t-sobhrach a' fàs.

'Nuair thigeadh am buachail a mach,
'S a ghabhadh e mu chul a chruidh,
Mu'n cuairt do Bhad-nan-elach-glas,
A bhuail' air 'm bu tric am bloichd.

Thigeadh banarach na spréidhe,
Ballag do nighinn chruinn àluinn,
Falt clannach, fionn-bhuighe, dualach,
Mu'n cuairt da guailleann gu fàineach.

Shealladh i air feadh na spreidhe,
'S dh-eubhadh i " Buigheag, a's Blàrag,
Niosag a's Donnag a's Guailiunn,
Brinne 's an t-Agh-ruadh a's Cäsag."

Shuigheadh i gu comhard cruinn,
'S eumach eadar a dà ghlùn,
'S ghabhadh i 'n t-òran gu binn :—
" Thoir am bainne a bho dhonn."

'Nuair thigeadh an spréidh a ris,
Dh' Acha-Uladail air fhodar,
B' òranach, ceolar, clann laim,
Nan suidheadh fo'n ebrodh g'am bleedhan.

Bu bhinne na cuachan an fhàsaich,
Nuallan nan gruagaichean boidheach,
Ann', a's Catriona a's Màiri,
Fionnaghal a's Beathag a's Seònaid.

Lionadh iad gach nìle shoitheach,
'S cha b' eagal gu'n traghadh an dì,
Ged thigeadh an sluagh san radhad,
Gheibheadh iad limntean na dìbhe ;

Gu slamanach, finne-mheogach, ònach,
Mùleagach, miosganach, blathach,
Muigheach, miosrach, miodrach, cùnach,
Gruthach, uachdrach, sligheach, spaineach.

Bu ruideasach gàmhnan agus laoiigh,
Bu mhigeadeach meinn a's nain,
B' aigiomntach fiadh agus earb,
A' dìreadh 's tearnadh nan cruach.

B' ebbinn an sealladh o'n tràigh
Loinggeas a' snàmh troimh na caoil ;
Turadh, a's teas anns gach aird,
'S an fhàirge na clàr comh-reidh caoin.

'Nuair stadaimid aig a bhaile
An deighe bhi sgith 's a mionadh,
Bhiodh doil againn ri làn glaine
A searrag Màiri Nic-Cholla.

MOLADH COILLE CHROIS.

M'IONMHUINN, m'annasachd, 's mo thlachd,
 Ga 'n tug mi toirt;
 Cha'n aicheadhain do'n chléir nach deanain stad,
 Sa' choill sin Crois.
 'S binn cruil cheolmhor, a's clàirseach cheart,
 'S piob le cuid dös;
 Ach 's binne na h-eoin a' seinn mu'n seach,
 Sa' choill sin Crois.
 Dh-aon iunleachd d'an d' fhuaradh amach,
 Gu'r dìon o'n ole,
 B' fhearr dubhar nan craobh le smuaintean ceart,
 Sa' choill sin Crois.
 Ged' blàidh tu gun 'radharc sìl gun lùgh do chos.
 A d' dheòire bochd;
 Na'm bu mhath leat do shlaointe philleadh airais,
 Ruig coille Chrois.
 Aig àilleachd a lùis a's misleachd a meas,
 'S aig feabhas a blàis;
 Cha'n iarradh tu sholas nam biodh tu glic,
 Ach coille Chrois.
 Am beil ceol-cluaise san t-saogal-sa bhos,
 Cho binn 's cho bràs?
 Rì sior-bhorcadh stòir mìl an eas,
 Rì taobh coill' Chrois.
 Tearnadh a bhuinne le creag,
 Gun uireasbhuidh neart;
 Nach traoth, 's nach tràigh, 's nach fas beag,
 Nach reòdh 's nach stad.
 Is lionmhor bradan tarra-gheal, druim-bhreac,
 A leumas ris;
 Cho luath 's a tharas iad as,
 A comb-ruith bho'n Eas.

A N T A I S B E A N.

Mòch madainn Chéitein ri ceò,
 'N am do'n ghréin togail bho neoil,
 Chunna' mi sealladh sa' bheinn,
 'S eibhinn ri eisdeachd mo sgeoil'.

Bha dearsa le teas a' cur smùid
 A bruachanan molach fraoich,
 'S bha dealradh nan gathanan bl' th
 Cur sgeimh air cuirnean nam braon.

Bha dealt a' drùchdadh gu grinn,
 'N am sgàpadh do dhulachd an cheò,
 Na paidirean air an fhearr,
 Mar leugan fo sgeimh an ùir.

Bha màghanan mìlteach feoir,
 Bu mheilbheagach', dhitheanach' blà,
 Air gach taobh dhe'n uisge chruaidh,
 Bu luath mu thuath a ruith bàlbh.

Bha neonain, a's sòbhrach gu dlù,
 Creamh, agus biolair a' fàs,
 Air àileanaibh aimb-reidh, 's air lèin,
 Far 'm bu lionmhoire ròs geal, a's deurg.

Bu cheolmhor, ceileireach, eoin
 Air ghriananan eireachdail ard',
 A' freagradh a chéile gu grinn,
 Cha'n fhaighte 'n cùirt rìgh nì b'fhearr.

Chunna' mi 'n uaigneas leis fein,
 Ag eisdeachd ri torgnan nan eun,
 Air leam, de'n chruthachd bheò,
 An aon duin' òg a b'àillidh sgeimh.

O nach robh de dh-fhearaibh chaich,
 Ach e-san, a's mì-féin sa' ghleann,
 Smuaintich mì gu'n gabhainn sgeul,
 Co e na'm faighinn deth eaint.

Thainig e gu tosdach, mall,
 Gu foighidneach, foistineach, ciuin;
 Labhair e foscara, reidh,
 "A ghabhail sgéil a thainig thu."

Mu 's math leat naigheachd a thoirt uam
 Gu maithéan Alba gu leir,
 Amhaire gu geur fada bhuat,
 'S chì thu na sluaigh na'n làn fheirg.

Chunna' mi'n fhainge mar choill'
 Le crannaibh loingheis làn ard,
 Le brataichean anasach, ùr,
 Air leam gu'm b'ann as an Spàinn.

Chunna' mi cabhlach ro mhor,
 Gu ghìreach gabhail gu tìr,
 Bu luchdmhor, lòn athaiseach iad,
 Suaicheantas Frangach na'n croinn.

Thainig na sluaigh sin gu tìr,
 'S cha b'uaigheach an gluasad o thràigh,
 Bha lamhach nan canon, 's am fuaim,
 A' gluasad air chrith na'm beann ard'.

Chualadh mì coileach 's e gairm,
 'S e bualadh a sgiathan gu cruaidh,
 A's thuirt an duine math sin rium:—
 "Cluinn coileach na h-Airde-tuath'."

Chunna' mi tighinn air thùs
 Stiubhartaich, cinneadh an rìgh,
 Na'm bòcanan gioraig san léir,
 'Dhearg an airn le fuil san strì.

Thainig Ciann-Dòmhnuille na'n deigh,
Mar chonaibh confach gun bhiadh,
Na'm beathraichean guineach, geur,
An guallean a chéile gu gnìomh.

B'aluinn, dealbhach, am breid sròil
Air a cheangal ri crann caol,
An robh caisteal, bradan, a's long,
Lamh dhearg, iolair a's craobh.

Bha fraoch os ceann sin gu h-ard'
Ceangailt' am barr a chrainn chaoil,
Bha sin ann, a's leoghann dearg,
'S cha b'àite tearmuinn a chraos.

Thàirneadh na sloigh air sliabh Fife,
An coinneamh ri cath a chur,
Fhuair iad brosnachadh fìor mhear,
Thug eirigh le buirbe na'm fuil :—

“ A Chlannaibh mìlidh mosgailibh,
Is somalta, cian 'ur cadal,
Teannaibh ri dioladh Chuilodair,
Dh'at na fiachan so fada.
Toisichibh gu h-ardanach,
Gu bras, rioghail, moralach,
Gu mear, leumnach, dearg-chneadhach,
Gu luath-lamhach, treun-bhuilleach.
Gu aigneach, innsinneach,
Gu an-athach, nàmhadaich,
Gu mion-chuimhneach, dioghaltach,
Gu gruamach, fiata, an-tròcaireach.
Gun tearmuinn, gun mhathanas,
Gun ath-thruas, gun bhuigeachas,
Gun innidh, gun eagal,
Gun umhail, gun fhaicill.
Gun fhiamh, gun an-mhisneich,
Gun chùram, gun ghealtachd,
Gun taise, gun fhaiteachas,
Gun saidealtachd, gun uamhann.
Gun eiseamail, gun ùmhlachd,
Gun athadh do nàmhaid
Ach a gabhail romhaibh thoirt iubhair
A' cosnadh na cath-laraich.”

Chunnaic mi air leath o chùch
Trì leoghainn a b'fharsuime craois
Thug iad trì sgairtean cho ard'
'S gu'n sgain creagan aig mead an glaoth.

Bha leoghann diu sin air chreig ghuirn,
Dha'm b'ainm Iain Muideartach òg,
O'n Chaisteal thiream, 's o Bhòrgh,
Deshloechd nan Collaidh bu bhorb colg.

Thog sean leoghann luath a cheann,
'S a chas rioghail an Duntuilin,
Dh'a'm bu shean eireachdas riamh,
Euaidh nan sliabh an càs a chruinn,

Thainig an treas leoghann diù
O'n choill, 's o gharaidh nam bàre,
A's dh'ordaich iad pairt dhen cuid sluagh
Dhol a thiolaiceadh nam marbh.

Labhairt.—San an sin a thagh iad oifigich an-diadhaidh, an-trocaireach, an-aobhach, an-athach, an-ìochdmhor. Agus thagh iad cuid-eachd de bhorb, bbrothach, bhodach, dha'm b'airm chosanta spaidean, agus sluasaidean, gu tiolacadh nam marbh, agus gu glanadh na h-àraich. Aonghas amharra á Eigneag—Calum crosda á Gruluinn—Eoghann Iargalta á Crìsa-bhaig—Dughall Ballach á Gallabaidh—Niall Eangharra á Raimisgearaidh—agus Dòmhnall Durgha á Gearas.

Chunna' mì Gleann soileir nam,
An robh eireachdas thar gach glinn,
B'airde cheileirich', cheolmhoir' fuaim,
Gladhaich nan cuach os a chinn.

Theid fargradh feadh Bhreatainn gu léir ;
Eirigh gu feachd fir gu leoir,
Chi sibh na Gàidil a' triall
Le rioghalachd mar bu cùir.

Note.—The poet was a stanch Jacobite. In this Ode he describes what he and many others in his day most earnestly desired, and to which they eagerly looked, notwithstanding what they suffered at, and after the battle of Culloden. The bard gives full scope to his imagination ; poetically describing scenes which his active fancy draws before him. It was not safe, in his time, to express the real sentiments entertained on a subject so near and dear to the heart, and so full of danger to all concerned. He therefore makes use of the style and metaphors adopted, that the poem might be intelligible to those alone who contemplated the dark events of futurity.

GILLEASPUIG NA CIOTAIG;

OR,

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, THE UIST COMIC BARD.

WE know little more of this distinguished poet than the following songs contain, one of which was composed to the chief of the clan Cameron, who resided on his estate in Lochaber, when the poet visited that country. Having met with great kindness from the chief, the poet made the only return he could have made, and which was considered no small requittance in those days—he sung his praise. It was a tribute of gratitude. Another was composed to ridicule a vain young man; who, it is still believed, had a better right to the property of Lovat than the person who succeeded to it; but being guilty of murder, was obliged to fly the country. He used to appear in a dress which, in his estimation, completed the gentleman; but in the eyes of others made him ridiculous. Happening to be at a wedding in his full dress, with his hanger, or dirk, dangling at his side in the dance, and buckled shoes, the piper imprudently played the tune “*Tha biodag air mac Thòmais*,”—a satire composed by our bard to the identical man. He, incensed, drew his dirk, which all supposed he would sheathe in the bag of the piper, but, in his fury, mortally wounded him. He escaped to America, and durst not appear to claim the estate. His other poems remind us of similar pieces by Burns. Men of genius have similar ideas, and make use of the same means to expose such as they observe laying themselves open to ridicule.

* * We omit the poem in praise of Lochiell, as inferior to the bard's humorous pieces. It is in “Stewart's Collection,” page 103.

MARBHRANN DO DH' IAIN RUADH PIOBAIR.

FHUAIR mì sgeula bho'n ghlobha,
Cha'n aobhar meoghail, ach gruaim,
E-fein fo mhi-gbean, 's fo thrioblaid,
Ri iarunn cist' do dh' Iain Ruadh.*
Saoir a' locaradh, 'sa' sàbhadh,
'S a chulaidh bhàis 'ga cuir suas,
Samhach cadal na corra,
Cha chluinnear tuilleadh a fuaim.

Chaidh na maidean á òrdugh,
Cha'n aithne dhomh-s an cuir suas,
Tha'n gaohair air stòpadh,
Tha'n dà dhòs na'n trom-shuain.

Chaill an seansair a chlaisteachd,
Tha'n gleus air a ghrad leigeadh suas,
O'n tric a thainig ceòl taitneach,
Ragha caismeachd mo chluais.

Ceol bu bhlasd' a's bu bhinne,
'Dhùsgadh spiorad do'n t-sluagh,
Ceol bu tartaraich' sìubhal,
Thionndadh tioma gu cruas:
Ceol mar sìnebrach a ghlinne,
Ceol a's binne na cuach;
Meoir gun bhraise, gun ghiorradh.
Dian ruith-leumuach, luath.

Bu sgiolta sealleadh do sheanssair,
Air port, 's air crunn-luath, 's air cuairt,
Pronnadh cnaparra, lùghmhòr,
Caismeachd shunntach 'san ruaig:

* John M'Quithen, a piper in South Uist. He was a great companion and favourite of the bard. This elegy was composed while the piper was living.

Dheanadh gaisgeach de'n sgliùraich,
Chuireadh diùn-laach na luaths,
Claidhean glasa 'gan rùsgadh,
Claignean brùit' aig luchd fuath.

'S iomadh aon tha ga' iundrain,
O'n chaidh ùir ort san uaigh :—
An toiseach labhair an spliùcan,
Bhiodh tu giùlan gach uair.
"Tha mi féin gun tombaca,
Cha b'è cleachdadh a fhuair,
'S tric chuir Iain fo m'aisne,
Greim, a's cairteal, a's cuach."

Thuirt a ghloin' a bha'n Asdaín,
"Mo sgeul craiteach, ro chruaidh !
Dh-fhalbh mo shùgradh, 's mo mhàran,
Thug am bàs leis Iain Ruaidh ;
Fear a chluicheadh a chlàrsach,
Dheanadh dàn, agus duan,
Cha b'è Caluinn a chràmpaidh
Fonn a b'fhearr leis 'g a luaidh."

Thuirt am pigidh bha lamh ris,—
"Faigh an t-àrca gu luath,
Cuir am chlaigeann-sa spàirt e,
Tha tart 's gach aite mu'n cuairt.
Thainig con-tràigh na pl. ighe,
Tha nithe gnàthaichte bhuainn,
Cha bhi reothart gu bràth ann,
'S ann a thràigheas an cuan."

Thuirt am buideal, 's am botal,
Thuirt an gòc ris an stòp,
Thuirt an copan, 's an t-slige ;
"S mor an sgrios th'air tigh'n oirn.
Tha gach sruth air a dhùnadh,
Bha cuir a dh-ionnsaidh nan lòn,
Cha'n fhaighear drap air an ùrlar,
A fhliuchas brù Dhòmhnuill òig."

O'n dh-fhalbh an còmpanach sàr-mhath,
Dh-fhalbh an rabhart, 's an spòrs,
Dh-fhalbh beannachd na cloinne,
'S e sheinneadh an ceòl.
Nis o rinneadh do chàradh
'N ciste chlàraich nam bòrd,
'S mor as mist iad am Phàro,
Gun fhear do ghnàis a bhì beò.

Dh-fhalbh an deagh ghille cuideachd,
Nach robh sgrubail san òrd' ;
Dh-fhalbh fear tràghadh nan searrag,
Chosgadh barrachd thar stòp.
Dh-fhalbh fear deanadh nan duanag
Leis an luaighte gach clò,
Cha b'è ghnas a bhì gearan,
Ge h-ioma glain' thug dha pòg.

'S beag mo shunnt ri lath féille,
'S beag mo speis dheth gach ceòl,
'S beag mo thlachd dhe bhi 'g eisteachd,
Gaoir theud fhir nan cròc.
Leam a b'annsa do bhruidhean,
'N àm soidhe mu bhòrd,
Na droch dhreòchdan air fìdhill.
Mar fhuaim snithe an lòn.

Bha thu d' dhamsair air ùrlar,
Bha thu siubhlach air snàmh ;
Bha thu d' chairiche lùghmhòr,
Cha bhiodh tu d' luireich fo chàch.
Urram leum, agus ruithe,
Glac threun a ruitheadh an ràmh,
'San àm caitheadh na cloiche,
Bu leat an toiseach air càch.

Thoir mo shoraidh-sa tharais,
Dh-ionnsuidh 'n fhearainn ud thall ;
O nach faod mi bhi mar ribh,
'S leibh mo bheannachd san àm.
Biodh an uaigh air a treachladh,
Ann am fasam nach gann ;
Buideal rùm aig a chasan,
'S rol tombac aig a cheann.

AISEIRIGH IAIN RUAIDH.

LUNNEAG.

*Ho-rò gu'm b'èibhinn leam,
'Chluinntinn gu'n do dh-èirich thu,
'S ann leam a's àit an sgùla sin,
O'n chaidh an t-Eug cho teann ort.*

CHUALADH mi gu'n chailleadh thu,
'S gu'n do rinneadh t-fhalaire,
'S e cùis mu'n robh mi gearanach,
Do bhean a bhì na bantraich.
Ho-ro, &c.

Thug iad bho na h-òsdairean
Buidealan gu tòrradh dhut,
Mu bheircas mi gun òl orra,
'S e ni sinn seòrsa balunse.
Ho-ro, &c.

On tha giùbhas sàbhte agad,
'S gu'n d'rinn an gobha thùrnem d'ut,
'S ann theannas sinn ri bàta,
Theid do Phàro dh-iaraidh Branndai.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha bhi dad a dh'èis oirre,
Gheibh i gach nì dh'fhéumas i,
Nì'n lìon aodach a main-seol d'i,
'S gu'n dean na speicean crann d'i.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n easbhuidh nach bi ballaibh ann,
Gu cuplaichean, 's gu tarruinnan,
Tha ròpaichean gun ghainn' againn,
'S gu'n ceangail sinn gu teann iad.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n eil m'inntinn gearanach,
O'n chuir thu dhìot an galar ud,
'S ann tha do phìob na deamail,
A toirt caithream air ceol damhsaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu ann san réiseamaid,
Bu sgairtail, tapaidh, treubhach, thu,
Na h-uile fear a leumadh ort,
Ghreadadh tu gun taing e.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu na t-òganach,
Bu lìomhor àit' am b'èolach thu,
Chunna' mis' an clòsaidean,
Ag òl an Amsterdam thu!
Ho-ro, &c.

ORAN CNAIDEIL

DO 'N OLLA LEODACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Thugaibh, thugaibh, bô ! bô ! bô !
An Doctar Leòdach 's biodag air,
Faicill oirbh sin taobh sin thall
Nach toir e 'n ceann a thiota dhihbh.*

NUAIR bha thu a d'fhleasgach òg,
Bu mhòrchuiseach le claidheamh thu,
Chaidh Ailean Muillear riut a chòmhraig,
'S leon e le bliodh spealun thu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Bha thu na do bhasbair còrr,
'S claidheamh-mòr an tarruinn ort,
An saighdear 's measa th'aig rìgh Deòrs',
Chòmhraigeadh e Alasdair.
Thugaibh, &c.

Gu' bhiodh sud ort air do thaobh,
Claidheamh caol sa ghliogartaich ;
Cha'n eil falcag thig o'n tràigh,
Nach cuir thu oarr nan itean d'i.
Thugaibh, &c.

Biodag 's an deach an gath-séirg
Air crios seilg an luidealaich ;
Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mheirg,
Gur mairg an rachadh bruideadh dh'i.
Thugaibh, &c.

A bhiodag 's mios' th' anns an tìr,
'S a beart-chinn air chrith oirre,
Chnàmh a faobhar leis an t-suith,
'S cha ghearr i 'n ìm na dh' itheadh tu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Claidheamh, agus sgàbard dearg,
S cearbach sud air amadan,
'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
A dh-fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.
Thugaibh, &c.

Cha nè deoch bhainne, na mheig,
'S cinnteach mi rinn ucsa dhìot ;
Ach biadh bu docha leat nan t-im,
Giobainean nan gùgachan.
Thugaibh, &c.

'S iomad farspag rinn thu mharbhadh,
A's sùlair garbh a rug thu air,
A bhlianna sin, mu 'n deach thu 'n arm,
Chuir uibhean sgarbh cìoch-shlugain ort.
Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair thèid thu na chreig gu h-ard,
Cluinnear gàir nan iseanan ;
'S mu thig an fulamair a d' dhail,
Sathaidh tu do bhiodag ann.
Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a thèid thu sa' Chreig-bhàin,
Cha mhòr do stà 'sna sgorrachan ;
Cha tig na h-eunlaidh a'd' dhàil,
Le fàileadh do chuid drogaichean.
Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a thèid thu air an ròp,
A rìgh bu mhor do cudthrom air ;
Mu thig an cipean a's a ghrund,
Cluinnear plumb 'nuair thuiteas tu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Bu tu theannaicheadh an t-sreang
Cha'n bhi i fann mur bris thu i,
Direadh 's na h-iseanan a d' sgéith,
Air leam gu'm feum thu cuideachadh.
Thugaibh, &c.

Cha mharbh thu urrad ri càch,
Ge leathan laidir mogur thu ;
'S t-àirm cha dian a bheag a stà,
Mur sgriobar clàr, na praise leo.
Thugaibh, &c.

Note.—Dr M'Leod, the subject of this song, was a native of St. Kilda. He was some time abroad as surgeon to a Highland regiment, and on his return home he used to go about in his full uniform, in which the poet thought he made rather an odd figure.

BANAIS CHIOSTAL-ODHAIR.

LUINNEAG.

*A bhanais a bha'n Ciostal-odhar,
Ann an Ciostal-odhar, odhar,
A bhanais a bha'n Ciostal-odhar,
Cha robh othail chòir oirre !*

THAINIG fear a staigh ga'm ghriobadh,
Dh-innse gu'n tainig am pigidh,
Fhuaras botul lionadh slige,
Bu bhinn glig a's crònan.
A bhanais, &c.

Thainig fear a nuas le mi-mhodh,
Gu e-féin a chuir an ìre,
Thòisich e air bleith nan ìnean,
Gu mi-fhìn a sgròbadh.
A bhanais, &c.

Ach labhair mise gu fiadhaich :—
“Mas e mi-stath tha thu 'g iarraidh,
Gur dòcha gu'n cuir mi'n fhiacail,
Air iochdar do sg' rnaid !”
A bhanais, &c.

Smaointich mi eiridh 'n-am sheasamh,
On bu ghn' leam a bhà 'g eadradh,
Ole na dheigh gu'n d'rinn mi ' leagadh,
'S bhuail mi breab san tòin air.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a chaidh na fir gu riasladh,
Gu'n robh ceathrar dhiu sa ghriosaich ;
Am fear bu laige bha e'n iochdar,
'S thug iad mìrean beò as.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a thoisich iad air buillean,
Cha robh mi-fhìn a' cur cuir dhìom,
Gus na mhùigh iad air mo mhuinneal,
'S air duileasg mo shròine.
A bhanais, &c.

An sin 'nuair a dh' eirich an trioblaid,
Thainig iad far an robh mise,
Thog iad mi mach thun na sìtig',
Theab gu'n ithte beò mi.
A bhanais, &c.

Thug iad a mach thun nan raointean,
Mar gun reachadh cù ri caoirich,
'S am fear nach do sgròb iad aodann,
Bha aodach ga shròiceadh.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair thoisich iad air a chéile,
Stràdadh na fal' anns na speuran ;
Bha 'mis' an ìte gan éisdeachd,
'S gun b' éibhinn an spòrs iad.
A bhanais, &c.

Bhuail iad air a chéile chnagadh,
Leig iad air a chéile shàdadh,
Shin iad air aithris na braide,
'S air cagnadh nan òrdag.
A bhanais, &c.

Fear ri caoineadh, fear ri aighear,
Fear na sheasamh, fear na laidhe,
Fear a pògadh bean-an-taighe,
Fear a gabhail òrain !
A bhanais, &c.

Cha robh ann ach beagan dìbhe,
Leig iad a dh-innsaidh an eridhe,
Bha fear a's fear aca richist,
Gun bhruidhinn gun chòmbradh.
A bhanais, &c.

Sin 'nuair a labhair am fìdhleir :—
“Chuir sibh mo phuirt feadh na fìdhle ;
'S mis am fear gu'n tig an dìliun,
Nach toir sgriob air ceòl duibh.”
A bhanais, &c.

DUGHALL BOCHANNAN.

DUGALD BUCHANAN was born in the parish of Balquidder, Perthshire, in the year 1716. His father was a small farmer, who also rented a mill. His mother was an excellent and pious woman ; but, unfortunately for him, she died when he was only six years old. His father gave him such education as he could afford ; and that appears to have been more than was commonly taught at country schools at that time. When he was only twelve years of age, he was sent to teach in another family, where he did not improve in his morals, as he learned to curse and swear. When he was farther advanced in life, he became loose and immoral, associating with bad company, and apparently regardless of the pious example that had been set before him by his mother. When he grew up, he was apprenticed to a house-carpenter in Kippen, where he did not continue long, till he removed to Dumbarton. Here he continued the same course of profane and sinful practice that afterwards caused him much trouble and remorse of conscience during many years, until he at last obtained peace with God, and became a sincere and eminent Christian. He does not appear to have settled long in any place, till the "Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge" appointed him schoolmaster and catechist at Kenloch Ranoch, in the year 1755. In this remote place he laboured with great pains and diligence in his calling during the remainder of his days ; and here he composed those hymns which will render his name as lasting as the language in which they are written. Besides the hymns, he wrote a diary, which was published in the year 1836, with a memoir of the author prefixed. From this memoir we shall copy a short abstract of his labours and diligence at Kenloch Ranoch. Although he was not a regular licentiate, he acted as a kind of missionary ; and exhorted, preached, catechised, and reproved, till he wrought a great reformation on the people in that district :—"Ranoch is an extensive district, in the parish of Fortingall. It is situated at a great distance from the church, and the clergyman visited it at long intervals. The people, therefore, instead of assembling on Sabbath to worship God, generally met to play at foot-ball. Moved with zeal for the glory of God, and grieved at the sins he witnessed, he zealously set about reforming the people, by convincing them of the sinfulness of their ways. Finding it impossible to bring them together for prayer or exhortation, he would follow them to the scene of their sinful amusements, and there reason with them about death and judgment to come. By the great and disinterested anxiety he manifested for their spiritual welfare, some of them were brought to a better observance of the Sabbath, by uniting with him in the worship of God. The impression made on the minds of those who came to hear him was such, that they persuaded their friends and neighbours to come also, which gradually drew a more numerous attendance. His piety and excellence of character becoming now

generally known, the numbers who flocked from all parts to hear him were so great, that the house in which they had hitherto met was insufficient to contain them: he therefore adjourned with the people to a rising ground on the banks of the Ranoeh. Nor was he attended by those only among whom he lived, but by many from other remote parts, who were attracted by the fame of his piety. In addressing the people, his meek and gentle spirit led him to dwell most on the loftier motives—the more tender appeals with which the gospel abounds; but, to stubborn and determinate sinners, he was severe in discipline, encountering them with the terrors of the Lord, that he might win them to Christ.”

It is said that Buchanan assisted Mr Stewart of Killin in translating the New Testament into the Scottish Gaelic, and that he corrected the work while passing through the press at Edinburgh, in the year 1766. During his stay there he availed himself of the opportunity of attending the classes for Natural Philosophy, Anatomy, Astronomy, &c., which made a great impression upon his mind, and gave him more extensive views of the omnipotence and wisdom of the Divinity. He was, during either of these years, introduced to the celebrated David Hume the historian, who, having been informed of his excellent character, received him with great affability, and entered very familiarly into conversation with him on various topics.

While discussing the merits of some authors, Mr Hume observed that it was impossible to imagine any thing more sublime than the following lines which he repeated:—

“ The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision—
Leave not a wreck behind.”

Buchanan at once admitted the beauty and sublimity of the lines, but said that he had a book at home from which he could produce a passage still more sublime, and repeated the following verses:—“ And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.”*

He published his “*Hymns*” about the year 1767. The demand for this little work has continued since, and every year adds to its popularity—a sure proof of its merit. There have been at least fifteen editions of it printed; while of the works of the celebrated bards, Macdonald and Macintyre, there have been only four editions.

Our author continued his useful and pious labours at Ranoch till his death, which happened on the second of June, 1768, when he was seized with fever, which carried him off in the fifty-second year of his age. During his illness he was frequently delirious, and in that state would sing of the "Lamb in the midst of the throne." In his lucid intervals he expressed his full hope in the resurrection of the just, and his desire to depart and be with Christ. The people of Ranoch wished his remains to be buried among them, but his relations carried the body away to their own country, and he was buried in the burying-ground of the Buchanans at Little Lenny, near Callander. In his person he was considerably above the middle size, and rather of a dark complexion, but upon a close inspection his countenance beamed affection and benevolence. Among his intimate acquaintance he was affable, free, jocular and social, and possessed much interesting information and innocent anecdotes, in consequence of which his company was much sought after by all the families in the country. In his dress he was plain and simple, wearing a blue bonnet and a black dress, over which he generally wore a blue great-coat. After his death his widow removed to Ardoch, where she remained till the time of her death. He left two sons and two daughters: one of the latter was alive in 1836.

As a poet, Buchanan ranks in the highest class. Endowed with great power of imagination, and full of moral and religious enthusiasm, his poetry is at once fervid, lofty, and animated; and invariably calculated to promote the cause of religion and virtue. Those distinguishing qualities have rendered him the most popular poet in the language; and we may safely assert, that his popularity will endure as long as the language in which he has written is understood.

"*The Day of Judgment*" is the most popular poem in the language. It displays great force of imagination, and fixes the mind on the sublime and awful scenes of a world brought to an end, amidst the wreck of elements, and the assemblage of the whole human race to judgment.

"*The Scull*" is full of good poetry, with appropriate reflections on the vanity of mortal enjoyments. It shows the fierce tyrant and the lowly slave—the haughty chief and the humble tenant—the mighty warrior and the blooming virgin—the mercenary judge and the grasping miser—all reduced to one level, the grave; to feed the lowly worm and the crawling beetle.

"*The Dream*" contains useful lessons on the vanity of human pursuits, and the unsatisfactory rewards of ambition. The following lines ought to be remembered by every one who envies greatness:—

" Cha 'n 'eil neach o thrioblaid saor,
A' measg a' chinne-daonn' air fad
'S co lionmhor osna aig an rìgh,
Is aig a neach is isle staid."

"*The Winter*" begins with a vivid description of the effects of that season, and the preparation of men and animals to provide food and shelter. The poet then draws a comparison between the winter and the decline of human life, warning the old man to

prepare for his future state, as the husbandman prepares food and fuel for winter—to imitate the prudent foresight of the ant and the bee, and not the idle and improvident fly, dancing joyously in the sunbeams till he perishes by the winter's frost. This excellent poem is deservedly admired as one of the finest specimens of didactic poetry in the Gaelic language.

L A T H A' B H R E I T H E A N A I S.

Am feadh 'ta chuid is mo de'n t-saogh'l
Gu'n ghaol do Chrìosd, gu'n sgionn d'a reachd,
Gu'n chreideamh ac' gu'n tig e ris,
'Thoir breith na firinn air gach neach.

An cadal peacaidh 'ta'd nan suain,
A' bruidar pailteas de gach nì:
Gu'n umbail ac'u' uair thig am bàs,
Nach meal iad Pàrras o'n àrd Rìgh.

Le cumhachd t-fhacail Dhé tog suas,
An sluagh chum aithreachais na thrà,
Is beannaich an Dàn so do gach neach,
Bheir seachad èisteachd dha le gràdh.

Mo smuaintean talmhaidh Dhé tog suas,
'S mo theanga fuasgail ann mo bheul;
A chum gu'n labhrainn mar bu chòir,
Mu ghloir 's mu uamhunn iatha Dhé.

Air meadhon oidhch' 'nuair bhios an saogh'l,
Air aomadh tharais ann an suain;
Grad dhùisgear suas an cinne-daoin',
Le glaoth na trompaid 's airde fuaim.

Air neul ro aird nì fhoillseach' fèin,
Ard aingeal treun le trompaid mhoir;
Is gairmidh air an t-saogh'l gu léir,
Iad a ghrad éiridh chum a mhòid:—

“ O cluinnibhs uile chlann nan daoine,
Nis thainig ceann an t-saogh'l gu beachd;
Leumaidh 'nar beatha sibhs 'ta marbh,
Oir nis gu dearbh 'ta Ios' air teachd.”

Is seididh e le sgàl cho chruaidh,
'S gu 'n cuir e sleibhte 's euan 'nan ruith;
Grad chlisgidh na bhios marbh 'san uaigh,
Is na bhios beo le h-uamhunn crith.

Le osaig dhoinionnaich a bheil,
An saogh'l so reubaidh e gu garg,
'S mar dhùn an t-seangainn dol 'na ghluais,
Grad bhrùchdaidh 'n uaigh a nios a mairbh.

'N sin cruinnichidh gas cas in lamh,
Chaidh chur san àraich fad o chèil;
'S bidh farum mor a measg nan cùmh,
Gach aon diu' dol 'na àite fèin.

Mosglaidh na fireanaich an tùs,
Is dùisgear iad gu leir o'n suain,
An anamaibh turlingidh o ghloir,
Ga'n còmh'lachadh aig beul na h-uaigh.

Le eibhneas togaidh iad an ceann,
'Ta àm an fuasglaidh orra dlù;
Is mar chraoibh-mheas fo iomlan blàth,
Tha dreach an Slànuifheir 'nan gnùis:

Tha obair Spiorad naomh nan gràs
Air glanadh 'n nàduir o 'n taobh steach;
'S mar thrusgan glan 'ta ùmhlaichd Chrìosd,
Ga'n deanamh sgiamhach o'n taobh 'mach.

Dùisgear na h-aingidh suas 'n an dèigh,
Mar bhéisdibh gairisneach as an t-slochd;
'S o ifrinn thig an anama truagh;
Thoir coimeamh uamhasach da 'n corp.

'N sin labhraidh 'n t-anam brònach truagh,
R'a choluinn oillteil, namhar, bhreun,
“ Mo chlaoidh! ciod uim' an d'éirich thu
Thoir peanas dùbailt oirn le chèil?

“ O! 'n eigin dòmhsa dol aris,
Am prìosan neo-gblan steach a'd' chré?
Mo thruaighe mi, gu'n d'aontaich riamh,
Le t-anamianna brùdeil fèin!

“ O'm faigh mi dealach' rint gu bràth!
No 'n tig am bàs am feasg a'd' chòir!
'N drùigh teine air do chnaimhean iarin!
No dibh-fheirg Dhé an struidh i t-fheòil!”

Eiridh na rìghrean 'e daoine mòr,
Gun smachd gun òrdugh ann nan Èinn;
'S cha'n aithn' ear iad a measg an t-sluaidh,
O 'n duine through bha ac' na thràill.

'S na daoine naibhreach leis nach b' fhìu,
Gu 'n ùmblaicheadh iad fèin do Dhia ;
O faic anis iad air an glùn' ;
A' deanamh ùrnuigh ris gach sliabh :—

" O chreagan tuitibh air ar ceann,
Le sgàirneich ghairbh de chlachan cruaidh,
Is sgriosaidh sinn á tir nam beò,
A chum 's nach faic sinn glòir an Uain."

Amach às uamhaidh gabhaidh 'thriall
An diabhol 's a chuid aingle fèin,
Ge cruaidh e 's éigin teachd a lìth'r,
A' slaodadh shlàbhraidh a's a dhéigh.

'N sin fàsaidh ruthadh ann san spéur
Mar fhàir na maidne 'g éiridh dearg ;
Ag innse gu'm beil Iosa fèin,
A' teachd na déidh le latia garbh :

Grad fhosglaidh a's a chéil na neòil,
Mar dhorus seòmair an árd Rìgh,
Is foillsichear an Breitheamh m' r,
Le glòir is greadhnachas gun chrìch.

Tha 'm bogha-frois mu'n cuairt da cheann,
'S mar thuil nan gleann tha fuaim a ghuth ;
'S mar dhealanach tha sealladh sùl,
A' spùtadh a's na neulaibh tiugh.

A ghrian àrd-lòcharan nan spéur,
Do ghloir a phearsa géillidh grad ;
An dealradh drillseach thig o ghnùis,
A solus mùchaidh e air fad.

Cuiridh i uimpe culaidh bhròin,
'S bidh 'ghealach mar gun dùirt' oirr' fuil,
Is crathar cumbachdan nan spéur,
A' tilgeadh nan rùll a's am bun.

Bidh iad air uideal ann san spéur,
Mar mbeas air géig ri ànradh garbh ;
Tuitem mar bhraonaibh dh-uigse dlù,
'S an glòir mar shùilean duine mhairbh.

Air charbad teine suidhidh e,
'S mun cuairt da béucaidh 'n tairneanach,
A' dol le ghairm gu crìch na nèamh,
'S a'reub nan neul gu doimionnach.

O chuibhlidh 'charbaid thig amach,
Sruth mor de theine laist' le féirg ;
Is sgaoilidh 'n tuil' ud air gach taobh,
A' cur an t-saogh'l na lasair dheirg.

Leaghaidh na Dùile 'nuas le teas,
Ceart mar a leaghas teine céir ;
Na cruc 's na sléibhte lasaidh suas,
'S bidh teas-ghoil air a' chuan gu léir.

Na beanntan iargalt nach tug seach,
An stòras riamh de neach d'an deòin,
Ta iad gu fialaidh taosgadh 'mach,
An ònmhais leaght' mar abhainn mhòir.

Gach neach bha sgriobadh cruinn an òir,
Le sannt, le dò-bheirt, no le fuil ;
Làn chaisgibh 'nis 'ur 'n iota mòr,
'S a nasgaidh blaibh dheth o'n tuil.

O sibhse rinn 'ur bun do'n t-saogh'l,
Nach tig sibh 's caoinibh e gu geur,
'N nair tha e 'gleacadh ris a bhàis,
Mar dhuine làidir dol do'n eug.

A chniste chleachd bhí fallain fuar,
Ri mireag uaibhreach feadh nan gleann,
'Tha teas a chléibh 'ga 'n smùidreadh suas,
Le goilbhl huairis feadh nam beann.

Naich faic sibh 'chrith tha air mu'n cuairt,
'S gach creag a' fuaigladh ann 's gach sliabh,
Nach chluin sibh osnaich throm a bhàis,
'S a chrìdhe sgàineadh stigh 'n a chliabh.

An càrtein gorm tha null o'n ghréin,
'S mu'n cuairt do'n chruinne-ché mar chleòc,
Crupaidh an lasair e r'a chéil,
Mar mheilleig air na h-eibhlean beò.

Tha 'n t-adhar ga thachd' le neula tiugh,
'S an toit 'na meallaibh dubh dol suas
'S an teine mìlteach spùtadh 'mach,
'Na dhualaibh caisreagach mu'n cuairt.

Timcheall a' chruinne so gu léir,
Borb-bheucaidh 'n tairneanach gu bras ;
'S bidh 'n lasair lomadh gloir nan speur,
Mar fhaloisg ris na sléibhte càs.

Is chum an doimionn ata suas,
O cheithir àirdibh gluaisidh 'ghaoth ;
Ga sgùirs' le neart nan aingle treun,
Luathach an léir-sgrìos o gach taobh.

Tha obair na sè là rinn Dia,
Le lasair dhian ga cuir 'fa sgaòil,
Cia mor do shaibhreas Rìgh na 'n feart,
Nach iunndraín casgradh mhìle saogh'l !

'M feadh tha gach nì 'an glaic an éig,
'S a chruitheachd gu léir dol bun-osceann,
Teannaidh am Breitheamh oirne dlù,
A chum gach cùis a chur gu ceann.

'N sin gluaisidh e o àird nan spéur,
Air cathair a Mhòrachd fèin a nuas,
Le greadhnachas nach facas riamh,
'S le dhiadhachd sgeadaichte mun cuairt.

Ta mìle thàirneanach 'na laimh,
A chum a naimhde sgrios am feirg,
Is fonn-chrith orr' gu dol an greim,
Mar choin air èill ri h-am na seilg.

Aingle gun àireamh tha 'na chuir,
Le 'n sùilean suidhicht' air an Rìgh,
Chum ruith le òrdughsan gun dàil,
'S na h-uile àit ga'n cur an gnìomh.

O Iudas thig a nis a lathair,
'S gach neach rinn bràithreas riut a'd ghnìomh,
An dream a dh'aicheadh creideamh Chrìosd,
Na reic e air son nì nach b'fhiach.

A shluagh gun chiall thug miann d' 'n òr,
Roinn ghloir is eibhneas flaitheas Dé,
'Ur malairt ghòrach faicibh nis,
'S an sgrios a thug sibh oirbh fèin.

'S a mhuinntir uaibbreach leis 'm bu nàr,
Gu 'n cluinnte cràbhadh dh' 'n ur teach ;
Faicibh a ghlòir 's na b' iognadh leibh,
Ged dhruid e sibh á riogh'chd amach.

O Herod faic a nis an Rìgh,
D' an tug thu spid is masladh mor,
Ga sgeadachadh le trusgan ruadh,
Mar shua'neas sgallais air a ghlòir.

Nach faic thu Breitheamh an t-saoghail gu léir,
'S mar eudach uime 'n lasair dhearg ;
A' teachd thoirt duais do dhaoine còir,
'S a sgrios luchd dò-bheirt ann am feirg.

Is thusa Phìlat tog do shuil,
'S gu'm faic thu nis' a mùthadh mòr ;
An creid thu gur h-e sud an Tì
A rinn thu dhìtheadh air do mhòd ?

An creid thu gur e-sud an ceann,
Mun d' iath gu teann an sgitheach geur,
Na idir gur i sud a ghuais,
Air na thilg na h-Iùdaich sile breun !

'M bu leoir gu'n theich a ghrian air chùl,
A' dìultadh fianuis thoirt do'n gnìomh ?
Cìod nì'm' nach d'fhuair a chruitheachd bàs,
'N uair chéusadh air a chrann a TRIATH ?

Cuiridh e aingle 'mach gach taobh,
Chum ceithir ghaothaibh 'n domhain mhòir,
A chuairteachadh gach aon do'n t-sluagh,
A steach gu luath a dh'ionnsuidh 'mhàid.

Gach neach a dh' àitich coluinn riamh,
O'n ear 's o'n iar tha nise' teachd,
Mar sgaoth de bheachaibh tigh'n mu ghéig,
An déidh dhaibh eiridh 'mach o'n sgeap.

'N sin togaidh aingeal glormhor suas,
Ard bhratach Chrìosd da'n suaich'neas fuil ;
A chruinneachadh na ghluais sa choir,
'S da fhulangas rinn dòigh a's bun.

Do m'ionnsuidh cruinnichibh mo naoimh,
Is tìocailibh gach aon de'n dream,
A riun gu dìleas is gu dlù,
Le creideamh 's ùmlachd ceangal leam.

'N sin tionsgnaidh 'm Breith' air cùis an là,
A chum a naimhde chur fo bhinn,
Is fosglaidh e leabhraichean suas,
Far am beil peacadh 'n t-sluaigh air chuimhn' :

Fosglaidh e 'n cridhe mar an ceudn',
Air dhoigh 's gur léir de'n h-uile neach,
Gach uamharrachd bha gabhail tàmh,
Air feadh an àrais ud a steach :

'N uair chì' an sealladh so dhiubh fèin,
Is dearbh gur léir dhaibh ceartas Dhia ;
'S bith 'n gruidh a leaghadh as le nàir
Nach lugha cràdh na teine dian.

Togaidh an trompaid 'ris a fuaim,
" Na labhradh a's na gluaiseadh neach ;"
Air chor gu'n cluinn gach beag a's mòr,
A bhreith thig air gach se' rs' amach.

" A dhaoine sanntach thréig a chòir,
'S a leag 'ur dòchas an 'ur toic,
A ghlaist gu teann 'ur cridhe suas,
'S a dhruid 'ur cluas ri gladh nam bochd.

" An lònnochd cha do dhion o'n fhuachd,
'S do'n acrach thruagh cha d'thug sibh biadh,
Ged lion mi fèin 'ur cìsd' de lòn,
'S 'ur treuda' chur a'mòd gach bliadhna.

" Ni bheil sibh iomchuidh air mo riogh'chd,
As eugmbais firinn, iochd, a's graidh ;
'S o reub sibh m' iomhaidh dhìbh gu léir,
Agraibh sibh fèin 'nar sgrios gu brath.

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" A nathraiche millteach 's oillteil greann,
Cha binn leam ceol 'ur sranntaich àrd,
'S cha 'n cìsd o'r teangaidh ghobhlaich clù,
Le trìuchd a phuinnsein air a bàrr.

" Is sibhs' thug fnath da m' òrduigh naomh,
Is leis nach b'ionmhuinn caomh mo theach ;
Leis 'm bu bhliadhna suidhe uair,
Am àros tabhairt cluais do m' reachd.

“ Cionnas a mhealas sibh gu bràth,
A'm' sheirbhhis sabaid shiorruidh bhuan
Na cionnas bheir 'ur n-anam gràdh,
De'n ni da'n tug 'ur nàdur fuath ?

“ 'Luchd mì-ruin agus farmaid mhòir
Da'n doruinn iomlan sonas chàich,
Le doilghìos geur a' cànadh 'ur cri,
Mu aon neach oirbh féin bheir barr.

“ Cia mar a dh-fheudas sibh gu bràth,
Làn shonas òiteach ann an glèir ;
Far am faic sibhse mìlte dream,
Ga'n ardach' os bhur ceann gu mòr ?

“ Am fad 's bu léir dhuibh feadh mo rìogh'chd,
Neach b' àirde inbhe na sibh féin ;
Nach fàdadh mì-run 's farmaid cùirt,
Tein' ifrinn duibh a'm flaitheas Dé ?

“ Is sibh' 'an slighe na neo-ghloin ghluais,
'S gu sònraicht' thruaill an leaba phòsd ;
Gach neach a thug do m' naomhachd fuath,
Ga'n tabhairt suas gu toil na feol'.

“ Mar b' ionmhuinn leibh bhì losgadh 'n teas,
'Ur n-uabhair, dheasaich mì dhuibh fearg,
Leaba dearg theth 'san laidh sibh sìos,
Am brachaibh-lìu de lasair dheirg.

“ Ged bheirinn sibh gu rìoghachd mo ghlèir,
Mar mhucan steach gu seòmar rìgh ;
'Ur nàdur neoghlan bhiodh ga chràdh,
Le'r miannaibh bàsachadh chion bìdh.

“ Gach neach tha iomchuidh air mo rìogh'chd,
Teannaibh sibhse chum mo dheis,
Is cruinnichibh seachad chum mo chlà,
A chrìonach o na crannaibh meas.”

'N sin tearbainidh e chum gach taobh,
Na caoraich o na gobhraibh lom ;
Ceart mar nì'm buachaill an tréud,
'N uair chuairtaicheas e spréidh air tom.

'N sin labhraidh e ri luchd a dheis,
“ Sibhse ta deasaichte le m' ghràs,
Thigibhse, sealbhaichibh an rìoghachd,
Nach faic a sonas crìoch gu bràth.

“ Spealg mise 'n geat' bha oirbhse dùinnt',
Le m' ùmhachd 's m' fhulangas ro-ghéur ;
'S dh-fhosgail an t-sleadh gu farsuinn suas,
Am leith-taobh dorus nuadh dhuibh féin.

“ Chum craoibh na beath' ta 'm Pàrrais Dé,
Le h-èibhneas teannaibh steach da còir ;
'S a fearta iongantach gu léir,
Dearbhadh 'ur n-uile chréuchd 's bhur leòn.

“ An claidhe ruisgte bha laist ga dìon,
O laimh 'ur sinnsir Adhamh 's Eubh,
Rinn mise truaill dhe m' chridhe dhà,
'S a lasair bhàth mi le m' fhuil féin.

“ Fò dosraich ùrair suidhibh sìos,
Nach searg 's nach crìon am feasd a blàth ;
'S mar smèdoraichean a measg a geug,
Chum molaidh gléusaibh binn bhur càil.

“ Le 'maise sàsaichibh 'ur sùil,
Is oirbh fò sgàil cha drùigh an teas,
O 'duilleach cùraidh òlaibh slàint ;
Is bìth'bh neo-bhàsmhor le a meas.

“ Gach uile mheas tha 'm Pàrrais Dé,
Ta nìs gu leir neo-thoirmisgt' dhuibh ;
Ithibh gun eagal o gach géig,
A nathair nìmh cha tèum a chaoidh.

“ A's uile mhiann 'ur n-anma féin,
Lan shàsaichibh gu léir 'an Dia,
Tobar na fìrinn, iochd, a's graidh,
A mhaireas làn gu cian na 'n cian.

“ Mòr-innleachd iongantach na slàint,
Sior rannsaichibh air aird 's air leud,
'S feadh oibriche mo rìoghachd mhòir,
'Ur n-eòlas ciocrach cuiribh' meud.

“ Ur n-eibhneas, mais' 'ur tuigs', 's 'ur gràdh,
Bitheadh gu shiorruidh fàs nì 's mò ;
'S cha choimnich sibh aon nì gu bràth,
Bheir air 'ur n-anam cràdh no leòn.

“ Cha 'n fhaca sùil, 's cha chuala cluas,
Na thaig m' suas de shonas duibh,
Imichibh, 's biodh 'ur dearbhadh féin,
Sior-innse sgéul duibh air a chaoidh.”

Ach ris a mhuinntir th'air a chlà,
O ! labhraidh e 'na dhìogh'ltas crauidh,
“ A chuideachd nach d'thug gràdh do Dhia,
A chum an diabhail siubhlaidh uam.

“ 'S mo mhallachd maille ribh gu bràth,
A chum 'ur cràdh 's 'ur eug gu pian,
Gluaisibhse chum an teine mhùir,
Ga'r ròsdadh ann gu cian nan cian.”

Mar sgàin an talamh a's a cheil,
'N uair gabh e teaghlach Chòrach steach,
Ceart laimh riu fosglaidh 'n uaigh a beul,
'S i miannanaich air son a creich.

Is mar a shluig 'mhuc-mhara mhòr,
Iònas 'n uair chaidh 'thilgeadh 'mach,
Nì slugan dubh an dara bàis,
A charbad iathadh umpa steach.

San uamhaidh taobhaidh iad ri chèil,
A ghluais nam beath' gu h-éucorach ;
Luchd mhionn a's mort a's fianuis bhréig ;
Luchd misg a's reubainn 's adhaltrais.

Mar chualaig dhris an ceangal teann,
An slabhraidh tha gach dream leo féin ;
'S an comunn chleachd bhí 'n caidreamh diù,
Mar bhioran rùisgte dol nan crè.

Mar leoghan garg fo' chuibhreach cruaidh,
Le thoscaibh reubadh suas a ghlais ;
An slabhraidh cagnaighd iad gu dian,
'S gu bràth cha ghearr am fiacian phrais.

Bidh iad gu siorruighd 'n glacaibh 'bhais,
'S an cridh' ga fhàsgadh asd' le bròn,
Ceangailt air cuan de phronnug laisd'
'S a dheatach uaine tachd an sròn.

Mar bhàirneach fuaighte ris an sgeir,
Tha iad air creagaibh goileach teann ;
Is dibh-fheirg Dhé a' seideadh 'chuain,
Na thonnaibh buaireis thar an ceann.

'N tra dhùineas cadal cruaidh an stùil,
Teas feirg 's an-dochas dùisgidh iad ;
A chnuimh nach bàsaich 's eibhle beò,
A' cur an dòruinn shiorruighd 'meud.

Air ifrinn 'n uair a gheibh iad sealbh,
S lùn-dearbhabh co gu'n toir iad eis,
Faodaidh sinn plàirt d'an gearan truagh,
Chuir anns na briathraibh cruaidh so sìos.

" O staidh na neo-ni 'n robh mi 'm thàmh,
Cìod uime dh-àrdach Dia mo ceann !
Mo mhìle mallachd aig an là,
'N do gabh mo mhathair mi' na broinn.

" Cìod uime fhuair mi tuigse riamh ?
No ciall a's reusan chum mo stiur ?
Cìod nim' nach d'rinn thu cuileag dhìom ?
Na durrag dhiùilidh ann san ùir ?

" Am mair mi 'n so gu saogh'l nan saogh'l !
'N tig crìoch no caochladh orm gu bràth,
Am beil mi nis san t-siorr-achd bhuan,
A' suamh a' chuain a ta gun tràigh !

" Ged àireamh uile reullta nìmh,
Gach féur a's duilleach rianh a dh-fhàs,
Mar' ris gach braon a ta sa' chuain,
'S gach gaineamh chuairticleas an tràigh.

" Ged chuiream mìle bliadhna seach,
As leith gach aon dìubh sud gu léir,
Cha d'imich seach de'n t-siorr-achd mhéir,
Ach mar gu 'n tòisicheadh i 'n dé.

" Ach O ! 'n do theirig trèicair Dhia !
'S am pian e mi gu saogh'l nan saogh'l !
Mo shlabhraidh 'n lasaich e gu bràth !
No glas mo lèmh an dean e sguoil !

" 'M bi 'm beul a dh-ordaich Dia chum seinn,
Air feadh gach linn a chliù gun sgios,
Mar bhalagan-séididh fadadh suas,
Na lasraich uain' 'an ifrinn shios !

" Ged chaidh mo thruaighe thar mo neart,
Gu deimhinne féin a's ceart mo bhinn ;
Ach c'fhada bhios mi 'n so ga m' chr' dh,
Mu'm bi do cheartas sàitheach dhìom !

" No 'm bi thu dòlte dhìom gu bràth,
'N deach lagh an nàduir choir air cùl ?
Mo thruaighe mi ! 'n e so am bàs
A bhagair thu air Adhamh 'n tús ?

" Air sgà dhòil'ltas 'm bi thu 'sniomh
Snàthain mo bheath' gu siorruighd caol ?
Nach leoir bhí mìle bliadhna' ga m' lorg'
As leith gach lechd a rinn mi 's t-saogh'l ?

" Ged lean de dhòil'tas mi gu m' chùl,
Cha 'n àrdaich e do chliù, a Dhé,
'S cha'n fhuir dò d' Mhorachd t-fhearg a chosg,
Air comharadh cho bochd rinn féin.

" O Dhia ! nach sgrios thu mi gu tìr ?
'S le d' chumhachd cuir air 'm anam crìoch,
'S gu staid na neo-ni tilg mi uait,
Far nach 'eil fulang, smuain, no gnìomh.

" Ach O ! se so mo thoillt'neas féin
Is ni'm beil éu-coir buntainn riom ;
Oir dhiùlt mi tairgse shaor de Chrìosd,
'S nìor ghabh mi d'a fhuil phrìseil suim.

" Mo choguis dìtidh mi gu bràth,
An fhianuis bha ga 'm chàineadh rianh ;
An-ìochd no éu-coir ann mo bhàs,
Cha leig i chlàradh 'm feasd air Dia.

" Aitheanta thilg mi air mo chùl,
A's ruith mi dùrachdach gu'm sgrios,
Is 'fhianuis féin a' m' chridhe mhùch,
A' druid' mo shùile roimh mo leas.

" Cia meud an dòigh'ltas tha dhomh' dual
A's leith mo pheacaidh uamhor dòn
Am peac' thug dù'lan do dh-fhuil Chrìosd,
'S a dh-fhàg gun éifeachd brìgh a bh is.

" Gidheadh nach 'eil de Bhuanhan fein,
Neo-chrìochanach gu léir o chian ?
'S an toir mo chiont air ìochd a's gràdh,
Gu'm fàs iad crìochnaicht' ann an Dia ?

" An comas dut mo thilgeadh uat
Far nach cluinn do chluas mo sgread ?
'M beil dorchadas an ifrinn féin
Far nach bu léir do Dhia mo staid ?

* * * * *

" Ge truagh mo ghuidhe cha'n eisdè i,
A's fois no féth cha'n fhaidh mi chaoidh'
Ach beath' neo-bhlàsmhor teachd as ùr,
Gu'm neartach' ghiùlan tuille claoidh."

Ach stad mo rann a's pill air t-ais
O shlochd na casgraidh dhein a nìos,
Is feuch cionnas a bheir thu seòl
Do'n dream tha beò nach teid iad sìos.

A leughadair a'm beil e fìor,
Na chuir mi cheana sìos am dhàn ?
Ma se 's gu'm beil thig s' lùb do ghluin
Le ùrnuigh 's aithreachas gun dàil :—

" A dh-ionnsuidh Iosa teich gu luath,
A' gabhail gràin a's fuath do d' pheac',
Le creideamh fìor thoir ùmhilachd dhà,
An uile àith'nta naomh a reachd.

" Gabh ris na h-oifigibh gu léir,
'S ri h-aon diubbh na cuir féin do chùl ;
Mar Fhàidh, mar Shagart, 'us mar Rìgh,
Chum slàinte, dìdean, agus iuil.

" Biodh eiseimpleir am beach do shùil,
Chum d' uile ghluasachd 'stiùir da reir,
'S gach meadhon dh-ordaich e chum slàint'
Bì fein g'an gnàthachadh gu leir.

" As 'thireantachd dean bun a mhàin,
'S na taic gu bràth ri d' thoill'tneas fein ;
'S mas àill leat eifeachd bhi na ghràs,
Na h-altrum peacadh dàimh a'd' chré.

" Mar sin ged robh de chionta mòr,
Chum glòir do Thighearn' saorair thù,
Is chum de shonais shiorruidh féin,
Air fead gach rè a' seinn a chliù."

AN CLAI GEANN.

'S mi 'm shuigh aig an uaigh,
Ag amhare ma bruaich,
Feuch clai geann gun snuadh air làr ;
Is thog mi e suas,
A' tiomach' gu truagh,
Ga thionndadh mu 'n cuairt am làmh.

Gun àille gun dreach,
Gun aithne gun bheachd ;
Air duine theid seach 'na dhàil ;
Gun fhicail 'na dheud,
No teanga 'na bheul,
No slugan a ghleusas cùil.

Gun ruthadh 'na ghruidh
'S e ràisgte gun ghruaig ;
Gun eisdeachd 'na chluais do m' dhàn ;
Gun anail na shròin,
No àile de'n fhùid,
Ach lag far 'm bu chuir bhi àrd.

Gun dealradh 'na shùil,
No rosg uimpe dùn',
No fradharc ri h-ìuil mar b' abh'sd.
Ach durragan crom,
A chleachd bhi san, tom,
Air cladhach' da tholl 'nan àit.

Tha n' eanachainn bha 'd chùl,
Air tionndadh gu smùr,
Gun tionnsgal no sìrd air t-fheum ;
Gun smuainteach' a'd' dhàil,
Mu philleadh gu bràth,
A cheartach' na dh-flag thu 'd dheicidh.

Cha 'n innis do ghuais,
A nise co thù,
Ma's rìgh mo ma's dìuc thu féin
'S ionann Alasdair mòr,
Is traill a dhì lòn,
A dh-eug air an òtrach bhreun.

Fhir chlaghach na h-uaigh ;
Nach cagair thu 'm chluais,
Co 'n clai geann so fhuair mi 'm laimh ?
'S gu 'n cuirinn ris ceisd,
Mu gnàth mu 'n do theasd ;
Ge nach fregair e' m' feasd mo dhàn.

'M bu mhaighdean deas, thu,
Bha sgiamhach a'd' ghuais,
'S deagh shuidheach' a'd' shùil da reir ?
Le d' mhaise mar lion,
A' ribeadh mu chrì',
Gach òganaich chì'dh thu fein.

Tha nise gach àdh,
Bha cosnadh dhut graidh,
Air tionndadh gu grain gach neach ;
Marbhaig air an naigh,
A chreach thu do'n bhuaidh,
Bha ceangailt' ri snuadh do dhreach.

No 'm breitheamh ceart thù,
Le tuigs' agus iùil,
Bha reiteach gach cuis do'n t-slugh ;

Gun aomadh le pàirt',
Ach dèidh gu bàs,
Na h-eucoir bba daicheil crunaidh ?

No 'n do reic thu a chòir,
Air ghlacaid de'n òr,
O 'n dream da 'n robh stòras pailt ?
Is bochdainn an t-sluaigh,
Fo fhoirneart ro chruaidh,
A fulang le cruas na h-àire.

'S mar robh thusa fìor,
Aun a t-oifig am binn,
'S gun d'rinn thu an dìreach fìar ;
'S cho chinnteach an nì,
'N uair thainig do chrìoch,
Gu 'n deachaich do dhìt' le Dia.

No n' robh thu a'd' leigh,
A' leigheas nan creuchd,
'S a' deanamh gach eugcail slàn ?
A t-ìoc-shlaintibh mòr,
A' deanamh do bhòd,
Gu 'n dibreadh tu chòir o'n bhàs ?

Mo thruaighe ' gun thréig,
Do leigheas thu fein,
'N uair bha thu fo eugcail chruaidh ;
Gu'n fhognadh gun stà,
Am purgaid no m' plàsd,
Gu d' chumail aon trà o'n uaigh.

No 'n seanalair thù,
A choisinn mor chliù,
Le d' sheoltachd a stiùireadh airm ?
Air naimhdean toirt buaidh,
Ga 'n cur ann san ruaig,
'S ga 'm fàgail nan cruachan màrbh.

'N robh do chlàidheamh gun bheirt,
No 'n dh-fhàg thu do neart,
'N uair choinnich thu feachd na h-uaigh,
'N uair b' eigin d' geill',
A dh-aindeoin do dhéud,
Do dh' armait' de bhéistean truagh ?

Tha na durraig gu treun,
Ri d' choluinn' cur séis,
'S a' coisneadh ort feisd gach là ;
Is claigeann do chinn,
'Na ghearasdan dìon,
Aig daolagan diblìdh 'n tàmh.

Pàirt a' claidhach' do dhéud,
A steach ann a' d' bheul,
'S cuid eile ri reub' do chluas ;
Dream eil nan sgùd,
Tigh'n amach air do shùil,
A' spùinneadh 's a' rùsg' do ghruaidh.

No m' fear thu bha pèit,
Gu tric 's an taigh òsd,
'S tu cridheil ag òl nan dràm ?
Nach iarradh dhut fein
De fhlaithneas Dé,
Ach beirm á bhì 'g eiridh a' d' cheann ?

Nach iarradh tu ' cheòl,
Ach mionnan mu'n bhòrd,
Is feuchainn co 'n dòrn bu chruaidh :
Mar bho no mar each,
Gun tuigse, gun bheachd,
'S tu brùchdadh 'sa sgèith mu'n chuaich ?

Na 'n duin' thu bha ghluas'd
Gu ceannalta suaire,
Gu measara stuam mu d' bhòrd ;
Le miannaibh do chré,
Fo chuibhreacadh geur,
'N am suidhe gu feisd 's gu sògh ?

No 'n geòcaire mòr,
Bha gionach air lòn,
Mar choin an am feòlach dearg ;
A' toileach' do mhiann,
Bha duilich a riar,
'S tu geilleadh mar Dhaia do d' bholg ?

Tha nise do bhrù,
Da 'n robh thu a' lìb',
De ghaineamh 's do dh' ùir gle làn,
'S do dheudach air glas',
Mu d' theangaidh gun bhlas,
Fo gheimhleachaibh prais a bhais.

No 'm morair ro mhòr,
A thachair am dhòrn,
Neach aig an robh còir air tìr ;
Bha iochdmhor ri bochd,
A' clùthach' nan nochd,
Reir pailteas a thoic 's a nìth ?

No 'n robh thu ro chruaidh,
A' feannadh do thuath,
'S a' tanach' an gruidh le mál ;
Le h-agartas geur
A glacadh an spréidh
'S am bochdainn ag éigheach dàil ?

Gu'n chridh' aig na daoine',
'Bh'air lomadh le h-aois,
Le 'n claigeannan maola truagh ;
Bhì seasamh a' d' chòir,
Gun bhoineid 'nan dòrn,
Ge d' tholladh gaoth reùt' an cnuas.

Tha nise do thràill,
Gun urram a' d' dhàil,
Gun ghearsom', gun mhàl, gun mhòd ;

Mor-mholadh do'n bhàs,
A chasgair thu trà,
'S nach d' fhuillig do stràic fo'n fhòd.

No 'm ministear thù,
Bha tagradh gu dùl,
Ri pobull 'an ùghdaras Dé;
Ga 'm pilleadh air ais,
Bha 'g imeachd gu bras,
Gu h-ìfrinn na casgradh dhein?

No 'n robh thu gun sgoinn,
Mar mhuinne mu chloinn,
Gun chùram a h-oighreachd Dhé;
Na 'm faigheadh tu 'n rùsg,
Bha coma co dhiù,
M' an t-sionnach bhi stiùireadh 'n trend;

Lean 's cinnteach gun d' fhuair,
Do dheanadas duais,
'N uair rainig thu 'm Buachail' mòr;
'N uair chuairtich am bàs,
A steach thu 'na laith'r,
Thoir cunntas a' d' thàlant' dò.

No 'n ceann thu bha fà,.
De dh-inneachdau bàis,
Gu seolta ga 'n tath' 'r'a cheif';
G'an cur ann an gnìomh,
Gun umhail gun fhiamh,
A freagra' do Dhia 'nan deigh?

'N robh teanga nam breug,
Gun chuibhreach fo d' dheud,
A' togail droch sgeul air càch;
Gath puinsein do bheil,
Mar naithir a' teum,
'S a' lotadh nan ceud gach là?

Tha i nise na tann,
Fo cheangal a bhàis,
Gun sgainneal a' plàigh na dùthch';
A's durranga grannd,
Air lobhadh 'na h-àit,
An deigh dhaibh enàmh gu cùl.

'S mu lean thu do ghnàths,
Gu leabaidh do bhàis,
Gun tionndadh' na thrà ri còir;
Car tamull na h-uair,
Dean flaitheas de'n uaigh,
Gus an gairmear thu suas gu mòd.

Mar losgann dubh grunn,
Ag iomairt a smàg,
Gu 'u eirich thu 'n aird o'n t-slochd;
Thoir coinneamh do Chriosd,
'Na thighinn a rìs,
A dh' fhaactainn làn dìol a' t-ole.

'N uair theid thu fo bhinn.
Ni cheartas do dhùt';
Ga d' fhògradh gu sìorruidh uaith;
Gu lasair ga d' phian,
Chaidh dheasach' da'n Diabh'l,
'S a mballachd gu dian 'ga d' ruag.

'N sin cruaidhichidh Dia
Do chnaimhean mar iar'n.
'Is t-fheithean mar iallaibh prais;
Is teannaichidh t-fheòil
Mar innein nan òrd,
Nach enàmh i le moid an teas.

No 'n ceann thu 'n robh ciall,
Is eolas air Dia,
'S gu'n d' rinn thu a riar 'sa chi'ir;
Ged tha thu 'n diugh ruistg',
Gun aithe', gun iùil,
Gun teanga, gun sùil, gun sròn.

Gabh misueach san uaigh,
Oir eiridh tu suas,
'N uair chluineas tu fuaim an stuic,
'S do thruaillachd gu leir,
Shios fàgaidh tu'd' dheigh,
Aig durragan breun an t-sluic.

Oir deasaichidh Dia,
Do mhaise mar ghrian,
Bhiodh ag eiridh o sgiath na m' beann;
'Cur fradharc ro gheur,
'S na suilean so fèin,
'S iad a' dealradh mar reult' a' d' cheann.

Do theanga 's do chàil,
Ni ghleusadh gun dàil,
A chantainn 'na àros cliù;
Is fosglaidh do chluas,
A dh-eisteachd ri fuaim,
A mholaidh th' aig sluagh a chùirt.

'N uair dhealraicheas Criosd,
Na thigheachd a rìs,
A chruinneach' na 'm firean suas;
'N sin bheir thu de leum,
Thoir coinneamh dha fèin,
Mar iolair nan speur aig luaths.

'N uair dh-eireas tu 'n àird,
Grad chuiridh ort fàilt,
A mhealtainn a chàirdeas fèin,
Gun dealach' gu bràth,
R'a chomunn no ghràdh,
A steach ann am Pàrras Dé.

Fhir 'chluinneas mo dhàn,
Dean aithreachas trà,
'M feadh mhairaes do shlaint 's do bheachd;

Mu'n tig ort am bàs,
Nach leig thu gu bràth,
Air geata nan gràs a steach.

AM BRUADAR.

Air bhith dhomhsa ann am shuain
A' brúadar diambain mar tha clèch,
Bhì glacadh sonais o gach nì;
Is e ga'm dhibreadh ann's gach àit.

Air leam gun tainig neach am chòir,
'S gu'n dubh'rt e rium:—" Gur gòrach mi,
Bhì smuainteach greim a ghleidh do'n ghaoith,
No fo gu'n lion an saogh'l mo chrì.

" Is diambain dut bhì 'g iarraidh sìmh,
'N aon nì' no'n àit air bith fo 'n ghréin;
Cha chlos do d' chorp an taobh so 'n uaigh,
No t-anam 'n taobh so shuaimhneas Dé.

" An tra dh'ith Adhamh 'a meas an tùs,
Am peacadh dhrùgh e air gach nì:
Lion e na h-uile nì le saoth'r,
Is dh-fhàg é 'n saogh'l na bhriste crì.

" Air sonas 'auma chaill e chòir,
Mar ris gach sòlas bha'n sa gharr'
O sin ta 'shliochd nan deoiribh truagh;
Mar uan a mearachd air a mbàth'r.

" Rì meilich chruaidh ta'd ruith gach nì,
'An duil gu 'm faigh an inntinn cìos;
Ach dhaibh tha 'n saogh'l gun iochd no truas,
Mar mhuime coimheich fhuair gun tlùs.

" Mar sin tha iad gun fhois no tàmh,
Ga 'n sàrach' glacadh faileas breig;
'S a' deoth'l toil-inntinn o gach nì,
Is iad mar chlochan seag nam beul.

" Bidh teannachd eigin ort am feasd,
'S do dhòchas faicinn fuasgladh t-fheum,
An còmhuidh dhut mar fhad do làimh;
Ach gu brath cha'n fhaigh dheth gréim.

" Cha teagaisg t-fheuchain 's dearbhadh thù,
O dhùil is earbsa chuir sa' bhreig,
A rinn do mbealladh mìle uair,
'S cho fhada bhuat an diugh san dè.

" An nì bu mho da'n tug thu miann,
Nach dh-fhag a mhealtainn riamh e searbh?
Tha tuille sonais ann an dùil,
Na tha'n an crùn le bhì na sheilbh.

" Ceart mar an rès a ta sa' ghàr',
Crìon seargaidh bhla 'nuair theld a bhuain;
Mu'n gann a ghlacas tu e d' Èimh,
Grad threigidh fhaileadh e 'sa shuadh.

" Cha 'n eil neach o thrioblaid saor,
Am measg a 'chinne daoìn' air fad,
'S co lionmhor osna aig an rìgh,
Is aig an neach is ìsle staid.

" Tha 'smùdan fein ós ceann gach fòid
Is dòruinn ceangailt' ris gach math;
Tha'n rès a fàs air drisean geur,
'S an taic' a cheil tha mhil san gàth.

" Ged fhaic thu neach 'an saibhreas mòr
Na meas a shùlas bhì thar chàch;
An tobar 's gloine chì do shùil,
Tha ghrùid na iochdar gabhail tàmh.

" 'S mu chuireas t-anail e 'na ghleais,
Le tarvuinn chabhaig suas a'd' bheul,
Dùisgidh an ruaghan dearg a nìos,
'S le gaineamh lionaidh e do dheud.

" 'S ged fhaic thu neach 'an iùbhe aird,
Tha e mar nead am bàrr na craoibh;
Gach stoirm a bagra' thilgeadh nuas,
Is e air luasgadh leis gach gaoith.

" An neach is fearr tha 'n saogh'l a riar,
Tha fiaradh eigin ann 'na staid,
Nach dean a sheòltachd a's a strì,
Am feast a dhireachadh air fad.

" Mar bhata' fiar an aghaidh cheil,
A ta o shuidheach' fein do-chur;
A reir mar dhìreas tu a bharr,
'S cho chinnteach nì thu cam a bhun.

" Na h-Iudhaich thionail beag no mor,
Do'n Mhana dhòirteadh 'orra 'nuas;
'N tra chuir gach neach a chuid's a chlàr,
Cha robh air bàrr no dadum naith.

" Mar sin a ta gach sonas saogh'l't,
A ta thu faotainn ann a d' làimh,
Fa chomhair fàsaidh 'n luath da reir,
Tha caitheamh, cùram agus crèdh.

" Ged chàrn thu òr a'd' shlige suas,
Fa chomhair fàsaidh 'n luath da reir,
Is ge do chuir thu innte riogh'chd,
A mheidh cha dìrich i na deigh.

" Tha cuibhrionn ionchuidh aig gach neach,
'S ged tha thu meas gur tuille b' fhearr;
Cha d' thoir an t-anabbarr tha'n an sud,
Am feasd an cudrom a's a' chràdh;

" O ionluas t-inntinn tha do phian ;
A' diùlta' 'n dìng na dh'iarra thu 'n dé ;
Cha chomasach an saogh 'l do riar,
Le t-anamlauna 'n aghaidh chéil.

" Na 'm faigheadh toil na feol a rùn,
D'a mianna brudeil dh'iarraadh sath ;
Flaithes a b' airid' cha'n iarrach i,
Na annta sud bhi siorruidh 's namh.

" Ach ge do b' ionmhuinn leis an fheil,
Air talamh còmhachadh gach ré ;
Bhiodh dùrachd t-ardain agus t-uail,
Cho ard a shuas ri Cathair Dhé ;

" Ach nam b' aill leat sonas buan,
Do shlighe tabhair suas do Dhia,
Le dùrachd, creideamh agus gràdh,
Is sàsaichidh e t-uile mhiann.

" Tha 'n cuideachd sud gach nì san t-saogh 'l,
Tha 'n comas dhaoine shealbhaich' fìor ;
Tha bhiadh, a's eudach agus slàint,
Is saorsa, càirdeas, agus sìth."

'An sin do mhosgail a's mo shuain,
Is dh-fhag mo bhrùdar mi air fad ;
Ghrad leig mi dòim bhi ruith gach sgàil,
Is dh-fhàs mi toilichte le m' staid.

A N G E A M H R A D I I.

Nis theirig an samhradh,
'S tha 'n geamhradh teachd dlù oirn,
Fìor nàmhaid na chinneas,
Teachd a mhillleadh ar dùthcha ;
Ga saltairt fo chasaibh,
'S d'a maise ga rùsgadh ;
Gun iochd ann ri dadum,
Ach a' sladadh 's a' plùndruinn.

Sgaoil oirne a sgiathan,
'S chuir e ghrian air a chùlthaobh ;
As an nead thug e 'n t-àlach,
Neo-bhàigheil 'gar sgiùrsadh ;
Sneachd iteagach gle-gheal,
O na speuran tigh'n dlù oirn,
Clacha meallain 's gaath thuathach,
Mar luaidhe is mar fhùdar.

'N uair shéideas e anail,
Cha 'n fhag anam am flùran ;
Tha bhilean mar shiosar,
Lomadh lios de gach ùr-ros ;

Cha bhi sgèadach air coille,
No doire nach rùsg e ;
No sruthan nach tachd e,
Fo leachdannan dù'-ghorm.

Fead reòta a chleibhe,
Tha seideadh na doinìonn,
Chuir beirm ann san fhairge,
'S a dh' àt' garbh i na tonnan ;
'S a bhinnich an clàmhuinn,
Air àirde gach monaidh,
'S ghlan sgùr e na reultan,
D' ar péile le'n solus.

Tha gach beathach a's duine,
Nach d' ullach 'na sheasan,
Ga 'n sgiùrsadh le gailliomu
Gun talla' gun eudach ;
'S an dream a bha gnìomhach,
'Fas iargalt mi-dhéireil ;
Nach toir iasad do leisgean,
Ann san t-sneachda ged éug e.

Tha 'n seillein 's an seangan,
A bha tional an stòrais,
Le gliocas gun mhearachd,
A' toirt aire do'n dùruinn ;
'G ithe bidh 's ag ù meala,
Gun ghaime air lòn ae,
Fo dhion ann san talamh,
O anail an reòta.

Tha na cuileagan ciatach,
'Bha diamhain san t-samhradh,
'S na gathanan gréine
Gu h-eibhinn a' damhais ;
Gun deasach 'gun chùram,
Roi' dhùlachd a gheamhraidh ;
A nise a' dol bàs',
Ann 's gach àite le teanntachd.

Ach eisd riun a shean-duin',
'S tuig an samhladh tha 'm stòr',
Tha 'm bàs a tighin teann ort,
Sud an geamhradh tha 'm òran ;
'S ma gheibh e thu a' d' leisgein,
Gun deasach' fa' chòdhail,
Cha dean àithreachas crìche.
Do dhionadh o'n doruinn.

Gur mithich fàs diaghaidh,
'S do chialhan air glasadh,
'Na 'm bearnaibh do dheudach,
Is t-eudann air casadh,
Do bhathais air rùsgadh,
'S do shùilean air prabadh,
Agus crùit ort air lùbadh,
Chum na h-uire do leaba'.

Tha na sruthanan craobhach,
Bha sgaoileadh a' d' bhallaibh,
Gu mireagach buailteach,
Clis gluasadach tana ;
A nise air traighdhadh
O n' taomachadh thairis,
O'n a ragaich 'sa dh-fhuaraich
Teas uabhar na fala.

Balg-seididh na beatha,
Tha air caitheamh gun fheum ann,
'S o chrup ann a' d' chliabh e,
Gur h-e phian bhi 'ga shéideadh
Tha 'n corp a chruit chiùil ud,
Air diùltadh dhut gleusadh ;
'S comhar cinnt' air a thasgaidh,
Bhi lasach' a theudan.

Theich madainn na h-òige,
'S treòir mheadhon latha
Tha 'm feasgar air ciaradh,
'S tha ghrian ort a làidhe ;
'S mu bha thusa diambain,
Gun guiomh is gun mhaithas ;
Gu h-ealamb bi d' dhùsgadh,
Mu'n dùinear ort flaitheas.

'Reir caithe na beatha,
'S tric leatha gun crìoch i ;
Bidh an cleachadh fàs làidir,
Do fhàsach o'n inntinn ;
Na labhair an sean-fhacal,
'S deimhin leam 's fìor e,
" An car theid san t-seana-mhaid'
Gur h-ainmic leis dìreadh."

Ach ògnaich threibhich
Thoir-s' éisdeachd do m' bran,
'S leig dhìot bhi mì-chèillidh,
Ann an cèitein na h-òige ;
Tha aois agus ea-slaime,
Air do dheigh ann an tòir ort ;
'S mu nì h-aon aca gréim ort,
Pillidh t-eibhneas gu bròn dut.

An aois a tha 'n tòir ort,
Bheir i leon ort nach saoil thu ;
Air do shuilean bheir ceathach,
Is treabhaidh sì t-aodann ;
Bheir i crith-reodh' mu d' ghruaig',
Is neul uaine an aoig leis,
'S cha toig aiteamh na grian ort,
'Bheir an liath-reodh a chaoidh' dhìot.

Bheir nì's measa na sud ort,
Fàilne tuigs' agus reusain ;
Dìth leirsinn a' t-inntinn ;
Dìth cuimhn' agus géire ;

Dìth gliocais chum gnothaich ;
Dìth mothaich a'd' cheudfath
'S gu'm fàs thu mar leanabh,
Dhì spionnaidh a's cèille.

Fàsaidh 'n cridhe neo-aithreach,
'S neo-ealamb chum tionndadh,
Aon tagra' cha drùigh air,
'S cha lùb e d'a ionnsuidh ;
Ceart mar tha 'n talamh,
'N am gaillinn a's teannadach ;
Ged robh milltean 'dol thairis,
Cha dean aile sa' chausair.

Faic seasain na bliadhna,
'S dean ciall uath a tharruinn ;
'S mas àill leat gu'm buain thu,
Dean ruadhar 'san earrach ;
Dean connadh san t-samhradh,
Nì sa' gheambradh do gharadh ;
'S ma dhùbreas tu 'n seasain,
Dhut 's eigin bhi fàlamh.

'S mar cuir thu siol fallain,
Ann an earrach na h-òige,
Cho chinnteach 's am bàs dut,
Cuiridh Sàtan droch phòr ann ;
A dh-fhàsas 'na dhùbhaile,
'S 'na luidheannan feòlbor ;
'S bith do bhuain mar a chuir thu,
Ma's subhaile no dò-bheirt.

Ma bhios t-òige gun riaghladh,
'S t-anamianan gun taod riu,
Gum fàs iad cho fiadhaich,
'S nach srian thu ri t-aòis iad ;
Am meangan nach suiomh thu,
Cha spion thu 'na chraoibh e ;
Mar shineas e ghéngan,
Bidh fheumhan a' sgaoileadh.

Tha do bheatha neo-chinnteach
O 'n teinn a bheir bàs ort,
Uime sin bi ri dìcheall
Do shith dheanamh trèthail ;
'S e milleadh gach cùise
Bhi gun chùram cur dàil innt' ;
'S ionann aithreachas crìche,
'S bhi cur sìl mu Fheill-màrtuinn.

Tha ghrian ann sna speuraibh
A' ruith réise gach latha ;
'S i 'giorrach' do shaghaile,
Gach oidhche a laidheas ;
'S dlù ruitheas an spàla,
Troì' shnathaibh do bheatha ;
Tha' fighe dhut leine,
Nì beisdean a chaitheamh.

'S ma ghoideas e dlù ort,
 Gun do dhùil bhi r'a thigbinn;
 'N sin fosglaidh do shùilean,
 'S chì thu chùis thar a mìthich;
 Bidh do choguis 'ga d' phianadh,
 Mar sgian ann a d' chridhe;
 'S co-ionann a giùlan,
 'S laidhe ruisg' ann an sgitheach.

Faic a chuileag 'ga dètheadh
 Le sionutaibh an nàduir,
 'S o na dhìbhir i 'n seasan,
 Gur h-eigin d'i bàsach';
 Faic gliocas an t-seangain,
 Na thional cho tràthail,
 'S dean eiseimpleir leanail,
 Chum t-anam a shàbhal'.

DAIBHIDH MAC-EALAIR.

DAVID MACKELLAR, commonly called *Daibhidh nan Laoidh*, was another religious poet. The time of his birth is not known. He lived in Glendaruel after the beginning of last century. He was blind, and the people in that country still preserve some traditional accounts of him and of the manner in which his hymn was composed, the most striking of which is that after having composed it his sight was restored. In his youth he composed some profane pieces. The time of his death is likewise uncertain, but a grand-daughter of his lived in Glasgow not many years ago. This hymn was first published in Glasgow about the year 1752. It was so very popular in the Highlands that many persons got it by heart that had never seen the printed copy.

LAOIDH MHC-EALAIR.

MOLADH do'n Tì 's airde glòir,
 An Tì 's modha no gach neach;
 Cruithear an t-saoghail gu léir,
 Da'n cubhaidh dhuinn géill' air fad.

'S tu rinn an domhan 's na th' ann,
 Na cuaintean domhain, 's am fonn;
 'S chuir thu iasg g'a altrum ann,
 'S thug thu ciall gu ghlacadh dhuinn.

Rinneadh leat gealach a's grian,
 Thogail fianuis air do ghloir;
 Cha'n aithris mi a mìle trian,
 De chruthachadh an Dia is mò.

'S tu rinn na reultan air fad,
 A riaghlachadh gu ceart nan tràth;
 Gheall thu maraon fuachd a's teas,
 Foghar ma seach agus Màirt.

'S tu rinn na h-ainglean air fad,
 Tha 'n t-abharsair fo d' smachd gu mòr;
 Air slabhruidh laidir aig do Mhac,
 Cumail a neart o theachd oirn'.

Rinneadh leat an duine' ris,
 A réir t-iomhaidh chum do ghloir;
 Ach chaill e 'n oidhreacht ud gun luach,
 'S cha'n fhuasgalar i le òr.

'S tu chuir am fradharc na cheann,
 Chuir thu falt tro chlaigeann lom;
 Thug thu cluas gu èisteachd dha,
 'S gluasad a chuirp o na bhonn.

Chuir thu Adhamh an cadal trom,
 Chaidh léigh nan gràs os a cheann;
 'S de dh-aisinn bho thaobh do rinn
 A bhean, o'n do ghin gach clann.

Chuir thu e 'n gàradh nan seud,
 Far an robh éibhneas a ghràidh;
 Dh-ith a bhean an sin a meas,
 'S dh-fhuilig i 's a sìochad am bàs,

Cha robh a teasargain aig neach,
 O'n a chumhnanta rinn i bhris;
 'N trà ruisgeadh an sgeudachadh ceart,
 Bha chuis na h-eagal an sin.

Ach moladh do dh' Ard-Rìgh nam feart,
O nach b' àill leis teachd d'ar sgrios;
'Nuair chunnaic e Adhamh na aire,
Rinn e cumhant' nan gràs ris.

Thainig Iosa 'nuas le thoil,
Thug e suas mar iobairt fluil;
Mac na firinn, Uan gun chroin,
M'ar ciontain-ne fhuair e ghuin.

Crochadh e ri crann an aird,
'S an t-sleagh sàite tro a chorp;
Crùn geur na péine chuir mu cheann,
Fhuair mac Dhé le nàimhde lot.

Crùn sgithich, an aite crùn rìgh,
Mar thailceas, 's mar dhì-meas mòr;
Domblas agus fion geur,
'N deoch a thug iad dha ri h-òl.

Na tàirnean g'an cur an s'è,
Am bosaibh a lann le òrd;
'S fuil a chridhe ruith á thaobh,
Ceannachd bu daoire nan t-òr.

'Nuair chaidh Criosd gu péin a bhàis,
'S a dh' fhuilig e air son an t-sluaigh;
Sgoilt brat an teampull sìos gu lèr,
'S dhùisg na mairbh an aird o'n uaigh.

Chreathnaich an talamh trom, le crith,
Air a ghrein gu'n tainig smal;
Le feirg Dhé, do chrath e 'n sin;
Dh-fhuilig Criosd an bàs rè seal.

Dh-adhlaic iad an t-Uan fo lèic,
Thug e buaidh, san uaigh cha d' fhan;
As a bhàs thug e gheur-ghuin,
'S dh-eirich an treas là gun smàl.

Na shuidh' aig deas-laimh athar a tu,
Criosd le gràsan os ar ceann;
A' cur oifig sagairt an gnìomh,
A' deasachadh a rìghachd dhuinn.

Thig an t-am san tig mac Dhé,
Creidibh sud gur sgeula fìor;
Le mìtibh mìl' de dh' àinglibh treun,
Thoirte oirne breith a réir ar gnìomh.

'N sin seinnear an trompaid gu h-ard,
Leis na h-àinglean 's àille snuagh;
Eiridh na mairbh an aird o'n àir,
'S bheir e cùntas uaith' an euan.

Lìmhraidh gach uaigh na fhuair i-fcìn,
'S cha bhì neach de'n treud air chall;
Nochdar iad uil' an fhadhuais Dé,
'S e Mhac féin is breitheamh ann.

Bithidh iadsan soilleir an sin,
Mar sholas dealrach an dreach;
Thig Criosd nan coinneamh le gean,
'S bith sith an comunn nam flath.

Nì thu 'n sin tearbadh air gach neach,
'S dìonaidh tu o'n fheirg na's leat,
Mhead 's tha air an dearbhadh dhut,
Cuirear iad fo dhion do bhrat.

Cuirear na gobhair air haimh chli,
Chum triall gu prìosan a' bhròin;
Druidear suas, 's gur cruaidh an sgeul,
Flath-Innis Dhé air an sròin.

Mallaichidh 'n nighean a mathair,
Mallaichidh mhathair a clann;
'S mallaichidh 'n t-athair a mhac,
Nach do ghabh a smachd 'na àm.

'S iomadh sgairteach, a's gul geur.
Ri h-am cluintinn sgeul an cràidh;
Mallachadh a chéile gu lèir,
Sgarachdainn ri Uan a ghràidh.

Sin là an dealachaidh bhochd,
G'an sgarachdainn a dh'aindeon riut;
G'an sgiursadh gu h-ainneal an loisg,
'S gun duil aig anam tighe'n as.

An teach d'a mìleadh cuirear iad,
Fo dhioghaltas an Ard-Rìgh;
Gun duil ri furtachd no ri b'è,
Gu bràth, cha tig iad a nìos.

Fasaidh 'n cuirp cho chruaidh ri prais,
Mar iarunn an cas san lann;
G'an cumail beo ann an sìor phian,
Teine dian gun fhurtachd là.

Gach aon là mar bhlianna bhuan,
An lagan loisgneach, cruaidh an sàs;
G'an lìodairt le teas a's fuachd,*
Sud an duais ge fad an dàil.

* The ancient Caledonians entertained the idea that hell was a cold and inhospitable place, as the following stanza from an old poem will show:—

"S maig a roghnaicheas Ifrinn fhuar,
'S gur h-i namh nan droigheann geur,
Is beag orm Ifrinn fhuar, thubh,
Aite bith-bhuan is searbh deoch."

The following lines from *Dàn an Fhir Chlaoin* give it this character:—

"I sin allaibh na freòine,
Led' thiugh-cheò as le t-namh-bhéidean
A thair nam pian gun bhiaidh gun bhaigh,
Do! ad dhàil be sud mo dhéidinn."

Latha cha bhi ann na dheigh,
Falaichear na reultan 's a ghrian ;
Sgriosar an saoghal gu leir,
'S neach cha téid an toll bho Dhia.

M'achanaich riuts', air sgàth do mhie,
Mèadaich mo ghliocas le gràs ;
'S thoir dhomh mathanas 's gach cùis,
Seal m'an druid mo shuil le bàs.

ROB DONN.

ROBERT MACKAY, otherwise called *Rob Donn*, was born in the winter season of the year 1714, at *Allt-na-Caillich*, in the parish of Durness, in the county of Sutherland, and in that part of the county, properly enough, till of late, designated by its inhabitants and others, "Lord Reay's country," and in the native tongue "*Dùthaich Mhic-Aoidh*," or, "The country of the Mackay." The bard was not the eldest son of his father; he had three brothers, of whom nothing remarkable is remembered. His father, Donald Mackay, or Donald Donn, is not remembered to have been of any poetic talent; but his mother's talents of that description are known to have been more than ordinarily high. She was remarkable for the recital of Ossian's poems, and the other ancient minstrelsy of the land. She lived to a very advanced age; and we have heard an instance of singular female fertitude evinced by her at the age of eighty-two. Having had the misfortune to break her leg, while tending her sheep at a considerable distance from home, she bound it up, contrived to get home unassisted; and while afterwards enduring the operation of setting the fracture, she soothed the pain by *crooning* a popular air.

If local scenery could be really imagined conducive in any way to the formation or training of poetic genius, of a truth the nursery of our bard might well lay claim to that merit—"the emblem of deeds that *were* done in its clime." The surrounding localities of his native spot, we believe, are not surpassed in picturesque grandeur by any other in the Highlands of Scotland.

Rob Donn might say of himself, with Pope, that "he lisped in numbers." Ere he had yet but scarcely obtained even the power of lisping, an anecdote is recorded of his infant age of no ordinary description, though homely enough in its history. At the wonted season of making provision for the winter, according to the country's fashion, by slaughtering of beeves, our bard's father, on one occasion, happened to slaughter two, one of which was found inferior in quality to the other. The small-pox, at the time, was committing mournful devastations among the youth of the neighbourhood. While busied in the necessary avocation of curing their winter's beef, the father says, "Now, the best of this beef is not to be touched till we have seen who survives the small-pox to share it." The infant bard, scarcely yet able to articulate or walk, on hearing this, exclaimed, "'S olc a' chuid sin do 'u fheur a dh' fhalbhas!" i. e. "He who departs will have a bad share of it, then!" "True, my boy," said the father, "and yours will never be a bad share, while you remain able to use it."

The first verse he is said to have composed, was when he had attained only his third year. Its occasion indeed testifies that his age could not have been much more at the time. It was the country's fashion for children, when they had little more than left the nurse's lap, to be dressed in a short frock, or cassock, formed close to the body round the waist, and buttoned at the back. A tailor had fitted our youthful author with such an habiliment, and next morning the child was anxious to exhibit it; but his mother, and the domestics, having been summoned early to some out-door pursuits, Robert became anxious to get abroad in his new garb, but found himself quite defeated in every attempt to button it on. He took the alternative of sallying forth in a state of nudity; when, being met by his mother coming towards the house, she chided him for being seen in this state. Robert's defence was made in the following stanza:—

“ 'S math dhomhsa bhi 'n diugh gun aodach,
 Le slaodaireachd Mhurchaidh 'Ic Neill,
 Mo bhroilleach chur air mo chùlthaobh,
 'S gun a dhùnadh agam fhéin !”

reproaching the tailor for the trick he had played him, in placing the buttons behind, and lamenting his own inability to accommodate the new dress to his person. His next exhibition of poetic promise was given in the same year, we are told, in the harvest season, when all the inmates of the family were employed in reaping. An old woman, who acted as nurse to the children, was on this occasion called to the sickle. She complained that the more active labourers had jostled her out of her place, and left her only to reap the straggling stunted stalks that grew in the border furrow. While muttering her disappointment, Robert, scarce able but to creep at his nurse's elbow, endeavoured to rally her with a verse:—

“ Bì-sa dol a null 's a nall,
 Gus a ruig thu grunn na clais',
 Cha 'n 'eil air, ma tha e gann,
 Ach na tha ann a thoirt as.”

At the age of six or seven years, he attracted the particular attention of Mr John Mackay, the celebrated *Iain Mac-Eachuinn*, a gentleman of the family of *Sherray*, then living on the neighbouring farm of *Musal*. This gentleman, of poetic talents himself, prevailed with our author's parents to allow their child to come into his service, or rather into his family, at the early age we have mentioned. In this family our author remained as a servant from this age till the period of his marriage. Here he experienced liberal treatment, and sincere, unvaried kindness, of which he ever retained a lively and grateful recollection, especially towards his master; and it is no trifling praise to both, that though they once or twice latterly had a difference, the bard's esteem and affection returned when the casual excitement had passed; and when it lay upon his mind, he was never once known to have given it the least utterance in any shape bordering upon disrespect,

and after his death the bard composed an admirable elegy to his memory, which combines as forcible, energetic description of character and conduct, with as pure poetic power as can be found in any poetry of its kind. The bard most feelingly and pathetically concludes it with a solemn appeal of his having mentioned no virtue or trait of which he was not himself a witness.

A youth of our author's poetic mind could not be expected to remain long a stranger to the more tender susceptibilities of his nature. Nor has he left us in ignorance of his first love. It is the subject of one of his finest songs:—" *'S trom leam an àiridh,*" &c. Here his passion breathes with an innocent, simple faithfulness, with an ardour and truth of poetic recital, that no lays of the kind can perhaps surpass.

After his marriage, Rob Donn first resided at the place of *Bad-na-h-achlais*, then probably forming a part of his late employer's tenure. It was, we believe, soon after this period, that Robert was hired by Lord Reay to the office of a cow-keeper, at that time an office, though a humble one, of considerable responsibility and trust. In this station he continued for the greater part of his after life-time. We have not been able to ascertain dates with precision, to say whether it was before or after having accepted this office that our bard enlisted as a private soldier in the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders, which was raised in 1759. He did not enlist so much as a soldier, as he was urged by the country gentlemen holding commissions in that corps, and as he himself felt inclined to accompany them. The regiment was reduced in 1763, and our bard returned to his home.

Though we have said that he spent mostly the after period of life, since he entered the service of Lord Reay, in that office, it was not without interruption. He left his servitude at one time, and we are inclined to think it was then he went into the military service. While he had charge of Lord Reay's cattle, and his wife of the dairy, during the summer months, it was also his province to look over them during the winter months: and it became a part of his duty, or an employment connected with it, to thresh out corn for supplying the cattle with fodder. To the laborious exercises of the flail, the bard could never submit. He employed servants to perform this part of his duty. That was, however, taken amiss, and he was told that he must himself wield the flail or leave the situation. He chose the latter alternative; and removed, with his family, to the place of Achmore, in that part of the parish of Durness which borders upon Cape Wrath. Indeed, though we have no decided authority for the supposition, we are inclined to believe that the difference between him and his noble employer originated in another cause than that ostensibly alleged. The bard had been dealing his reproofs rather freely. No feeling of dependance, no awe of superior rank or station, ever restrained him from giving utterance to his sentiments, or from enjoying his satire, whenever what he conceived to be moral error, or evil example, called for reproof. And this was dealt with the dignity that belongs to virtue, refusing, as he always did on such occasions, to compromise that dignity by indulging in personal invective. But whatever was the cause of the difference that occasioned his removal, he was soon recalled, and left not the service again during the life of the chief.

Robert continued to attend his usual avocations till within a fortnight of his death, which took place on the 5th August, 1778, being then aged 64 years. The death of the bard caused a universal feeling of sadness, not only in his own native corner, but over the whole county. It might be said that there was no individual but mourned for him as a friend: those only excepted whose continued immoralities and errors had rendered them objects on which fell with severity the powerful lash of his satire.

His stories of wit and humour were inexhaustible; and, next to superior intelligence and acuteness of mind, formed perhaps in his every-day character the most distinguishing feature. He had ever a correct and delicate feeling of his own place; but if any one, high or low, superior or equal, drew forth the force of his sarcasm upon themselves, by assuming any undue liberty on their part, it was an experiment they seldom desired to repeat. His readiness and quickness of repartee often discovered him where he had been personally unknown before. At one time, when travelling northward through a part of Argyllshire, he met by chance with Mr M'Donald of Achatriochadan, well known in his own country as a man of notable humour and distinguished talents. Robert addressed to this gentleman some question relative to his way; and giving a civil answer, Mr M'Donald added, "I perceive, my man, by your dialect, you belong to the north—what part there?" "To Lord Reay's country." "O! then, you must know Rob Donn!" "Yes I do, as well as I know myself. I could point him out to you in a crowd." "Pray do inform me, then, what sort of person he is, of whom I have heard so much." "A person, I fear, of whom more has been spoken than he well deserves." "You think so, do you?" The last answer did not please the inquirer, who was poetic himself, thinking he had met with too rigid a censurer of the northern bard, and the conversation ceased, while they both proceeded together on their way. After a pause, Mr M'Donald, pointing to Ben-Nevis, which now rose in the distance before them, says, "Were you ever, my man, at the summit of yonder mountain?" "I never was." "Then you never have been so near to heaven." "And have you yourself been there?" "Indeed I have." "And what a fool you have been to descend!" retorted the bard, "are you sure of being ever again so high?" M'Donald had caught a tartar. "I am far deceived," said he, "if thou be not thyself Rob Donn!" The bard did not deny it, and a cordial friendship was formed between them.

To Rob Donn's moral character testimony has already been borne. It was uniformly respectable. To those acquainted with what may well be denominated the moral and religious statistics of the bard's native country at that time, and happily still, it will furnish no inconsiderable test not only of his moral but of his strictly religious demeanour, that he was chosen a ruling elder, or member of the Kirk Session of the parish of Durness. In that country such an election was never made where the finger of scorn could be pointed at a blemish of character. It scarcely requires to be told, that his society was courted not alone by his equals, but still more by his superiors in rank. No social party almost was esteemed a party without him. No public meeting of the better and the best of the land was felt to be a full one, without Rob Donn being there.

In the bosom of his own humble but respectable family, we have good authority for

saying that he was a pattern in happiness and in temper. A family of thirteen were mostly all spared to rise around him, trained to habits of industry and of virtue. None of them became celebrated as inheriting their father's genius; but some of his daughters possessed more or less of the "airy gift;" and from their attempts at repartee and impromptu, the father used frequently to draw much mutual and harmless enjoyment. His wife had a musical ear and voice unrivalled in the country; and any ordinary pastime of their winter evenings was for the family and parents to join their voices in song; while we believe, that when the father's absence did not prevent, they never ceased to exemplify the most sacred lineaments of the immortal picture in "The Cottar's Saturday Night."

Rob Donn's compositions may be classed into four kinds—Humorous, Satirical, Solemn, and Descriptive; all these severally, with few exceptions, belonging to the species of poetry commonly called Lyrical. He was illiterate; he knew not his alphabet. The artificial part of poetry, if poets will grant that expression legitimate, was to him utterly unknown. Perhaps he never took more than an hour or two to compose either his best or his longest songs. Even the most of the airs to which he composed are original, which presents as a single circumstance the resources of his mind to have been of no ordinary extent. His works were published in Inverness, with a memoir prefixed, in 1830.

In forming an estimate of the moral and poetical merits of Rob Donn, his biographer has been more guided by the opinions and prejudices of his countrymen, than by a just and impartial examination of the poet's works. In poetry, as in religion, we may be allowed to judge men by their fruits. Rob has been held up as a man of high moral and religious worth; but the editor himself admits, that many of his pieces are too indelicate for publication.

Many of his published pieces are such as no good man ought to have produced against his fellow creatures. His love of satire was so indiscriminate, that he often attacks persons who are not legitimate objects of ridicule. Little men and women are the unceasing objects of his satire; and he does not spare the members of his own family.

He was proud of his own powers of satire, and seemed to enjoy the dread of those who feared the exercise of his wit. His satire is not rancorous and vindictive, but playful and sportive; more calculated to annoy than to wound. If he was not invited to a feast or wedding, next day he composed a satire, full of mirth and humour, but too indelicate to be admitted into his book. He has not the wit and poignancy of Macintyre, who composed his satires while in a state of irritation to punish his enemies.

As a writer of elegies, he is more distinguished for sober truth, than poetical embellishment. He hated flattery; and, in closing an elegy on the death of a benefactor, he declares that he had recorded no virtue that he had not himself observed.

As a poet he cannot be placed in the highest rank. He is deficient in pathos and invention. There is little depth of feeling, and very slender powers of description to be found in his works; and, when the temporary and local interest wears away, he can never be a popular poet.

Yet, Rob Donn has been honoured more than any of his brother poets in the Highlands. A subscription having been raised among his countrymen for a monument to his memory, it is now erected in the parish burying-ground of Durness, over his grave. Its foundation stone was laid on 12th January, 1829, with masonic honours, and a procession to the burying-ground, not only of the whole parish, but joined by numbers from the other parishes of "Lord Reay's country," headed by Captain Donald Mackay, of the 21st regiment of foot, who has done himself honour worthy of record by his activity and zeal in raising the subscription, and bringing, with his other coadjutors, this intention to its completion. The monument now stands a record of the bard's fame, and an honourable testimony of his countrymen's feelings. It is of polished granite, on a quadrangular pedestal of the same enduring material, and bears the following inscriptions:—

[*First Side.*]

IN MEMORY

OF

ROB DONN, OTHERWISE ROBERT MACKAY,

OF DURNESS,

THE REAY GAELIC BARD.

THIS TOMB WAS ERECTED AT THE EXPENSE OF A FEW OF HIS COUNTRYMEN,

ARDENT ADMIRERS OF NATIVE TALENT,

AND EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS.

1829.

[*Second Side.*]

"POETA NASCITUR NON FIT."

OBIIIT 1778.

[*Third Side.*]

"BU SILUAGH BORB SINN GUN BHREITHEANAS,

NUAIR A DH-FHALBH THU, MUR SGATHADH SUD OIRNN.

"Δέγεις· ἐλὼ γὰρ εἰμὶ ὁ πορσύναι τὰδ᾽

Γνοῦς τὴν παρῶσαν τέχνην, ἣ ὁ εἴχεν πάλαι."

[*Fourth Side.*]

"SISTE VIATOR, ITER, JACET HIC SUB CESPITE DONNUS,

QUI CECINIT FORMA PRESTANTES RURE PUELLAS;

QUIQUE NOVOS LETO CELEBRAVIT CARMINE SPONSOS;

QUIQUE BENE MERITOS LUGUBRI VOCE DEFLEVIT;

ET ACRIUS VARIIS MOMORDIT VITIA MODIS."*

ÆTATIS 64.

* The above lines, in memory of the bard, were written by the late Rev. Alexander Pope, minister of Reay.

ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

As diugh, an diugh, gur reusontach
 Dhuinn ùirdh ann an sainntachas,
 An tri-amh lath' air crìochnachadh,
 De dhara mios a' gheamhraidh dhuinn;
 Dean'maid comunn fàilteach riut,
 Gu bruidhneach, gàireach, òranach,
 Gu botalach, copach, stòpanach,
 Le cruit, le ceòl, 's le damhsaireachd.

Dean'maid comunn fàilteach
 Ris an là thug thun an t-saoghail thu;
 Olanaid deoch-slàinte nis
 An t-Seumais big o 'n d' inntirig thu;
 Le taing a thoirt do 'n Ard Rìgh shuas,
 Gu 'n d' fhuair do mhàthair Ìobhraigeadh,
 Dheth h-aon bha do na Gàil,
 Mar bha Dàibhidh do chlainn Israeil.

Tha cupall bhliadhu' a's ràidhe,
 O 'n là thàinig thu do dh' Alba so;
 'S bu shoilleir dhuinn o 'n tràth bha sin,
 An fhàilte chuir an aimsir oirnn.
 Bha daoine measail, miadhail oirnn,
 'S bha àrach nì a' sealbhach' oirnn,
 Bha barran troma tìr' againn,
 Bha toradh frith' a's fairs' againn.

An diugh, an diugh, gur cuimhne leann,
 Air puing nach còir a dhearmad ort,
 Mu bhreith a' phrionnsa riòghail so,
 Dhe 'n teaghlaich dhìrich Albannaich;
 Togamaid suas ar sùilean ris,
 Le ùrnuigh dhùl gun chealgairachd,
 Ar lùmhan na 'm biodh feum orra,
 Le toil 's le eud 's le earbsalachd.

Togamaid fuirm a's meanmnadh ris,
 Is aithnichear air ar dùrachd sinn,
 Le latha chumail sundach leinn,
 As leth a' phrionnsa Stiùbhartach;
 Gur cal' an àm na h-éigin e,
 Ar carraig threun gu stiùireadh air;
 Thug bìrr air cheud am buadhanan,
 'S tha cridhe 'n t-sluaigh air dlùthadh ris.

Cha 'n iognadh sin, 'n uair smuainichear
 An dualachas o 'n tàinig e;
 'N doimhne bh' ann gu foghlaimte;
 Gun bhonn do dh' éis 'n a nàdur dheth,
 Mar Sholamh, 'n cleachdadh reusanta,
 Mar Shamson, treun an lùmhan e,
 Mar Absalom, gur sgiamhach e,
 Gur sgiath 's gur dìon d' a chàirdean e.

Nach fbaie sibh féin an spéis
 A ghabh na speuran gu bhì 'g ùmhladh dha;
 'N uair sheas an reannag shoillseach,
 Anns an *line* an robhsa stiùireadh leis;
 An comhar' bh' aig ar Slànuighear,
 Ro Theàrlach thigh'n do 'n dùthaich so,
 'N uair chaidh na daoine ciallach ud
 G' a iarraidh gu Ierusalem.

A nis, a Theàrlaich Stiùbhairt,
 Na 'm biodh an crùn a th' air Seòras ort,
 Bu lionmhor againn cùrtearan,
 A' caitheamh ghùn is chleòcaichean;
 Tha m' atcheuing ris an Tì sin,
 Aig am beil gach nì ri òrduchadh.
 Gu 'n teàrnadh e o 'n cheilg ac' thu,
 'S gu 'n cuir e 'n seilbh do chòrach thu.

ORAN NAN CASAGAN DUBHA.

[A rinn am bàrd 'n uair chual' e gu 'n do bhacadh an t-éideadh Gàilach le lagh na rioghachd; agus munnitir a dhùthcha fein bhì uile air taobh rìgh Deòrsa 's a' bhliadhna 1745.]

LAMH' Dhé leinn, a dhaoine,
 C' uime chaochail sibh fasan,
 'S nach 'eil agaibh de shaorsa,
 Fìu an aodaich a chleachd sibh;
 'S i mo bharail mu 'n éighe,
 Tha 'n aghaidh fhéileadh a's osan,
 Gu 'm beil caraid aig Teàrlach,
 Ann am *Pàrlamaid* Shasuinn.

Faire! faire! 'Rìgh Deòrsa,
 'N ann a spòrs' air do dhilsean,
 Deanamh achdachan ùra,
 Gu bhì dùblachadh 'n daorsa;
 Ach on 's balaich gun nails' iad,
 'S fearr am bualadh no 'n caonhna,
 'S bidh nì 's lugha g'a t-fheitheamh,
 'N uair thig a leithid a risidheimn.

Ma gheibh do nàmhaid 's do charaid
 An aon pheanas an Albainn,
 'S iad a dh-éirich 'na t-aghaidh,
 Rinn an roghainn a b' fhearra dhiubh;
 Oir tha caraid math cùil ac',
 A rinn taobh ris na dh' earb ris,
 'S a' chuid nach d' imich do 'n Fhraing leis,
 Fhuair iad *pension* 'nuair dh-fhalbh e.

Cha robh oifigeach Gàelach
 Eadar *Serjent* a's *Cuirneil*,
 Nach do chaill a *chomission*,
 'N uair chaidh 'na briseadh le fòirneart ;
 A' mbeud 's a fhuair sibh an uiridh,
 Ged bu diombuan r'a òl e,
 Bheir sibh 'm bliadh' air ath-philleadh,
 Air son uinneagan lèidsain.

Cha robh bhliadhna na taic so,
 Neach a sheasadh mar sgoileir,
 Gun *chomission* righ Breatainn,
 Gu bhi 'n a Chaptein air onair ;
 Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh,
 Nach do leasaich sud *dolar*,
 Ach an sgiùrsaigeadh dhachaidh,
 Mar chù a dh-easbhuidh a *choilair*.

Ach ma dh-aontaich sibh rìreadh,
 Rì bhur sior dhol am mugha,
 Ged a bha sibh cho rioghail,
 Chaidh bhur cisean am modhad ;
 'S math an aivridh gu 'n faicte
 Dream cho tais ribh a' cumha,
 Bhi tilgeadh dhibh bhur cuid bhreacan,
 'S a' gabhail chasagan dubha.

Och ! mo thruaighe sin Albainn !
 'S tìr a dhearbh sibh bhur reuson,
 Gur i 'n roinn bh' ann bhur n-inntinn,
 'N rud a mhill air gach gleus sibh ;
 Leugh an *Gobharment* sannt
 Anns gach neach a thionndaidh ris fèin dhibh,
 'S thug iad baoight do bhur gionaich,
 Gu 'r cuir fo mhionach a chèile.

Ghlac na Sasunnaich fàth oirbh,
 Gus bhur fagail ni 's laige,
 Chum 's nach bitheadh 'g ur cunntadh,
 'N ur luchd comb-strì ni b' fhaide ;
 Ach 'n uair a bhias sibh a dh-easbhuidh
 Bhur n-airm, 's bhur n-aiuinnean sraide,
 Gheibh sibh *sàrsaigeadh* mionaich,
 Is bidh bhur peanas ni 's graide.

Tha mi faicinn bhur truaighe,
 Mar ni nach cualas a shamhuil,
 A' chuid a's fèarr de bhur seabhaig,
 Bhi air slabhruidh aig clamhan ;
 Ach ma tha sibh 'n ar leòghainn,
 Pillibh 'n dòghruinn s' 'na teamhair,
 'S deanaibh 'n deudach a thrusadh,
 Mu 'n t-èid bhur busan a cheangal.

'N uair thig bagradh an nàmhaid,
 Gus an àit anns do phill e,
 'S ann bu mbath leam a chàirdean,
 Sibh bhi 'n àireamh na buidhne,

D' am biodh spioraid cho Gàelach,
 'S gu 'm biodh an sàr ud 'n an cuimhne,
 Gus bhur pilleadh 's an abbainn,
 Oir tha i roimhibh ni 's doimhne.

Nis, a Thèarlaich òig Stiùbbhaid,
 Riut tha dùil aig gach fine,
 Chaidh a chothachadh crùn dhut,
 'S a leig an dùthaich 'n a teine ;
 Tha mar nathraichean folaicht',
 A chaill an earradh an uraidh,
 Ach tha 'g ath-gbleusadh an gathan,
 Gu éiridh latha do thighinn.

'S iomadh neach a tha guidhe,
 Rì do thighinn, a Thèarlaich,
 Gus an éireadh na cuinean,
 Dheth na bhuidheann tha 'n éigin ;
 A tha cantainn 'n an cridhe,
 Ged robh an teanga 'g a bhreugadh,
 " Làn do bheatha gu t-fhaicinn,
 A dh' ionnsuidh Bhreatainn a's Eirinn."

'S iomadh òganach aimsichte,
 Tha 's an àm so 'n a chadal,
 Eadar bràighe Srathl-Chluanaidh,
 Agus bruachan Loch-abair ;
 Rachadh 'n cùisibh mhic t-athar,
 'S a chrùn, 's a chathair r' a tagradh,
 'S a dh' ath-philleadh na Ceathairn,
 A dhioladh latha Chulodair.

Ach a chàirdean na cùirte,
 Nach 'eil a' chùis a' cur feirg oirbh,
 Na 'n do dh' fhosgail bhur suilean,
 Gus a' chùis a bhi searbh dhuibh ;
 Bidh bhur duais mar a' ghobhar
 A théid a bhleodhan gu tarbhach,
 'S a bhith r' a' fuadach 's an fhoghar
 Is ruag nan gaothar r' a h-earball.

Ma 's e 'm peacach a 's modha
 'S coir a chumhachd a chlaoidheadh ;
 Nach e Seumas an Seachdamb
 Dhearbh bhi seasmach 'n a inntinn ?
 " C' uim' an dìteadh sibh 'n onair,
 Na bhiodh sibh moladh na daoidheachd ?"
 'S gur h-e dhlùitheachd d' a chreideamh
 A thug do choigrich an rioghachd.

Fhuair sinn righ á Hanoibhar,
 Sparradh oirne le achd e,
 Tha againn prionnsa 'n a aghaidh,
 Is neart an lagha 'g a bhacadh ;
 O Bhih, tha shuas 'na do bhreitheamh,
 Gun chron 's an dithis nach fac thu,—
 Mar h-e a th' ann, cuir air aghairt
 An t-aon a 's lugha 'm bi pheacadh.

ISEABAIL NIC-AOIDH.

AIR FONS—*Piobaireachd.**An t-ùrlar.*

ISEABAIL Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laogh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laogh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar;
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laogh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar;
 Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh
 Aig a' chrodh laogh,
 Am bonnabh nam frith'
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

An ceud Siubhal.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh!
 A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
 Ma thig thu a chaoidh,
 'S i so do thim;
 Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laogh,
 Am bonnabh nam frith',
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh!
 A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
 Ma thig thu a chaoidh,
 'S i so do thim;
 Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laogh,
 Am bonnabh nam frith',
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Comharradh duibh
 Nach 'eil gu math,
 Air fleasgach amh
 Bhi feadh a so,
 'N uair tha bean-taigh'
 Air Riathan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-ri.

Comharradh duibh
 Nach 'eil gu math,
 Air fleasgach amh
 Bhi feadh a so,
 'N uair tha bean-taigh'
 Air Riathan nan Damh,

Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 'S i na h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An dara Siubhal.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Riathan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-ri;
 Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Riathan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Riathan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-ri;
 Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Riathan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Duine sam bith
 Th' air son a' chluich',
 De chinneadh math,
 Le meud a chruidh,
 Deanadh e ruith,
 Do Riathan nan Damh,
 Gheibh e bean-taigh,
 'S cuiradh e rith'.

Duine sam bith
 Th' air son a' chluich',
 Do chinneadh math,
 Le meud a chruidh,
 Deanadh e ruith
 Do Riathan nan Damh,
 Gheibh e bean-taigh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Taobhlath.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neònach am fasan,
 Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
 Nan nithean bu taitneich'
 Dhaibh féin e bhi aca,
 Bhi fulang a faicinn,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neònach am fasan,
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
Nan nithean bu taitneich'
Dhaibh féin e bhì aca,
Bhì fulang a faicinn,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air acadh 'n a h-aonar.
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Cruinluath.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Innsidh mis do dh-ìomadh fear,
'S an raunuidheachd 'n uair chluinnear i,
Gu'n beil i air a cumail
As na h-uile h-àite follaiseach,
Le ballanan a's cuinneagan,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

Note.—This song was composed in praise of a young lady, the daughter of *Iain mac Eachuinn*, the bard's early friend, to the well known air of the pipe tune, "*Fàille Phrionns*." To those who have attended to the variations of that air, as played properly upon the great Highland bag-pipe, it cannot but appear as a very respectable effort, that the bard has met all its variations, quick and slow, with words and with sentiments admirably suited both to the air and to his subject.—*Fide Memoir of Edin.* 1829.

PIOBAIREACHD BEAN AOIDH.

Urlar.

Thogaireadh bean Aoidh,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
Uain do dh-Aisir,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
'N aghaidh na gaoith',

'S rinn iad Mac-Aoidh
Aig Lochan-nan-Glaimhidheach.
'S folloiseach a dh-fhalbh i,
Callaidheachd an déigh Aoidh,
Thoilich i ' bhì 'n a mnaoi,
'N àiteachan fàsachail;
Chunna' mise mar bha i,
Turaban an déigh Aoidh,
'M bealach eadar dà bheinn,
B' àill leo gu 'n tàmhadh iad.
Chunnaic mi rud eile ris,
Dh-innis domh nach robh sibh saor,
H-uile h-aon de an nì,
Sgaoilt' feadh nan àiridhnean.
'S chunnaic mi thu féin, Aoidh,
'N uair a rinn thu 'm pill,
Gurraidh cruinn anns a' bheinn,
'S duilich dhuibh 'àicheadh.

Siubhal.

'S suarach an t-uidheam,
Do ghruagach no niginn,
Bhì pronnadh 's a' bruidhean,
Is càb oirre ghìreachdaich.
Triall thun na h-uighe,
Gun ghnothuch no guidhe,
A' mhealladh le bruidhean,
Pàisteachan bà-bhuachaill.
Ma tha agaibh de chridhe,
Na philleas mo bhruidhean,
Théid mis air an t-slighe,
'S feuchaidh mi 'n t-àite
An robh sibh 'n 'ur suidhe,
'N 'ur laidhe 's 'n ur suidhe,
'S mu 'n ruitheadh beul duibhe,
B' théarr gun a chlàistinn.
'S suarach an t-uidheam, &c.

Crunluath.

Na càirdean bu dealaidh bha staigh,
Chàirich iad ìomadh fear roinn',
Dh' fheuchainn an cumadh iad uaith,
Ailleas nach b' fheàirde i,
Thionndaidh i 'bus ris an fhràigh,
'S bhòidich nach pilleadh i troigh,
Chaidh gus an ruigeadh i 'n taigh,
Am b' àbhaist d'fàth fhaighinn.
Dh-fuàg i 'n t-aran a' bruich',
'S dh-fhalbh i o philleadh a' chruidh,
Dh-àicheadh i combairl' 's am bith,
'S mhàrsail i dh-Aisir bhuainn.
Mhuinntir a thachair a muigh,
'S iad a fhuair sealladh a' chluich,
Anna 'n a ruithe, teannadh o 'n taigh,
'N déigh 'ille chrìcanaich.

Na càirdean bu dealaidh, &c.

RANN AIR LONG RUSPUINN.

[Sean long bheag, a bha air a càradh le ceannaiche, bha 'n a shean duine, agus a bhrìst roimhe sin; chàrnach e an long so, le spruilleach luinge chaidh a bhriseadh ri stòrm gearbhaidh air tràgh fagus do Ruspuinn; bha 'n ceannaiche pòsd' ri seann nighean tacaan ro'n àm sin, 's iad gun chlann. 'N uair rinn e suas an long, 's ann le luath ranaich mar luchd a chaidh e leatha air a' cheud siubhal.]

SEANA mbaraich, seana cheannaich,
Le seana chailleig, 's iad gun sliochd;
Gun tuar conaich air a' chual chrannaich,
Is luath rainich air cheud luchd.
Bha sean acair, gun aon taic inn't,
Air sean bhacan, ri sean taigh;
Leig an sean tobha gun aon chobhair,
An sean eithear air seana chloich.
Bha trìùir ghaiseach gun neach caisrigt',
Air dhroch eistreadh 'n an caol ruith.
Gu long *Ruspuinn* nach pàigh cuspuinn,
An t-seana chupuill nam plàigh rith'.
'S mòr an éis e do fhear *pension*,
Bha 's na ranaibh fada muigh,
Bhi air chùl fraighneach air stiùir Sine,
Gun dùil sineadh ri deagh chluich.

ORAN NAN SUIRIDHEACH.*

FHEARAMH 'g' leis am miannach pòsadh,
Nach 'eil na sgeibh so 'g' ur fàgail trom?
Tha chuid a 's diomhair' tha cur an lìn diùb,
Cha 'n 'eil an trian diùb a' ruigheachd fuinn.
Tha chuid a's faighreachail' air an oighreachd's,
O 'm beil am *prise* a' dol air chall,
Mar choirean làidir, cur mail' air pàirtidh,
Tha barail chairdean, a's gràdh gun bhonn.

Tha fear a' suiridh an diugh air inighean,
Gun bharrail iomraill nach dean e turn;
Bha i uair, 's bu chumba buairidh,
A ghuth d' a cluais, a's a dhreach d' a sùil.
An sean ghaol cinnteach bha aig ar sinnsir',
Nach d' fhuair cead imeachd air feadh na dùthch',
Nach glan a dhearbh i, gu 'n deach' a mharbhadh,
'N uair ni i bàrgan, 'nuair thig fear ùr.

'S iomadh caochladh thig air an t-saoghal,
'S cha chan an fhirinn nach 'eil e crosd',
Na h-uile maighdean a ni mar rinn i,
Tha fois a h-inntinn an cunnart feast.
An duine treubhach, mur 'eil e spréidheach,
A dh' aindeoin eud, tha e féin 'g' a chosg.
'S le comhairl' ghòraich a h-athair dhòlum,
'G a deanamh deònach le toic, 's le trosg.

* For the air, see "The Rev. Patrick M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs," page 17, No. 112.

O 'n tha 'n gaol ac' air fàs mar Fhaoilleach,
Na bitheadh strì aguibh ri bhì pòsd',
'A seasmhachd inntinn cha 'n 'eil thu cinnteach,
Rè fad na h-aon oidhch' gu teacad an lò;
An tè a phairticheas riut a càirdeas,
Ged tha i 'gràdh sud le cainnt a beùil,
Fo cheann seachduin, thig caochladh fleasgaich,
'S cha 'n fhaigh thu facal dh'i rè do bheù.

Ach 's mèr an nàire bhì 'g an sàrachadh,
Oir tha pàirt dhiubh de 'n inntinn stèit',
Mach o phàrantan agus chàirdean,
Bhì milleadh ghràidh sin tha fas gu h-òg;
Mur toir i aicheadh do 'n fhear a's fear leath',
Ged robh sud craiteach dh'i fad a beò,
Ni h-athair feargach, a beatha searbh dh'i,
'S gur fearr leis marbh i, na 'faicinn pòsd'.

Faodaidh reason a bhì, gu tréigeadh
An fhir a 's beusaich' a théid 'n a triall;
Ged tha e cairdeach, mur 'eil e pàgach,
Ud! millidh pràcas na th' air a mhian;
Tha 'n duine suaice, le barrachd stuamachd,
A' call a bhuannachd ri tè gun chial;
'S fear eile 'g' éiridh, gun stic ach léine,
'S e cosnadh géill dh'i mu 'n stad e srian.

Mur 'eil stuamachd a' cosnadh gruagaich,
Och! ciod a' bhuaidh air an beil a geall?
Nach mor an neònachas fear an dòchais so,
Gun bhì cnòdach ni 's modha bonn;
Fear eile sineadh le mire 's taosnadh,
Le comunn faoilteach, no aigneachd trom,
'S ge math na trì sin gu cosnadh aontachd,
Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon diùb nach 'eil a' call.

Ma tha e pàgach, ma tha e sgathach,
Ma tha e nàrach, ma tha e mear;
Ma tha e sanntach, ma tha e greannar,
Ma tha e cainnteach, a's e gun chron;
Ma tha e bòidheach, ma tha e seolta,
Ma tha e còmhnaidh, ma tha e glan;
Ma tha e diomhain, ma tha e gnìomhach,
Ud, ud! cha 'n fhiach le a h-aon diùb sin!

Ma tha e pàgach, tha e gun n-àire,
'S ma tha e sgathach, cha bheag a' chrois;
Ma tha e gaolach, tha e 'n a chaora;
'S ma tha e faoilteach, tha e 'n a thros;
Ma tha e gnìomhach, their euid, "Cha 'n fhiach e,
Tha 'm fear ud mìodhair, 's e sud a chron;"
'S ma tha e failligeach ann an aiteachadh,
"Cha bhì barr aig, is bi'dh e bochd."

Ch an t-aon fhear air feadh an t-saoghail,
A tha nis cinnteach gu 'n dean e turn;
'S nach 'eil a h-aon de na tha mi 'g' innseadh,
Nach 'eil 'n a dhiteadh dha air a chul.

An duine meannnach, 's e toimhseil, ainmeil,
Cha chluinn thu ainm ach mar fhear gun diù ;
'S nach fhaic thu féin, air son iomadh reusoin,
Gu 'n deach' an spréidh os ceann céille, 's cliù.

Tha fear fós ann, a dh-aindeoin d'chais,
A dh' fhaodas pòsadh gun mhòran char ;
Na'm biodh de chiall aig 'n a dh' aithnich rianh,
Gu 'n do dh-éirich gràin anns an àirde 'n ear ;
Dean 'n a dhuairc e, a rugadh 'n cuaran,
Thoir baile 's buar dha, a's treabhair gheal ;
Leig labhairt uair dha, ri athair gruagaich,
'S bheir mi mo chluas dhut mar faigh e bean.

AM BRUADAR.

AIR FOSN—“*Latha siubhal skìbhe dhomh.*”

CHUNNA' mise brudair,
Fhir nach cuala, thig a's chluinn ;
Ma 's breisleach e, cur casg air ;
'S ma tha neart ann, bi 'g a sheinn ;
Na m' b' fhìor dhomb féin gu 'm faca mi,
Am Freasdal, 's e air beinn ;
Gach nì a's neach 'n a anbarc,
Is e coinhead os an cinn.

Chunna' mi gach seòrsa 'n sin,
A' tigh'nn 'n an cròthaibh, cruinn ;
'S na 'm b' fhìor dhomb, gu'n robh mòran diubh,
A b' eòl domh ri mo linn ;
Ach cò a bha air thòs dhiubh,
Ach na daoine pòsd' air sreing,—
'S a' cheud fhear a thuirte facal diubh,
Cruaidh chasaid air a mhuaoi.

Labhair glagair àraidh ris.—
“ 'S tu leig mo mainiudeas leam,
N uair phòs mi ghobach, àrdanach,
Nach obadh eamhan rium ;
'S e 's cainnt an taobh mo leapa dh'i,
An uair is pailte rùm,
Gu cealgach, feargach, droch-mheinneach,
'S an droch-uair, teama a null.”

“ Their i ris, gu h-ain-meinneach,
'N uair dh' éireas fearg 'n a sròin,
Gu 'm b' ole mi ann an argumaid,
'S nach b' fheàrr mi thogail sgeòil,—
Cha b' ionann duit 's do e' ainm e sud,
'S deagh sheanachaidh e 's taigh-òsd',
O ! 's buidhe dh'i-s' thug dhachaigh e,
B' e féin am fleasgach còir.

“ Nuair chlosas mis' ri smuaineachadh,
Gach truaighe thug mo shàr ;
Their i, sgeigeil, beumach, rium,
Gur ro mhath dh-éisdinn sgeul ;
Is their i ris na labhras mi,
Gu 'n canadh clann nì b' fhearr ;
Aon ghuimh, no cainnt, cha chinnich leam,
Nach di-mol i le 'beul.”

Thuirte ise :—“ Gu 'm b' eudach sud,
'S gu 'n robh e breugach, meallt' ;
Is thug i air mar b' àbhaist d'i,
Nach abradh 'bheul-sa drannid ;
“ Tha 'n adharc sgorrach, éitidh ;
Ach o 'n 's éigin d'i bhì ann,
O ! ciod e 'n t-àite 'n còra dh'i
Bhì fàs, na air a' cheann.”

Thubhairt fear de 'n fìreannh ud,
Bu tàbhachdaiche bh' ann,
“ A Fheasdal, rion thu fìbhor rium,
Am pàirt 'nuair thug thu clann ;
Ged thug thu bean mar mhàthair dhaibh,
Nach dean gach dàrna h-àn,
Ach h-uile guimh a 's tarsuinne,
Mar 'b' thachras thigh'n 'n a ceann.”

Fhreagair Freasdal reusonta,—
“ 'S e 's feumail dhut bhì stuaim',
'S a liuthad là a dh' éisd mi riut,
Is tu 'na t-éigin chruaidh ;
Mu 'n do chumadh léine dhut,
Bha 'n céile sin riut fuaight',
Is ciod iad nìs na fàthan,
Air am b' àill leat a cur bhuat ?”

“ Nach bochd dhomb, 'nuair thig *strainsearan*,
Bhios ceòl-mhor, cainnteach, binn,
'Nuair 's math leam a bhì fialaidh riuth',
'S ann bhies i fiata ruinn ?
'N uair dh' (las mi gu cùirteil leath',
'S e gheibh mi cùl a cinn,
'S bith mise 'n sin 'n am lbreugadair,
Ag ràdh gu 'm beil i tinn.

“ Cha tàmh i 'm baile dìthribh leam,
Cha toigh leath' gaath nam beann,
An t-àite mosach, fàsachail,
Am beil an cràbhadh gann ;
'S ged chuir mi làmh ri eaglais i,
Cha 'n fhadh dh' fhanas ann,—
'An t-àite dona, tàbhurnach,
Bith sluagh cur neul 'n a ceann.”

Sin 'n uair thubhairt Freasdal ris,—
“ 'S e thig do 'n neach nì chòir ;
A bhì nì 's dhùith' r' a dhleasannas,
Mar 's truime crois 'g a leòn ;

Ged shaoileadh tu gu 'm maitheadh dhut,
Na pheacaich thu gu h-òg;
Cha 'n fhear gun chamaidh crannchair thu,
Fhad 's bhios a' cham-chomhdh' l' s' beò.

"Cha 'n fhac thu féin o rugadh tu,
Aon cheum de m' obair-s' fiar,
Ged chunnaic mi mar chleachdadh tu,
Do dhreachdan 's do chiall;
Cia h-iomadh *tric* gu beartas,
Bh' air an dithheadh steach 'n ad chliabh,
Nach fhaic thu gur h-aon aisinn dhìot,
A chum air ais sud riamh.

"Aidich féin an fhirinn,
Agus chi thu 'n sin mar bha,
A' mheud 's a ghabh mi shaothair rith',
Gus an caoch'leadh i nì b' fhearr;
Dh-fheuch bochdainagus beartas dh'i,
Is euslaint agus slaint',
Is thainig mi cho fagus d'i,
'S a bagairt leis a' bhas.

"Nuair a dh' fhench mi bochdain dh'i,
'S ann ortsa chuir i 'm fàt;
'S cha mhò a rinn an t-socair i
Nì b' fhosgarraich' ri cèch;
Le h-euslaint' nuair a bhun mi rith',
S ann frionasach a dh-fbas;
An t-slaiente bhuam cha 'n aidich i,
'S cha chreid i bhuam am bàs."

Cò sin a chite tighinn,
Dol a bhruidhean ris gu teann,
Ach duine bha cruaidh chasaid
Air a' mhnaoi bu ghasd' a bh' ann;
'S e 'g radh:—"Nuair théid mi 'n taice rith',
'S ann bhios oirr' gart a's greann,
'S 'nuair their mi chainnt a's dealaidh rith',
Gu 'n cuir i cèr 'n a ceann.

"Gur h-e trian mo dhìtidh oirr',
Nach bi i faoilidh rium;
Nì i sgeig a's cnaidh orm,
Gun ghair' a' tigh'n'n á còim;
'Nuair bhitheas sinn 'n ar n-aonaran,
Bidh 'cainnt' 's a h-aogas trom,
Ach 'n uain thig na fir gu fuirmheil,
Gheibh sinn òl, a's cuirn, a's fonn.

"A Fhreasdail, rinn thu seirbhe dhomh,
'S ann orm a chuir thu chuing,
'S gu 'm b' eòl dut gu 'n robh m' aimsir,
Is mo mheanmnadh air an claidh;
B' fhuasad' dhut 's na bliadhnaibh ud,
Mo riarachadh le mnaoi
Bhiodh ùmhail, cairdeil, rianail dhomh,
'S nach iarradh fear a chaoidh."

"Dh' fhaodainn-sa do phòsadh
Ris an t-seòrsa tha thu 'g ràdh,
Ach 's aonan as a' chiad dhiubh,
Bheireadh riarachadh dhut ràidh;
An tè de 'n nadur neònach ud,
'S nach toireadh pòg gu bràth,
Aon dràm no deoch cha 'n òlar leath',
'S cha dheònaich i do chàch."

Air an dara dùsal dhomh,
'N déigh dùsgadh as mo shuain,
Chunnaic mi na daoine sin,
Ag sgaoileadh mach mu 'n cnair;
S na h-uile bean bha pùda sin,
A' dol 'n an dùnaibh suas,
Ach 's aon tè as an fhichead dhiubh,
Bha buidheach leis na fhuair.

Labhair aon bean iunnsuicht' dhiubh,
Bu mhodha rùm na cèch:—
"Am biadh, an deoch, 's an aodaichean,
Cha 'n fhaodainn bhì nì 's sathaidh';
Ach gu m' fhagail trom, neo-shunndach,
Cha 'n eòl domh pung a's dàch',
Na gealltanas mo thùileachadh,
Gun choimhlonadh gu bràth.

"An duine sin tha mar rium,
Tha sior ghearan air mo shuand,
Dhearbhainn féin air 'fhiacail,
Ged nach d' iarr mi, nach do dhiùlt;
Bidh mòran diubh mì-reusonta,
'Nuair gheibh thu 'n sgeul gu grunnud,
Tha dùil ac' gu 'n ghluais mireag riuth',
An spiorad nach 'eil ann'.

"S neònach leam an dràsda 'n so,
Sior àbhaist nam fear pòsd',
Their gu ladarn' dàna,
Nach do thoirmisg aithne p'g;
Cia mòr an diùbhas beusan
Th' eadar eucoir agus còir,
Cha 'n eòl domh aite-seasaimh,
Gun a chos air aon diubh dhò."

Chunnaic mi 's an àite sin,
Nì àbhachdach gu leòir,
Is shaoil mi gu 'm bu reusan e,
O 'n tigeadh eudach mòr;
Ciod bh' ann ach fear gun chomas,
'G iarraidh comunn tè gun chòir,
'S bha fìor dhroch bheachd aig ceud deth,
'S a bhean féin 'g a chur an spòrs.

Chuireadh e neul 'n am eanchainn-s',
A bhì 'g ainmeachadh le cainnt,
A' mheud 's a bh' ann de dh-argumaid,
'S do chomunn gearrta greann';

Bha na ceadan pears' an sud,
'N an seasamh ann an rànc,
'S bha casaidean aig mòran diubh,
Ma 'n aon neach bha toirt taing.

AN DUINE SANTACH

AGUS AN SAOGHAL, A' GEARAN AIR A CHEILE.

AN DUINE.

'S MI-CHOMAINNEACH thusa, Shaoghail,
'S b' abhaist dhut,
'S ole a leanadh tu ri daoine
A leanadh riut;
Am fear a cheangail sreang gu teann riut,
Leis a' ghlut;
'Nuair tharruinn gach fear a cheann féin d'i,
'S es' a thuit.

AN SAOGHAL.

Is sibhsé tha mar sin, a dhaoine,
'S b' abhaist duibh,
'S ole a leanadh sibh ri saoghal
A leanadh ribh;
Ged chuir mise sorchan fodhaibh,
'S air gach taobh,
Mas sibh féin tha gabhal teichidh,
Soraidh leibh!

AN DUINE.

O, na 'n gleidheadh tu mis', a shaoghail,
Bhithinn dha do réir,
Oir tha na h-uile ni a's toigh leam
Fo na ghréin;
C' uim' an leigeadh tu gu dìlinn
Mi gu péin,
'S nach 'eil flaitheas cho priseil dhomh
Riut féin.

AN SAOGHAL.

S ann bu chòir dhut bhí cur t-eòlais
Ni bu deis',
Far am biodh na h-uile sòlas
Ni bu treis',
Ged ni mis' an t-umaidh àrach
Ri car greis,
'N uair a thogras e féin m' fhagail,
Leigeam leis.

ORAN DO'N OLLA MOIRISTON.

LUNNEAG.

*Binn sin uair-eigin,
Searbh sin òg,
Binn sin uair-eigin,
Searbh sin òg;
Binn sin uair-eigin,
'N comunn so dh' fhuaraich,
Air an robh earball glé dhuineil,
Ge bu ghuanach a shòn.*

A' BHLIADHNA na caluinn-s',
Bu gheur am faobhar a ghearradh an teud,
Bh' eadar Dòmhnall 's am Morair,
'S iad mar aon ann an comunn 's an gaol;
Ach cia b' e ni bha 's na cairtean,
Chaidh e feargach oirnn seachad an dé;
'S cò a 's dàcha bhí coireach,
Na 'm fear a dh-fhagas an baile leis féin?
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Chunnaic mis' air a' bhòrd thu,
Bhliadhna ghabh Sìne Ghòrdon an t-àit,
'S cha chuireadh tu t-aodann
Ann an comunn nach slaodadh tu leat;
Ach 'nuair shaoil leat do shorchan,
Bhí cho laidir ri tulaichinn a' gheat',
Shliob na bonna-chasan reamhar
Dheth na loma-leacan sleamhainn gun taic!
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Dearbh cha ghabhainn-sa ioghuadh
As an leac so chuir mìltean a muigh,
Dhe na corra-cheannaich' bhriosgach,
Aig am faicte 'n dà iosgaid air chrith;
Ach an trostanach treubhach,
Chuireadh neart a dha shléisd' an an sith,
Ma thuit es' aig an doras,
Cia mar sheasas fear eile 's an bith?
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

'S ann tha ceumnanan Freasdail
Toirt nan ceadan de kasanan duinn,
Deanamh iobairt de bheagan,
Gu 'm biodh càch air an teagasg r' an linn;
Ach ma thuiteas fear aithghearr,
Le bhí sealltuinn ro bhras os a chinn,
Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam, aca,
Co a 's ciontaich' an leac no na buinn.
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Tha mise féin ann an eagail,
'G iarraidh fasaich no eag do mo shàil,
Is mi falbh air an leacach,
Air an d' fhuair daoine seasamhach an àir;

Ach tha m' earbsadh tre chunnart,
Mo gharbh-chnaimhean uile bhi slàn,—
Oir ged a thàrladh dhomh clibeadh,
Cha 'n 'eil àird' aig mo smigaid o 'n làr.

Binn sin uair eigin, &c.

An duin' 'eg s' tha 'n a léigh,
Tha mi clàistinn tha tighinn á 'dheigh,
Fhuair e leasan o dhithis,
Chum gu 'n siùbhladh e suidhicht' 'n a cheum;
Ach mu 'n chùis tha d' a leantuinn,
Cuiream cùl ri bhi cantuinn ni 's léir;
Ach na 'm biodh brìgh na mo chomhairl',
So an t-àm am beil Somhairl' 'n a feum.

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Ian Mhic-Uilleim 's an t-Srathan,
Faodaidh deireadh do lathach'-s' bhi searbh,
Ged tha 'n aimsir-s' cho sìtheil,
'S nach 'eil guth riut mu phris air an tàrbh;
Chaidh luchd-fàbhoir a bhriseadh,
Na bha 'n dreuchd eadar Ruspunn 's am Pàrbh;
Am fear a thig le mòr urram,
Gheibh e ceud mìle mallachd 's an fhalbh.*

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Note.—Dr Morrison, the hero of this song, was for a long time in high esteem and favour in the family of Lord Reay; but at length a misunderstanding arising between them, he found cause to leave the family, reflecting, at the same time, on the fluctuating temper and unsteady favour of the great, and repeating the old Gaelic adage, "Is steamhumu an teac a th'aig dorus an taigh' mhòir."

M A R B H R A N N.

[Do dhithis mhinistear ro ainmeil 'nan dùthaich, Mr Iain Munro, Ministear Sgìre Eadarachaoisais, agus Mr Dòmhnall Mac-Aoidh, Maighstir-sgoile, sgìre Fair.]

AIR FOKN—"Oran na h-aoise."

'S e mo bheachd ort, a bhàis,
Gur bras thu ri pàirt,
Gur teachdair' tha laidir, treum, thu;
An cogadh no 'm blàr,
Cha toirear do shàr,
Aon duine cha tàr do thréigsinn;
Thug thu an dràs
Dhuinn buille no dhà,
Chuir eaglaisean bàs, a's foghlum;
Is 's fhuasad dhomh ràdh,
Gur goirid do dhàil,
'S gur tric a' toirt beàrn 'n ar Cléir thu.

Bhuin thu ruinn garbh,
Mu 'n dithis so dh-fhalbh,
'Nuair ruith thu air lorg a chéil' iad;
C' uime nach d' fhàg thu

Bhuidhean a b' àirde,
A bhiodh do chàch ro fheumail;
A bhruidhean a b' fheàrr
A' tighinn o 'm beul,
'S an cridheachan lìn de reuson;
Chaidh ghibhteachan gràis
A mheasgadh 'u an gnàths,
'S bha 'u cneasdachd a' fàs d' a réir sin.

Dithis bha 'n geall
Air gearradh á bonn,
Gach ain-ìochd, gach feall, 's gach eucoir;
Dà sholus a dh-fhalbh
A earrannan garbh,
Dh-fhàg an talamh-sa dorch d' a réir sin;
Ge d' tha e ro chruaidh,
Gu 'n deach' iad 's an uaigh,
Tha cuid a gheibh buaidh a's feum dheth;
Mar ris gach aon ni,
Dh-aithris iad dhuinn,
Chaidh 'n gearradh á tìm an leughaidh.

Dithis a bh' ann,
Bu chomhairl' 's bu cheann,
Do phobull fhuair àm g' an éisdeachd;
Dithis, bha 'm bàs
'N a bhriseadh do chàch,
Gidheadh gu 'm b' e 'm fàbhor féin e;
Cha ladurn gu dearbh,
Dhuinn chreidsinn 'nuair dh-fhalbh,
Gu 'n d' fhreagair an earbs' gu léir iad;
A dh' aindeoin an aoig,
B' e 'n cairide gaoil,
'Nuair sgair e o thìr nam breug iad.

Tha sgeulan r' a inns'
Mu dhéighinn na dith's,
A 's feumail a bhi sna ceudan;
Feudaidh mi ràdh,
Cia teumach am bàs,
Nach tug e ach pairt d' a bheum uainn.
Ged thug e le tinn,
An corpa do 'n chill,
Bidh iomradh ro bhinn 'n an déigh orr';
Is iomadh beul cinn,
Ag aithris 's gach linn,
Na labhair, na sheinn, 's na leugh iad.

Sinne tha làthair,
Tuig'maid an t-stràchd-s',
Is cleachdamaid trà air reuson;
Nach faic sibh o'n bha,
An lathachan s' gearr,
Gu 'n ruith iad ni b' fhe'rr an réis ud;
'S mac-samhuil dhuinn iad,
Ged nach 'eil sinn cho àrd,

* "Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end"
Johns, P'an. Hum. Wishes.

Annas na nitheanaibh cràbhaidh, leughant' ;
 Na earb'maid gu bràth,
 Gu 'n ruig sin an t-àit-s'
 Mur lean sinn ri pàirt d' an ceuman.

Tha 'n teachdair s' air tòir
 Gach neach a tha beò,
 'G an glacadh an còir no 'n eucoir ;
 Na gheibh e 'n a dhòrn,
 Cha reic e air òir,
 Ri gul, no ri deoir cha 'n èisd e.
 Chi mi gur fù
 Leis tighinn do 'n chùil,
 Gu fear th' ann an claid mar éideadh ;
 'S ged dheanamaid dùn,
 Cha cheannaich e dhuinn,
 Aon mhionaid de dh-ùin o 'n eug sin.

An dithis so chuaidh,
 Cha rachadh cho luath,
 Na 'n gabhadh tu uainn an éirig ;
 Cha leig'maid 'n an dith's
 Iad as an aon mhios,
 Na 'm b' urradh sinn dìol le seudan :
 Ach 's teachdair ro dhàn'
 Thu, tighinn o 's àird,
 Buailidh tu stàtaibh 's déircean ;
 Cha bhacar le 'pris,
 Air t' ais thu a ris,
 'S tu dh' easbhuidh an aoin mu 'n téid thu.

Glacaidh tu chloinn
 A mach bho na bbroinn,
 Mu 's faic iad ach soills' air éigin ;
 Glacaidh tu 'n òigh,
 Dol an coinneamh an òig.
 Mu 'm feudar am pòsadh éigheachd.
 Ma 's beag, no ma 's mòr,
 Ma 's sean, no ma 's òg,
 Ma 's cleachdamh dhuinn còir no eucoir ;
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beò,
 Is anail 'n ar sròin,
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na féich ud.

Tha 'm bàs os ar cinn,
 'G ar glacadh le tinn,
 'S le fradhac ar cinn cha léir e ;
 Ach tha glaoth aig' cho cruaidh,
 'S gu 'm faodadh an slugh,
 A chluinntinn le cluasan reusoin.
 Nach deare sibh a chùl,
 Is fear aig' fo iùil,
 'S e sealtuinn le 'shùil gu geur air ;
 An diugh cìod am fath,
 Nach bìth'maid air gheàrd,
 'S gu 'n bhuin e ar nàbaidh 'n dé bluaínn.

A chumhachd a tha
 Cur chugainn a bhàis,
 Gun teagamh nach pàighear 'fhéich dha ;
 Tha misneachd a's bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall,
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul dha.
 Oir 's athair do chlann
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,
 'S fear-taighe do 'n bhantraich féin e ;
 'S e'n Cruithear a th' ann,
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoillean sinn anns a' chreutair.

M A R B H R A N N,

DO MHAIGHSTIR. MURCHADH MAC-DHOMHNAILL.

MINISTEAR SGIRE DHIURINNIS

AN DUTHAICH MHIC-AOIDH.

'S e do bhàs, 'Mhaighstir Murchadh,
 Rinn na h-àitean so d'òrachadh,
 'S ged chaidh dàil ann do mharbhrann,
 Labhraibh balbhachd ri céill.
 Na 'm biodh a' Chrìosdaidheachd iomlan,
 Cha rachadh dì-chuimhn' air t-iomradh,
 No do ghnìomharan iomlaid,
 Ach leantadh t-iomchan-s' gu léir ;
 Gur h-e chràdh mi 'n am mheanmhadh,
 'S do luchd-gràidh agus leanmhuinn,
 Meud do shaothrach mu 's d' fhalbh thu,
 'S lugh'd a luirg as do dhéigh ;—
 Bheir cuid *leasan*an buadhach,
 O bhruaich fasanan t-uaghach,
 Nach tug daiseachan suarach,
 As na chual iad bhuat féin.

Fìor mhasgull chionn plàidhidh,
 No stad gealtach le gàbhadh,
 Bhrìgh mo bheachd-s' ann an dèmaibh,
 'S mi nach deanadh, 's nach d' rinn :
 Ach na 'm biodh comain no stà dhut,
 Ann a t-alladh chur os àird dut,
 Co ach mis' do 'm bu chàra,
 'S co a b' fheàrr na thu thoill ?
 Bhuidhean mholtach-s' a dh-fhàg sinn,
 Ged nach urr' iad a chlàistinn,
 'S còir bh' 'g aithris am pàirtean,
 Gun fhàbhor, 's gun fhoill ;
 Oir 's buain' a' chuimhne bheir bàrda,
 Air deagh bhuaidhannaibh nàduir.
 Na 'n stoc cruinn sin a dh-fhàg iad,
 Is comb-stri chàirdean 'g a roinn.

Bha do ghìbh-tean-sa làidir,
 Air am measgadh le gràsan,
 Annas a' phearsa bha àluinn,
 Lom-lan de na chéill ;

An tuigs' bu luchdmhoir' gu gleidheadh,
An toil a b' èasgaidh gu mathheadh,
'S na h-uile h-aigheadh cho fhathail,
Fad do bheatha gu léir.

Bhiodh do chomhairl' an còmhnuidh,
Le do chobhair 's do chòmhnuadh,
Do luchd-gabhail na còrach,
Rèir 's mar sheòladh tu féin ;
Dheanadh tu 'n t-aindeonach deònach,
Is an t-aineolach eòlach—
'S b' e fìor shonas do bheòshlaint,
Bhi tabhairt còrr dhaibh de léirs'.

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumach,
Bha thu saor ri fear reusant',
Bha thu aodanach, geurach,
Mar chloich, ri cucoireach, cruaidh ;
Bu tu 'n tabhairteach maoiniach,
Bu tu 'n labhairteach saoitbreach,
Bu tu 'n comhairleach timeil,

'S crìoch a' ghaoil ann ad fhuath ;
Tha e 'n a ladarnas gabhaidh,
Bhi le h-eagal ag àicheadh,
Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Rìgh,
Ni an àird na cbaidh uainn ;
Ach 's fàbhor Freasdail, 's a's ioghnadh,
No 'n ni a 's faisge do mhòr-thuill,
Am bèarn so th' againn a lìonadh,
Gu blas miannach an t-sluaigh.

Leam is beag na tha dh' fhoighneachd,
Mu na thubhairt, 's na rinn thu,
'S mu na chliù sin a thoill thu,
O 'n là chaill sinn thu féin ;
Ach mòran tartar is stròighlich,
Air son fèich, agus oighbreachd,
Fàgaidh beartaich mur *fhìne* e,
Air an cloinn as an dèigh ;

'S e nì a 's minig a chi mi,
Dh' aindeoin diombunachd time,
Gu'm beil giontach nan daoine,
Tarruinn claochadh 'n an cèill ;
Ach cha 'n 'eil iomairt no *mòtion*,
Anns na freasdail so dhomhsa,
Nach toir *leasan* 'n am chòdhail,
Le seann *nòt* bho do bheul.

Toigheach, faicilleach, fiamhach,
Smuainteach, facalach, gnìomhach,
Ann do ghnothachaibh diombair,
Gun bhi diomhain aon uair ;
Cbaith thu t-aimsir gu saoitbreach,
Air son sonas nan daoine ;
'S cha b' e truaill'dheachd shaoghailt
No aon nì chur suas.
'Nuair tha nitheana taitneach,
Dol a mugh' a chion cleachdaidh,
B' e chùis fharmaid fear t-fhasain,
'S cha b' e beartas a's uailis',

A' dol o 'n bheatha bu sheirbhe,
Tre na cathan bu ghairbhe,
Dh-ionnsuidh Flaitheas na tairrhe,
Gu buan shealbhadh duais.

Gu'm beil cealgaireachd chràbaidh,
Air a dearbhadh gu gabhaidh,
Tha 'n a gairisim r' a clàistuin,
Is ro chràiteach r' a leaidh ;
Nuair a thuit thu le bàs bhuainn,
Mar gu 'm briseadh iad bràighdean,
Dhùisg na h-uile sin a b' àbhaist,
A bhi an nàdur an t-sluaigh ;
Gu'm beil cath aig an Ard-Rìgh,
Gu bhi gabhail nam pàirtean,
Anns na chruthaich e gràsan.
Thug air aghairt gach buaidh ;
Rinn sud sinne 'n ar fàsach,
Anns an talamh-s' an trà so,
So a' bharail th' aig pàirt diubh,
Tric 'g a ràitinn air t-suaigh.

An duine thigeadh a suas riut,
Ann an guth 's ann an cluasan,
Cha 'n fhacas riamh a's cha chualas,
Is 's e mo smuaintean nach chuinn ;
Ged bu bheartach do chràbhadh,
Bha do mbeas air gach talann,
'S tu a thuigeadh na dàna,
'S am fear e dheanadh na raìnn ;
Chuid a b' àirde 's a' bhuaidh sin,
Tha 'd air stad dheth o 'n uair sin,
Ach na daiseachan suarach,
Tha mu 'n cuairt duinn a' seinn ;
'Nuair a cheilear a' ghrian orr'.
Sin 'n uair ghoireas na biastan,—
Cailleadh-oidhech' agus strìanach.
An còiltean fìadhaich, 's an glinn.

'S eòl domh daoine 's an aimsir-s',
Dh-fhàs 'n an cuideachd glé ainmeil,
Tigh'nun air nitheanan talmhaidh,
Ann an gearrabbhaireachd gheur ;
Ach 'n uair thogar o 'n làr iad,
Gus na nithibh a's àirde,
S ann a chluinneas tu pàirt diubh,
Mar na pàisdean gun chòill ;
Fhuair mi car ann do rianailh-s',
Le do ghibhteas bha fialaidh,
Nach do dhear mi, ma 's fìor dhomh.
An aon neach riamh ach thu fein,—
Càil gach cuideachd a lìonadh,
Leis na theireadh tu diomhan,
'S crìoch do sheanchais gun fhìradh,
Tighinn gu diadhaidheachd threun.

Bha do chuid air a sgaoileadh
Gu bhi cuideachadh dhaoine,

'S fhad 's a bha thu 's an t-saoghal,
 'S tu nach faodadh bhì pàidht';
 Chuid bu taitneich 'n an iomchàinn,
 Cha 'n 'eil facal mu 'n timcheall,
 Cha bhì ceartas mu 'n iomradh,
 Ach le 'n imrich, 'n am bàs.
 'S truagh am peanas a thoill sinn,
 Thaobh nan ciantan a rinn sinn,—
 Bhì sìor ghearradh ar goibhlean,
 'S ar cuid theaghlaichean fas;
 Gun cheann laidir gu fhoighneachd,
 Co nì 'n àirde na chaill sinn,
 Cuid, d' an cràdh, là is oidheche,
 Nach tig t-oighe 'na t-àit.

CUMHA DO MHR. MURCHADH.

[A rinn am bard an ceann bliadhna an déigh bàis an duin' uasail sin, air iarrtas a mhic am fìor Gàel suaire ionnsaichte, Mr Padruig Mac-Dhòmhnuill, ministeir Sgìre' Chille-moire an Earraigh, air dha thighinn do 'n dùthaich, agus a bhì aig an àraidh an cuacachd a' bhàird.]

CO-SHEIRM.

'S cianail, a's cianail,
 O! 's cianail a tha mi,
 'N ceann na bliadhna,
 O! 's cianail a tha mi,
 A Mhaighstir Murchadh,
 'S tu air m' fhàgail,
 'S mairg nach d' fhuair sinn,
 Linn no dhà dhìot.

CHRIDHE NA FÉILE,
 A bhéil na tàbhachd,
 Cheann na céille,
 'S an fhoghlum chràbhaidh,
 Làmh gun ghanntair
 An am dhut paigheadh,
 An uachdar a' bhùird,
 A ghnùis na fàilte.
 'S cianail, &c.

Tha mise 'n am aonar,
 Mar aon ann am fàsach,
 'S nì gun fhem dhomh,
 Aobhar ghàire,
 Cuims' ann an eainnt,
 Ann an rann no dànachd,
 Chionn 's nach 'eil thu ann
 G' an clàistinn.
 'S cianail, &c.

Chaochail iad rianan,
 O chioslaich am bàs thu,
 Cha 'n 'eil meas am bliadhna,
 Air ciall, no air cràbhadh;
 Thionndaidh na biastan
 Gu riasradh gràineil,
 Leo-san leig Dia,
 Srian o 'n fì sin.
 'S cianail, &c.

Rinn cuid bròn
 Fa choir do bhàis-sa.
 Ach ghabh iad sgios,
 Ann am mòs no dhà dheth;
 Cha 'n 'eil mis' mar iadsan,
 Riaracht' cho trà dheth,—
 An ceann na bliadhna,
 'S cianail a tha mi.
 'S cianail, &c.

'S caomh leam an teaghlach,
 'S a' chlan sin a dh-fhàg thu,
 'S caomh leam na fuinn,
 Bhidhte seinn ann ad fhàdaich;
 'S caomh leam bhì 'g ùrachadh
 Chliù nach tug b'is dhìot;
 'S caomh leam an ùir th'air do thaobh,
 Dheth na Bhàghan!
 'S cianail, &c.

ORAN A' GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR FONS—"Through the wood, laddie."

Moch 's mi 'g éiridh 's a mhadainn,
 'S an sneachd air a' bheinn,
 Ann an lagan beag monaidh,
 Rì madainn ro dhoinid,
 'S ann a' chuala mi 'n lonan,
 Chuir an loinid o sheinn,
 Is am pigidh ag éigheach
 Rìs na spenraibh, 's cha bhinn.

Bithidh am beithe crìon, crotach,
 Sior stopadh o 'fhàs;
 Mar ri gaoth gharbh shéididh,
 Agus ioma-chathadh 'g éiridh,
 Crèan barraich a' géilleadh,
 Mios éigneach an àil;
 A' mhìos ehnatanach, fhuachdaidh,
 Choimheach, ghruamach, gun fhàths'.

B'f'dh gach doire dubh uaigneach,
 'N dùil fuasgladh o bhlàth ;
 Bithidh an sruadhachd a' traighbadh,
 Gus an fbreumh as na shìne,
 Crupaidh chairt ris gu dìonach,
 Gus an crìon i gu lár ;
 'N ion-dubh anns a' mhadaim,
 Sior sgreadail chion blàths.

Mhios dheitheasach, chaoile,
 Choinneach, ghaothach, gun bhlàths',
 Chuireadh feadail na fuarachd,
 Anns gach badan bu dualaich',
 Dbèirteadh sneachda 'n a ruathar,
 Air chruach nam beann àrd',
 'S an àm teichidh na grèine.
 Caillidh *Phæbus* a bhlàths'.

Mhios chaiseaneach, ghreannach,
 Chianail, chainneanach, ghearrt',
 'S i gu clachanach, currach,
 Chruaidhteach, sgealpanach, phuinneach,
 Shneachdach, chaochlaideach, fhrasach,
 Reòtach, reasgach, gu sàr ;
 'S e na chaoirneinean craidhneach,
 Fad na h-oidhche' air an lár.

'S ann bhios *Phæbus* 'n a reòtachd,
 An ceap nam mòr chruach 's nam beann ;
 Bidh 's an uair sin 's cha neònach,
 Gach eun gearra-ghobach goineach,
 Spìoladh iomall an oiraich,
 Cur a shròin anns an dàm ;
 Còmhraidh ciùrrta gun bheadradh,
 Le bròn a's sgreadal 'n an ceann.

'S an àm tighinn an fheasgair,
 Cha bhí an acaras gann ;
 Nì iad còmhuidh 's gach callaid,
 Buileach amhann a's callaidh,
 Sgrìobadh ùir as na ballaibh,
 Mios chur doininn nan gleann,
 'S iad a' beucail gu toirneach,
 'S cha bhí 'n eirbheirt ach mall.

Ach nach dao-chail 's a' gheamhradh,
 Fann ghéim gamhna chion feòir,
 Gnùgach, eòl-dromach, fearsnach,
 Tioram, tarra-ghreannach, àrsaidh,
 Biorach, sgreamhanach, fuachdaidh,
 Siltean fuaraidh 'r' a shròin,
 'S e gu sgrog-laghrach gùgach,
 Fulang sàraci' an reòt.

Bidh gach creutair d' a threisead,
 'G iarraidh fasgaidh 's a' choill,
 Bidh na h-ùrlaichean cabrach,
 Gnùsdach, airtnealach, laga,

Gabhail geilt dheth na mhadaim,
 Le guth a' chneatain 'n an ceann,
 Is ua h-aighean fo euslaimh,
 Air son gun thréig iad a' bheinn.

Sud na puirt bu ghoirt gearradh,
 Is bu shalaiche seinn,
 Ghabhadh m' iuntinn riamh eagal,
 Roimh bhuir sgreadail 's a' mhadaim,
 'N àm a' chruidh bhí air ghadaibh,
 'S an cuid fodair 'g a roinn,
 'S iad 'n am baideibh binniceach,
 Gu h-àsruidh, tioma-chasach, tinn.

Am bradan caol bharr an fhìor uisg',
 Fliuch, slaod-earballach, fuar,
 'S e gu tàrr-ghlogach, ronnach.
 Chlàmbach, ghear-bhallach, lannach,
 Soills na meirg' air 'n a earradh,
 Fiamh na gainn' air 's gach tuar,
 'S e gu crom-cheannach, burrach,
 Dòl le buinne 'na chuach.

An t-samhainn bhagarach, fhiadhaich,
 Dhubhrach, chlar-dhubh, gun bhlàths,
 Ghuineach, ana-bhlòchdach, thuachdaidh,
 Shruthach, stealanach, fhuaimneach,
 Thuileach, an-shocrach, uisgeach,
 Gun dad measaich ach càl,
 Bithidh gach deat, a's gach miseach,
 Glacadh aogais a' bhàis.

Note.—This song appears to be a parody on twelve of the stanzas of M'Donald's "*Ode to Summer*."—"We are inclined to think that on a journey the poet made to the Isle of Skye, he might have heard M'Donald's "*Summer Song*" and composed this in imitation of it."—*Memoir to Edit.* 1829.

'S TROM LEAM AN AIRIDH.

[Rinn am bàrd an t-òran so d' a leannan, Anna Moir-iston, nighean òg ro chluiteach, d' an tug e cheud ghaol ; bha e tada 'g a h-iarraidh, agus ise car leam-leat, gun bhì 'g a diùltadh no 'g a gabhail ; ach turas a thug e chun na h-airidh far an robh i aig an am, 's ann a dheare e oirre an cuideachd an t-saor bhàin, d' am b' ainm Iain Moraidh, ghabh e gu ro-throm i a chur cùl ris féin. Phàs i an saor bân an dèigh so, agus 'se aithris an t-sluaigh—nach robh i riamh toilichte gu 'n chuir i cùl ri Rob Donn ; agus cha mho a dhearth an saor bân e fein 'n a chéile ro thaitneach.]

'S TROM leam an airidh,
 'S a ghàir so a th'inn',
 Gu'n a phairt sin a b'bhàist,
 Bhì 'n dràsd air mo chinn ;

Anna chaol-mhalach, chioch-chorrach,
 Shlip-cheannach, ghrinn,
 'S Iseabail a bheoil mhilis;
 Mharanaich, bhinn.
 Ileich! mar a bhà
 Air mo chinn;
 'S e dh-fhag mi cho craiteach,
 'S gu'n sta dhomh bhì 'g inns'.
 Ileich! &c.

Shiubhail mis' a bhuail';
 Agus shuas feagh nan craobh,
 'S gach àit' anns am b' àbhaist,
 Bhì tàthladh mo ghaoil,
 Chunna 'm m' fear bàn,
 A's e m'aran r'a m'naoi
 'S b' fhearr leam nach tarainn
 An trà ud na ghaoith.
 'S e mar a bha,
 Air mo chinn,
 A dh' fhag air bheag tàth mi
 Ge nàr e ri sheinn.
 'S e, &c.

Anna bhuidhe nighean Don'uill,
 Na'm b'eol dut mo nì,
 'S e do ghradh, gu'n bhì pàidht',
 Thug a mhàn bhuam mo chù:
 Tha e dhomh às t-fhianais
 Cho ghuimhach, 's trà chì.
 Diogladh 's a' smuaiseach,
 'S gur ciuirrt' tha mo chrì.
 Air gach trà
 'S mi ann an strì,
 'Feuchainn ri àicheadh,
 'S e fàs rium mar chraoibh.
 Air, &c.

Labhar i gu h-àilleasach,
 Fàiteagach rium:—
 "Cha tàr thu bhì lèmh rium,
 Gu càradh mo chinn:
 Bha siathnar ga m' iarraidh,
 Car bliadhna de thim;
 'S cha b' airidh thar càch thu
 Thoir barr os an cinn.
 Hà! hà! hà!
 An d' fhàs thu gu tinn
 Mas e 'n gaol a bheir bàs ort
 Gu'm pàidh thu ga chinn!
 Hà! &c.

Ach cia mar bheirinn foath dhut
 Ged' dh-fhuaraich thu rium?
 'Nuair a's feargaich mo sheannachas,
 Ma t-ainm air do chùl,
 Thig t-iomhaigh le h-amsachd
 Mar shamhladh na m' uidh,

As saoilaidh mi gur gaol sin,
 Nach caochail a chaoidh.
 'S théid air a ràdh,
 Gu'n dh-fhas e as ùr,
 'S fasaich e 'u trà sin,
 Cho airde ri tùr!
 'S théid, &c.

On a chualas gu'n gluaisear thu,
 Bhuam leis an t-saor,
 Tha, mo shuain air a buaireadh
 Le bruadairean gaoil,
 Gu'n an càirdeas a bha sid
 Cha tàr mi bhì saor.
 Ga mo bhàrnaigeadh laimh riut
 'S e ghnà dhomh mar mbaor.
 Ach ma thà
 Mi ga do dhi,
 B'fheairde mi pàg bhuat
 Mas fagadh tu 'n ùr.
 Ach ma tha, &c.

AN RIBHINN ALUINN EIBHINN OG.

Tha Deòrs' air a' Mhàidsear
 Ro dhàn' ann an cainnt,
 An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Sior chur an cèill,
 Gu robh é-san fo staint*
 An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Ach 'nuair théid an t-òsd,
 Mu 'n bhòrd ann an rancaibh,
 Olaidh e gu càirdeach,
 Deoch-slàinte na baintighearn,
 Bidh h-uile fear do chàch,
 Mach o Sàlaidh, toirt taing dha,
 An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Mu 'm faca mo shùil thu,
 'S e 'n cliù ort a fhuair mi,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Mar gu'm bu bhan-dé thu,
 Gu 'n gèillleadh an sluagh dhut,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Shaoil leam gu'm bu bhòsd,
 A chuid mhòr bhàsa luaidh riut,
 Gus na shìn an ceòl,
 Sa sin gun tug iad a suas mi,
 Ach chreid mi h-uile draoidh dheth,
 'S an danns 'nuair a ghluais thu,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

* E bhì cheana pòsd'.

Shuidh mi ann an cuil,
 Mar gu 'n dèisgteadh á *trans* mi,
 A ribhinn ùluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Is dh'amhairceadh an triùir ud,
 Le 'n sùilean, 's le sannt ort,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Do réir mar a dh-fhaodainns'
 A h-aodann a ramnachadh,
 Dhùraigeadh Sàlaidh,
 Am Maidsear 'n a bhantraich;
 Tha aoibhneas air Deòrsa.
 Mu 'n bhròn bh' air a' Ghrannnach,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon,
 'S a' Bhatàillean d' an eòl thu,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Nach 'eil ort a brudair,
 Mas fuasgailt' no pòsda,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Gus an ruig e Tearlach,
 Am maisdear a b' òige;
 Ged bu chruidh 'alun
 Ann an armait rìgh Deòrsa,
 Chaoch'leadh e faobhar,
 Le gaol fa do chòir-sa,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Am fear a bhios an gaol,
 Cha 'n fhaodar leis 'fhuadach,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 'S ann is cruaidh a 'chàs,
 Gus am pàidhear a dhuais dha,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Fuillidh mi sùil,
 No fuillidh mi cluas dhiom,
 Ma tha aon de 'n triùir ud,
 As tric thasa luaidh' riut,
 Cho tiun le do ghaol,
 Rìs an aon fhear a's fuath leat,*
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

'S e 'n t-aobhar nach ordaichinn,
 Sàlaidh do 'n Chòirneil,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Eagal gu 'm bitheadh càch
 Ann an naimhdeas r' a bheò dha,
 An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Creutair cho caoimhneil riut,
 Is maighdeann cho bìdheach riut,
 Rì! bu mhòr an diobhail,
 Gu 'n cailleadh tu g' a dheòin iad,
 Suiridhich an t-saoghail,
 Le aon fhear a phòsadh,
 An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

O R A N E I L E

DO 'N MHAIGHDEINN CHEUDNA.

AIR FÒNN—"Sweet Molly."

LUINNEAG.

*Fear a dhanusas, fear a chluicheas,
 Fear a leumas, fear a ruithcas,
 Fear a dh-éisdhas, no nì braidhean,
 Bì 'n creidheach' aig Sàlaidh.*

DH-FHALBH mì dùthchan fada, leathan,
 'G amharc inigheannan a's mhnathan;
 Eadar Tunga 's Abar-readhain,
 Cha robh leithid Sàlaidh.
Fear a dhanusas, &c.

An Dun-éideann 's an Dun-didhe,
 'S a h-uile ceum a rinn mi dh-uighe,
 Cha 'n fhaca mi coltach rithe,
 Bean mo chridhe Sàlaidh.
Fear a dhanusas, &c.

'S math a claidinn, 's math a fradharc,
 Blasd' a caill agus na their i,
 'S math do 'n fhear a tharadh 'n gaire,
 Do dhoireachan Sàlaidh.
Fear a dhanusas, &c.

'S math a muigh, 's is math a staigh i,
 'S math 'n a guth i, is math 'n a dath i;
 'S math 'n a suidhe 'n ceann na sreath' i,
 Sann na laidhe 's feàrr i.
Fear a dhanusas, &c.

Fear a dh' iarras i 's nach fhaigh i,
 'S fear nach iarr i a chionn aghaidh,
 Cha robh fhios a'm co an roghainn
 Thaghainn as na dhà sin.
Fear a dhanusas, &c.

Caiptein treun nan *Grenadeer*,
 'S airde leumas, 's fear a rnitheas,
 Cha 'n 'eil àit an dean i suidhe,
 Nach bi e-san laimh rith'.
Fear a dhanusas, &c.

Na 'n racha' dealbh a chur 's a' bhrataich,
 Ann an arm an Iarla Chataich,
 Bhiodh iad marbh mu 'n dèant' a glacadh,
 Ged bhiodh neart a' Phàp' orr'.
Fear a dhanusas, &c.

Note.—Sally Grant, the subject of the foregoing two songs, was a girl of easy virtue, who followed the Sutherland fencibles. She was at first mistress to the Earl who commanded; she then served the officers, and finally the privates and drummers. Rob composed another song, called "*Mòr nig'h a' Ghiubharlam*," on the same girl, but the Editor has left it, and a number of others of the same description, out of the book on account of their indelicacy.

* Be Rob Donn féin "an aon fhear a b' fhuath leatha."

BRIOGAIS MHC RUAIRIDH.

[Rinneadh an t-òran so leis a' bhàrd aig banais "Iseabail Nic-Aoidh," nighean Iain 'Ic-Eachainn, air dh'ì bhi pòda ri Iain, mac Choinnich Sutharlain. Bha cruinneachadh anabarrach sluagh air a' bhanais de dh-uaislean na dùthcha; ach air do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn agus am bàrd cur a mach air a chòile goirid roimh 'n am sin, cha d' fhuair am bàrd enireadh thun na bainnse, ged bha e chòmhnuidh ann an àite fagus do laimh. Ach air do Choinneach Sutharlain, athair fhir na bainnse, thighinn air an ath mhadainn an dèigh a' phòsaidh, agus Rob Donn ionndrainn, thubhairt e ri Iain Mac-Eachuinn, gu 'n b' fhearr cuireadh a thoirt do 'n bhàrd 'n a thràth, no gu 'n chluinntes sgeula mu 'n thanais fathast. Bha fios aig Iain Mac-Eachuinn, nach tigeadh am bàrd air 'àilleas-sa, ged chuireadh e fios air. An sin chuir na h-uaislean uile, 'n an ainm fein, fios air, agus mur tigeadh a leis an teachdaireachd sin, gu 'n rachadh iad fein uile g' a shireadh. Thàinig Rob Donn gu toileach; oir bha mòr spèis aig do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn, 's d' a theaghlach, ged thàinig eadar iad aig an àm sin. Air an t-slighe dh-ionnsuidh taigh na bainnse, dh-fhoigh-mh Rob Donn ris an teachdaire thàinig d' a iarraidh. An do thachair ni àmbuilteach 's am bith 'n am meas o thòisich a' bhanais? Thuirr an teachdaire nach cual e-san ach aon rud—Gu 'n do chaill "Mac Ruairidh beag," gille thàinig an cois fhir na bainnse, a bhrìogais. Bu leoir so leis a' bhàrd, agus mu 'n d' rainig e taigh na bainnse, ged nach robh ann ach astar dà mhìle, bha 'n t-òran deanta; agus cho luath 's a shuidh e, thoisich e air a ghabhail.]

LUTNEAG.

*An d' fhlidir, no 'n d' fhaireich,
No 'n caula sibh,
Co idir thug briogais
Mhic Ruairidh leis?
Bha bhrìogais ud againn
An am dol a chadal,
'S 'nuair thàinig a' mhadainn
Cha d' fhuairadh i.*

CHÀIDH bhrìogais a stampadh,
Am meadhon na connlaich,
'S chaidh Uisdean a dhamhs',
Leis na gruagaichean;
'Nuair dh-fhàg a chuid inisg e,
Gu'n tug e 'n sin briogadh,
A dh-iarraidh na briogais,
'S cha d' fhuair e i.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Na 'm bitheadh tu laimh ris,
Gu 'n deanadh tu gaire,
Ged bhidheadh an siataig
Na d' chruachanan;
Na faicadh tu 'dhronnag,
'Nuair dh-ionndrainn e 'pheallag,
'S e coimhead 's gach callaid,
'S a' suaitheachan.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Iain Mhic Eachuinn,
Ma's tusa thug leat i,
Chur grabadh air peacadh
'S air buaireadh leath';
Ma's tu a thug leat i,
Cha ruigeadh tu leas e,
Chaidh t-uair-sa seachad
Mu 'n d' fhuair thu i.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Chaitriona Nigh'n Uilleim,*
Dean briogais do 'n ghille,
'S na cumadh sud sgillinn
A' thuarsdal;
Ciod am fios nach e t-athair,
Thug leis i g' a caitheamh,—
Bha feum air a leithid,
'S bha uair dheth sin.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Briogais a' chonais,
Chaidh chall air a' bhanais,
Bu liutha fear fanaid
Na fuaidheil oirr';
Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n òr i,
Cha robh an Us-mhòine
Na luaidheadh i.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n òr i,
Cha robh an Us-mhòine
Na ghluaisceadh i.
Mu Uilleam Mac-Phàdrig,
Cha deanadh i stà dha,
Cha ruigeadh i 'n àird'
Air a' chruachan dha.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Tha duine 'n Us-mhòine
D' an ainm Iain Mac-Sheòrais,
'S gur iongantas dhomhsa
Ma ghluais e i;
Bha i cho cumhang
Mur cuir e i 'm mugha,
Nach dean i ni 's modha
Na buarach dha.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Na leigibh ri bràigh' e,
'M leadh 's a bhios e mar tha e,
Air eagal gu 'n sàraich
An luachair e;

* Bean Iain Mhic Eachainn.

Na leigibh bho bhail' e
Do mhòinteach nan coille,
Mu 'n tig an labhallan,
'S gu buail' i e.
An d' fhlùid, &c.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh 'leithid,
Bha bann oir' de leathair;
Bha toll air a speathar,
'S bha tùthag air,
'S bha feum aic' air cobhair,
Mu bhréidean a gobhair,
Far am biodh am fear odhar,
A' suathadh rith'.
An d' fhlùid, &c.

Ach Iain Mhic-Choinnich,*
'S ann ort a bha 'n sonas,
Ged 's m'ar a bha dhonadas
Sluaigh an so;
'Nuair bha thu cho sgìobalt,
S nach do chail thu dad idir,
'S gur tapaidh a' bhrìogaibh
A bhuannaich thu!
An d' fhlùid, &c.

ORAN AIR SEAN FHLEASGACH,

AGUS SEANA MHAIGHDEAN,

MU'N ROBH SGEULIAD BHI DOL A PHOSADH.

Tha mhaighdean 's an àite-s'
Tha àireamh de bhliadhnaibh,
Is shaoil leam nach pòsadh
Neach beò i, chion briadhad;
Ach 's garbh-dheanta calg-fhionnach
Calbhar r' a bhiadhadh.
An gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Ciar-dhubh, ciar-dhubh,
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

A Mhairiead, cha chòir dhut
Bhì gòrach no fiata,
Tha mairist nì 's leòir dhut,
An còmhnuidh 'ga t-iarraidh;
Nì 's grànnde cha 'n eòl dombh.
'S nì 's bòidheche cha b' fhiach thu,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na d' ghaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

* Fear na bainne.

Tha ministear eòir ann,
Is mòran de chiall aig';
'N a thaoitear do 'n ìngean,
Gun iomall gun fhiaradh;
Is b' fheàr leis, an òigh
Bhì gun phòsadh seachd bliadhna,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Bhì triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged bhiodh ann a phòcaid,
De dh-èr na th' aig Iarla,
Bu m'ar a' chùis bhròin e
Do 'n òigh tha e 'g iarraidh;
Sùilean a's sròn,
Agus fe' sag, a's fiacian
A' ghille dhubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'S ole an leannan òinid
An t-òlach s' 'n a fhìonaig,
'N a laidhe 'n a chòta,
'N a rùgaire mìodhoir,
A shàiltean 'n a thòin,
Is a shròn ris a' ghrìosaich;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha pung ann a chùileachd,
Thug bàrr air na ciadan;
Tha 'aogas ro ghrànnda,
'S e air fàileadh 'n t-srìanaich;
An uair bha e an Grùididh,
Cha taobhaicheadh fiadh ruinn,
Leis a' ghille dhubh ciar-dhubh,
Bhì triall 'n an gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged tha e cho dao-chail,
Is aogas cho fiadhaich,
Bithidh feum air 's an tìr so,
Air tioman de 'n bhliadhna,
A thoirt ghabhraidh air mheann,
'S a chur chlann dheth na cìochan;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'Nuair a bha sinn cruinn
Anns a' bheinn, 's sinn ri fiadhach,
Bu tric a bhiodh tu 'n sàs
Anns an t-sàuce-pan, is biadh ann;
Bhiodh eagail air bàis oirnn,
Gu 'n enàmbadh to bian oirnn,
A ghille dhubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

ORAN NAN GREISICHEAN BEAGA.

AIR FOSN—"Crò nan Gobhar."

CHUNNA' mi crannanach,
 Cuimir ri ceannaireachd,
 'N Acha-na-h-Annaid,
 Cur feannag á chéile;
 Sheall mi le annas air,
 'S shìn mi ri teannadh ris,
 Thug mi mo bhoineid dhìom,
 'S bheannaich mi féin da.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach
Air chomhairl' nam breitheamhan,
Dh-òrduich gach dìthis dhia
Bhà le aon chéile;
Faodaidh sìochd tighinn
An deigh na buidhnean so,
Fathast a blitheas
'N an iongantus féille.

Chaidh mi air m' aghairt,
 Is shàraich e m' fhoighidinn,
 Feuchainn le a' lughad
 C' ait' am faighinn da céile;
 Fhuair mi 'n taigh Choinnich i,
 C' nìme gu 'n ceillinn,
 'S a h-aparan deiridh
 Cho ghoirid r' a fhéileadh-s'.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tòmas a's Dòmhnall,
 Seòras a's Alasdair,
 'S coltach 'n an colluinn
 A' cheathrar r' a chéile;
 B' fheàrr leam tè thapaiddh
 Bhiodh seachad air leth-cheud,
 Na a faicinn air leth-trath,
 Aig fear dhiubh mar chéile.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha iomadh sgeul eile
 Tha againn gu barantach,
 Naidheachd 'g a h-aithris
 A baile Dhun-cideann,
 Nach 'eil nìle cho àit'
 Ann an oibrichibh frasdail,
 Ri faicinn nam peasan
 A' maitseach a chéile.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha mise fo chachdan,
 Nach nradh mi leasachadh,
 Nach fhaigh mi aon fear dhiu
 Nì maitse do Chéitidh;

Tha truas aig mo chridhe
 Rì seasgaich' na h-ighinn,
 Nach faigh sinn aon leighich,
 Chuireas dìthis rì chéil' diu.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Cuirear do 'n eilean iad,
 'S thugar mir fearainn dhaibh,
 'S bheir iad an air'
 Air na gearrain 's a' chéitein;
 Air eagal am prunnaidh
 Rì fiodh no rì bolla,
 Tha tub aig a' Mhorair
 Nì taigh dhaibh le chéile.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha agam-sa tuilleadh
 De leithid an fhirionnach-s';
 'S air chor a's gu'n cluinnear iad,
 Seinneam air scís iad;
 Dòmhnall beag biorach,
 Air pòsadh an uraidh;
 'S tha dìthis de 'n fhìne
 Aig a' mhinisteir féin diu.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Na grèisichean beaga,
 Oir 's iad is maoir eaglais,
 Tha dùil ac' mo thagradh,
 Air son magaidhean beumach;
 Bithidh mise fo eagal,
 'Nuair chluinneas mi 'm bagradh,
 O 'n thachair mi eadar
 An sagart 's an cléireach.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha dùil a'm gur duilich leis
 Mis' chur an cumart,
 'S gu 'n do chaomhain mi 'n cuilean,
 'S gu 'm bu mhuileach leis féin e;
 'S ma chreideas mi 'm ministeir,
 An déigh 's na dh-innis e,
 'S e 'm moncaidh an uiridh,
 Mu mhìre na 'n Gréibhear.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha sgeula r' a h-aithris,
 Mu Bhaile-na-Cille,
 Gu 'n robh iad fo iomas
 An uiridh le chéile;
 An bliadhna 'n an dìthis,
 E-féin 's an cù buidhe,
 Gun triall ac' gu uidhe
 Ach 'n an suidh' aig na h-cùbhean.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

'S bòidheach am baganach
Seòras na h-eaglais,
Chualas na creagan
Toirt freagairt d' a éigheachd;
Shamhlaich mi 'm fleasgach uil
Ris a' gharra-ghartan,
Cho bìogach r' a fhaicinn.
'S cho neartmhor r' a éisdeach.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha Curstaidh fo chachdan,
Mur bhaileich mi 'macan,
Gu 'n abrainn an garran,
Ri fleasgach cho treun ris;
Seas thusa fa 'chomhair,
Is ambaire a chrodhan,
'S an tè thug an dreobhan air,
Thombais i fèin e.

Tha ri mo bhuidheach, &c.

ORAN NA CARAIDE BIGE.

Tha dithis anns an dùthaich-s',
Tha triall gu dhol a phùsadh;
'S gur beag an t-aodach ùr,
Nì gun dhoibh a's léine.

*Hei tha mi run duil,
Hè, tha mi run duil,
Hei tha mi run duil,
A run duil' na tréig mi.*

Dithis a tha èg iad,
Dithis a tha bòidheach,
Dithis tha gun òirleach
A chèrr air a chèile.

Hei, tha mi run duil, &c.

Ma bhios macan buan ac',
'S gu 'n téid e ris an dual'chas,
Cuiridh e gu luath
An cù-ruadh as an t-saobhaidh.

Hei, tha mi run duil, &c.

Ach ma théid a chrùsach,
Sgaoilt' air feadh na dùtcha,
Théid *prospig* ris na sùilean,
Tha dùil a 'm, mus léir iad.

Hei, tha mi run duil, &c.

ORAN.

[Do dh' fhear chaidh a chòrdadh ri nighin òig, ach cha bhiodh e toilichte mu 'n tochradh, mar tugadh iad dhà gamhuinn eile bharrachd air na bha iad toilcach thoirt seachad; agus air so a dhùiltadh dha, thèig e a leanann.]

'S ANN a bhuail an iorghuill,
Air an t-suiridheach tha 'n so shìos,
Chuir e 'ùigh' air cèile,
'S gu 'n do réitich iad 'n an dòs;
Shaoil mi féin 'n uair thèisich iad,
Gu 'n còrdadh iad gun sgios;
Ach chum àsraidh beag do gamhuinn iad,
Gun cheangal còrr is mìos.

Sin, 'n uair thuirt a' mbaighdean,
Nach foighnich sibh rium fìor,
Is innsidh mi a rìreadh,
Gu 'm bu chaochlaideach a rian;
Gu robh e cheart cho de'n nach,
Ri duin' òg a chualas riamh;
'S a nis gu 'n ghabh e bhuar dhìom,
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn ciar.

Cha e sin air aghairt,
'S ann do Shaghair chaidh e 'n tūs,
Chuir iad fìos 'n a dhéighidh,
Thigh 'nn air agbaidh ann a chèis;
'S e roghnaich es' an tàillearachd—
'S i b' fheàrr leis na bhì pùd';
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn àsraidh,
Ged fhaigheadh e 'm bàs de 'n spùt.

Dh-aithnich mi 's an ambarc ort,
Gu robh do thombas gann,
Chunnaic mi air t-ìomchuinn,
Gu robh 'n ìom-chomhairl' 'n ad cheann;
'S nach robh do spiorad dìomhair,
'G a do ghriosadh 's a' cheart i m;
'Nuair b' fheàrr leat gamhuinn caoile,
Na do bhean, 's do ghaol, 's do chlann.

H-uile fear a chì thu,
'G a do dhìtheadh air do chùl,
Ged leasaich sinn an t-airgead dhut,
Mu cheithir mhàrg 's ni 's mò,
'S e their gach fìlìdh faicil riut,
Gu spot chur air do chùil,
Gu 'n d' rinn an gamhuinn bacaim,
Do chontract' chuir air cùl.

'S mis a fhuair mo chàradh,
Leis na fearaibh as gach taobh,
A' mbeud 's a bha 'g am iarraidh dhiubh,
'S nach b' fhiach leam duin' ach thu;

Shaoil mi féin 's an fhoghar,
'Nuair a thagh mi thu á triúir,
Nach fanadh tu cho fada bhuam,
Ged b' fhiach an gamhuinn crùn.

AM BOC GLAS.

Os tha mi na m' aonar,
Gu'n teann mi ri spòrs ;
Gu'n cuir mi mar dh-fhaodas mi,
'M boc air sheol.
'S gu'n leig mi fios dhachaigh
A dh-iunnsaidh nan Catach,
Gur h-e 'm boc glas,
A bhios ac air an tòs.
Pè h'è fannadarai féinim òth-orò,
Hithili fannadarai féinim òth-orò,
Fa-thel-oth fannadarai féinim òth-orò,
Hithili shiubhal e,
Hannadarai hith-horò,
Fa-thel-òth, fà-thel-òth.

'S iomadh òganach smearail,
Bha fearail gu leòr ;
A chumna' mis
Ann an cogadh rìgh Deirs'.
'S cha'n flaca mi boc,
Ga thogail air feachd,
Ach aona bloc glas
A Bh' aig mac an Iarl' òig.
Pè he fannadarai, &c.

'Nuair thigeadh am Foghar,
Co dhianadh a bhuain ?
Co dhianadh an ceanghal,
No sgrùdhadh an siuab ?
Co chuireadh na siamanan,
Ceart air na tudanan ?
Ach am boc luideach,
Na'm faighendh e duais.
Pè he fannadarai, &c.

Gu'n tug iad a' chobhair ud,
Bhuaine gun fhios ;
A's dh' fhagadh na gobhair
Gun bhaine gun bhliochd ;
Tha sine nigh'n Uilleim,
A caoine 'sa tuireadh,
'Sa suilean a' sìleadh
Air son a bhuic ghlaiss.
Pè he fannadarai, &c.

Note.—This song was composed on a rake in Sutherland-shire, who, having got a number of young women in the family way, was obliged to take refuge in the Sutherland fencibles, where the poet gave him the name of *Boc Glas*—a name that he retained during life. The tune is excellent, and may justly be entitled the first of the Sutherland-shire pipe jigs. It was the poet's own composition. He also composed several other popular airs of great merit.

ORAN.

[Do dh' fhear a bha suiridh air nighinn òig, agus fear eile bhi 'g a toirt bhuaithe ; bha mathair na h-inghinn (a tha lauhart 's a' cheud rann) 'n a banàraich aig Morair Mac-Aoidh, agus e-san 'n a bhuaichaille ; agus am fear bha toirt na h-inghinn bhuaipe 'n a bhreabadair.—Tha t-òran air a sgrìobhadh do rèir dearbha Ghàellig a bhàrd féin oir cha ghabhadh e scéim air caochladh òighe.]

LUTNEAG.

Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
'S e laidir, luath,
Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas
'S nach d' fhuair e i.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
'S e laidir, luath,
Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas,
'S nach d' fhuair e i.

FHLEASGAICH tha 'g imeachd
An aghaidh na gaoith',
Gun dùil aig mo nighinn
Thu thighinn a chaidh ;
Gu 'm b' fhearr a bhi shuas leat
Am buaile Mhic-Aoidh,
Na fheasgach na fighe,
Le fhichead bò laogh.*
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Cha 'n urradh mi dhearbhadh
Mar chearb air bhuir clann,
Gur ann anns na càirdean
Tha mhèrl' air am fonn,
'Nuair theid gach mearachd
A chronachadh tholl,
Bidh fuigheall an innich
'S an ime cho trom.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Tha Seumas Mac-Cullach,
'N a dhuine 'm beil spéis,
Tha onoir bho 'Iannabas
'G a dhearbhadh 'n a bheus ;
Tha fear anns a' bhaile-s'
Gun chol ach an spréidh,
Tha e 'n nìdbeam na goide
Ni 's faide no éis'.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Mo chomhairl' a nìgean,
'S na suidhich do bhonn,
Air rud bhios 'n a pheanas,
'S 'n a mhearachd dhut tholl,
Tha dùil agad achdaidh
Ri beartas 'n a steoll,
Le fuigheall an innich,
'S cha chinnich e boll.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

* Fichead maide na beairte.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh 'u m fleasgachan
 Tapaidd a th' againn,
 Ag iomart nan casan
 Mu seach air na maidean,
 Le 'iteachan innich
 A' pillleadh 's a' glagartaich,
 Cnap aig a' mhuidh,
 'S an t-slinn a' feadaireachd.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

ORAN FHAOLAIN.

[Sgalag a bh'aig a' bhàrd, air an robh Faolan aca mar leas-ainm. Cha robh Faolan ach 'n a chreutair fachanta, agus b' àbhaist do dh' ingheanan a' bhàird a bhi 'g a thilgeadh air a chèile mar leannan.]

LUINNEAG.

*Gu neartaich an sealbh,
 'S gu leasaich an sealbh,
 An t-abhagan màrbh ud, Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh,
 'S ga leasaich an sealbh,
 An t-abhagan màrbh ud, Faolan.*

Thig Ealasaid Mhoràidh,
 'Nuair chromas a' ghrian,
 O 'n eirthir a nios do 'n dìthreabh,
 Oir chual' i 'n a chagaraich' bheaga aig càch,
 An t-urran bha ghnà aig Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Thàinig oirnn lain le naidheachd a nuas,
 Cha chreid mi nach cual' an sgir' e,
 Gu 'n deachaidh uainn Curstaidh
 Le briogadh do Chlurraig,
 Eagal bhi dlù air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh a's Deònachd,
 A's Céitidh nigh'n Deòrsa,
 Is Màiri bhuiddh' òg nan caorach,
 'G an deasachadh mìr, gu leasachadh pròis,
 A shreasdail 's gu 'm pòs iad Faolan
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh bheag Dhonn,
 'S a cridhe ro thròn,
 Air eagal nach crom rith' Faolan;
 Tha Màiri ag ràdh nach dean e dh'ì st',
 Nach 'eil e ni 's fearr no caolan!
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

An uair a fhuair Ceitidh sealladh dheth ris,
 'S e thubhairt i féin a's faoilt oirr'.
 Ged nach 'eil mi 'g a fhuicinn
 Cho sgiobalt ri phàirt,
 'S ann tha e ni 's fearr na shaoil mi.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh nighean,
 No bean air an fhòd,
 A bheireadh d' an deòin an gaol dà,
 O 'n tha e gu siogaideach, rugaideach, marbh,
 Cha bhoc, is cha tarbh, ach laos-boc.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Gu'm beil a' bhean againn 'n a laidhe ri làr,
 'S i 'g acain gu bràth a caol-druim
 Cha chuir i dhuinn tuilleadh
 A' mbin air a' bhùrn;
 Ach dheanadh i taobh ri Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha bean-an-taigh' againne
 Leth-cheud do bhlidhnaibh,
 'S tha i cho liath ri caora,
 'S ged nach 'eil fiacaill idir 'n a ceann,
 Cha lughad a geall air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Ceitidh a's Curstaidh, gu briogant' an cùil,
 O 'n tha iad an dùil ri daoine;
 'Nuair bhios mi beartach,
 Gu 'n toir mi dh'ibh gùn,
 Na 'n deanadh iad mùn air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Combairl a bheirinn a nis ort a Phàdaidh,
 O 'n nach 'eil nàir 'n a t-aodann,
 'Nuair ni mi 'n ath chrathadh
 Gun toir mi dhut greim,
 Na 'n leigeadh tu br * 'm air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Shaoil leam nach labhradh e
 Mu'n a' bhuntàt,*
 Ach bidh e ni's paight' no shaoil leis,
 Na 'n tigeadh an donas do 'n bhail-s' na dheann,
 Gu tguainn air cheann da Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

* The bard and Faolan being one day planting potatoes in a field near a public-house, some acquaintances of the former came that way, who went in to have some refreshment, and took him along with them. Faolan also followed, and got his "shell," but instead of returning again to his work, he went home and told the bard's wife that his master had abandoned the potatoe planting and went on the spree, and that he could not work by himself. On Rob returning home at night, Faolan's story was related to him, and before supper was ready this song was composed on him.

TURUS DHAIBHI' DO DH' ARCAMH.

[Bha Daibhidh so 'n a bhuachaille, agus 'n a àireach, aig duin' uasal àraidh, ann am bail' eile, beagan mhilltean bho 'àite fein; agus 'noair a bha Daibhidh dol dachaigh leis an im agus leis a' chàise, gu mhaighstir, fhuair e air bàta ceilpe, bha dol an rathad; ach 's ann chuireadh leis an stoirn iad air tìr ann an Arcamh, 's ged a b' ann 's a' ghrund a rachadh Daibhidh, cha deanadh na nàbaidhnean mòran caoidh air a shon.]

Nach cruaidh, craiteach, an t-aiseag,
A fhuair Dhaibhidh do dh' Arcamh,
Dh-fhalbh an càise, 's a' ceilpe, a's e-féin.
Nach cruaidh, &c.

O 'n chaidh a bhàs dheanamh cinnteach,
Shuas mu bhraighe Loch-Uinnseard,
Gu'm bu ghàireach gùth minn as a dhéigh.
O 'n chaidh, &c.

Thubhairt nigh'n Dho'nill 'Ic Fhionnlaidh,
Ris an t-Siorramh neo-shunndach,
Dearbh cha mhise an t-aon neach tha 'n éis.
Thubhairt nigh'n, &c.

Ma chaill thusa t' fhear impidh,
Chaill mise m' fhear aon-taigh;
Co nis is fear-punnadaidh do 'n spréidh?
Ma chaill thusa, &c.

Bha do nàbaidhnean toigheach,
Anns gach bàgh 'g iarraidh naidheachd,
'S leis a' chradh bh'orr', cha'n fhaigheadh iad deur
Bha do nàbaidhnean, &c.

Ach o 'n chual iad thu philleadh,
O na cuainteann, gun mhilleadh,
Shin an sluagh ud air sìleadh gu léir.
Ach o 'n chual iad, &c.

Mach o acaraich thrailleil,
Bhios a' streup mu do cheairde,
Cha bhì creutair gun chràdh as do dheigh.
Mach o acaraich, &c.

Ach ma 's bàs dut mas tig thu,
'S ann bhios dechainn a ghliocais,
Aig an fhear bhios cur lic ort le spéis.
Ach ma 's bàs, &c.

Sgrìobhar sìos air a braighe—
"So am ball 's am beil Daibhidh,
A luchd na h-eucoir, thig bàs oirbh gu leir."
Sgrìobhar sìos, &c.

Sgrìobhar suaicheantas Dhaibhidh;
Ceann gaibhre, a's càbag,
Rotach gleadhrrach, a's falldair geur.
Sgrìobhar suaicheantas, &c.

Ceann griomach a bhagair,
Shìl mhiogach nam praban,
Beul biogach nan cagar 's nam breug.
Ceann griomach, &c.

'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh ghàbhaidh,
Nis mu ais-eiridh Dhaibhidh,
'S e tighinn dachaigh 'n a stàirneanach treun.
'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh, &c.

Leis gach deoch a bha blasda,
Is iomadh biadh nach do chleachd e,
'S ann is fearr e 'na phearsa mar cheud,
Leis gach deoch, &c.

Dh-fhas e stailceanach, pùinnseach,
'S ann is treis' air gach puig e,
Cuiribh 'cheist ris a' mnuai aige fein.
Dh-fhas e stailceineach, &c.

Tha mnathan uaisl' anns a' mbachair,
O na chual iad mar thachair,
Chuid bu stuama an cleachdaibh 's am beus.
Tha mnathan uaisl' &c.

A bhiodh deònach gu 'n tachradh,
Gnothuch còir anns na cairtean,
Bheireadh oirnn' dol a dh' Arcamh gu leir.
A bhiodh deònach, &c.

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ORAN AN AINM DITHIS NIGHEAN

IAIN MHIC EACHAINN.

[Tè dhiubh air tighinn dachaigh bho sgoil, agus gun speis aice nis, na m' b' fhuor, do 'n dùthaich; agus an tè eile, nach robh riamh o 'n bhaile, a' moladh na dùthcha.]

Cia b' e dheanamh mar rinn mis',
Bu mhisd se e gu bràth,
Dhol do 'n bheinn, an aghaidh m' inntinn,
Mhill e mi mo shlaint';
Pairt de m' acain, braigheach Mheirceinn,
'S àit gun mbarcaid e.
Ach spain a's copraich, 's bà-theach fosgailt',
'S graine shop ri làr.

Cha 'n 'eil seòmar aig Rìgh Breatainn,
'S taitneich' leam na 'n Càrn,
Oir tha e naignidheach do ghruagaich,
'S ni e fuaim 'nuair 's àill;

Feur a's coille, blà a's duille,
'S iad fo iomadh neul,
Is ise le *echo*, mar na teudan,
Seirm gach séis a 's fearr.

Cha b' àite còmhnuidh leam air Dhòmhnaich,
A bhì 'n ròig no 'n càrn,
Oir, mur robh strìanaich ann air bhliadhna,
Cha robh riamh ni b' fhearr;
Fuaim na beinne, 's gruaim a' ghlinne,
'S fuathach leam a' ghàir;
O! cràdh mo chridhe, reubadh lighe,
An t-àit an tighe 'm fearr.

Ciod am fath mu 'n tug thu fuath sin,
Do na bruachaibh ard?
Nach fhaic thu fein, 'nuair thig an spreidh,
Gur feumail iad le 'n àl?
Cha chradh cridhe, air làrach shuidhe,
Fuaim na lighe lain,
Do 'n gnàth bhì claghach roimh a h-aghaidh,
Is feur na deighidh a' fàs.

Na bha firinneach dheth t-amhran,
'N fhad 's bha 'n samhraidh blàth.
Rinn e tionndadh oidhche-Shambua,
'S bheir an geamhradh 'shàr;
Duille shuidhicht' barr an fhiodha,
Dh-fàs i buidhe-bhàn,
'S tha mais' 'n t-Srath' air call a dhath,
Le steall de chathadh-làir.

Gleidhidh 'n talamh thun an t-samhraidh,
Sin a chraun e 'n dràs,
Beath a's calltunn latha-bealltunn,
Gealltanach air fàs;
Bìdh gruth a's crathadh air na srathan,
'S téirgidh 'n caithheadh-làir,
Nach grinn an sealladh, glinn a' stealladh,
Laoigh, a's bainne, 's bàrr!

'S barail leam-sa gu 'n do chaill sibh,
Air na rinn sibh chàis;
Dhol do shliabh, gun chur, gun chliathadh,
'S nach robh biadh a' fàs;
B' fhear bhì folluiseach an Goll-thaobh,
Na bhì 'n comunn ghraïs,
Air mo dholladh leis an chonnadh,
Laimh ri bolla fàil.

Note.—This is a contrast between the pleasures of a town and a pastoral life, as if by two young ladies, (daughters of the celebrated "*Iain Mac Eachuinn*,") one of them returned from the town of Thurso, where she had been sent to school, and the other, yet ignorant of town, upholding the pleasures of rural retirement. The beauties of the bard's own native strath are delineated in strains so sweet that we have only to regret that he did not more frequently indulge his muse in descriptive poetry.

MARBHRANN IAIN GHIRE,

ROGHAIRD.

[Agus e air caochladh ann an Siorramachd Pheairt, air a shlighe dol dachaigh do Chat-thaobh.]

Tha rògairean airtnealach, trom,
'N taobh bhos agus thall do na *Chrasg*,
O 'n chual iad mu 'n cuairt an Ceann-ciunnidh,
Gu 'n do dh-eug e an Siorramachd Pheairt;
Dh-aindeoin a dhreachdan 's a chiall:
Cha do chreid duine riamh a bha ceart,
Aon smid thainig mach air a bbeul
'S cha mbò chreid e féin Rìgh nam feart.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh aon ni cho laidir,
'S an t-saoghal-s', ri bàs, gu toirt teum;
'N t-stràc thug e an dràs' oirun air aghairt,
Gun do marbh e fear Roghaird do leum.
Tha Sàtan ro bhrònach, 's cha 'n ioghuadh,
Ged fhaigheadh e 'n t-aon-sa dha féin,
Air son nach 'eil fathast air sgeul aig'
Fear a sheasas dha 'àite 'na dhéigh.

'S fad a bho chunnacas, 's a chualas,
Gur teachdaire grumach am bàs;
Gidheadh gum beil euid bh'ann an daoibh ris,
Toirt rud-eigin gaol da an dràs':
Tha dùil ac' an Cat-thaobh 's an Gall-thaobh,
Nach urr' iad a mholadh gu bràth,
Air son gur h-e féin thug a' cheud char
A fear thug cùig ceud car á càch.

Sibhse tha mòr agus mion,
Sibhse tha sean 's a tha òg,
Thugaibh cheart air' air a' bhàs,
'Nuair is beartaich' 's is làine bhur cròg;
Oir thig e mar mhèirleach 's an oidhch',
Ged robh sibh uile cruinn mu na bhòrd;
'S cha 'n fheadar a mhealladh le foill,
'S gu 'n do mheall e Ceann-feadhna nan ròg.

Rinn deamhnan is triùcairean talmhaidh,
Election mu chealgair bhiodh treun,
Co bu stàraich', bu chàraich', 's bu cheilgeich',
'S a b' fheàrr chuireadh lith air a' bhréig;
B' e Sàtan am breitheamh bu shine,
Da 'm b' aithne gach fine fo 'n ghréin;
'S b' i 'bharail nach fhaigheadh e leithid,
Mur robh e 's na Grèadhaich iad féin.

Bu mbath leam an ciontach a bhualadh,
'S cha b' àil leam duin' uasal a shealg;
'S ged chuireas mi gruaim air a' choireach,
Cha gabh an duin' onarach fearg;

Tha Caiptein Rob Grè air a dhiùltadh,
Le breitheanas Prionnsa nan cealg;
Rinn coimeasgadh Reothach a chumadh,
Gu uails' agus duinealas gharg.

Tha breugan a's cuir air am fàgail,
Do 'n fhear a 's fearr tàlann g' an inns';
Cha cheadaich a' chùis e do Bhàtair,
Tha onoir a's àrdan 'n a ghrìd;
Ge comasach Iain a bhràthair,
Cha 'n fhaigh e an dràs' i chion aois;
Ach an sin gheibh e obair an t-Sàtain,
Ceart comh-luath 's is bàs do fhear Chraoich.

M A R B H R A N N,

UILLIEM MHUILLEIR, AN CEARD.

O 'nuair 's a chaidh Uilleam fo 'n ùir,
Gur tearc againn sùil tha gun deur,
Do mhuilleir, a bhrachair, no 'chècair,
No 'mhathan da 'n nòs bhì ri sprèidh;
Cha mhodha na clamhain a's gaothair,
Tha subhach 's an fhoghar-s' 'n a dhéigh;
Air son gu 'm buin iomall na cloinne,
Gach ubh a's gach eireag dhaibh féin.

'S glan a tha 'n talamhs-s' 'n a fhàsach,
O 'nuair chaidh thu bàs o cheann mìos;
Ge maiseach na macain so dh-fhàg thu,
Cha seas iad dhuinn t-àitse 'n an dìos;
'S ann a tha acuinn do cheàirde,
Mar rud chaidh 'n an clàraibh 's an dìosg,
An t-òrd a's an balg ris an teine,
An rusp, a's an t-innein, 's an t-ìosp.

'S giorra mò sgil, na mò dhùrachd,
Gu innseadh do chliù mar is còir;
'S minig a dhearc mi do chruinn-leum
Do 'n àite 'm bu chinntich' do lòn;
Sgiathan do chòta fo t-achlais,
Is neul an tombac' air do shròin;
Bhiodh gaoir aig na coin 'g a do ruith,
Agus mìr air dhroch bhrùich ann do dhòrn.

Air fhad 's a thèid cliù ort a leantuinn,
Cha 'n urrainn mi chantainn gu leòir;
'S tu dh-fhuineadh, a ghuiteadh, 's a chriathradh,
'S tu dh-ithheadh, 's a dh-iarradh an còrr;
'S tu rachadh do 'n t-sruthan a chlisgeadh,
'Nuair ghabhadh na h-uisgean gu lòn;
Bu choltach ri rapas na seilcheig,
An easgann mu thimcheall do bheòil.

Cha'n aithne dhomh neach feadh na talmhainn-s
A' choiteir, a' shearbhant, no 'thuath,
Nach ionndraineadh Uilleam, as aodann
Oir shiùbhladh e 'n sgìre ri uair;
Nis o 'n a chual iad gu 'n deach' e,
Tha rud-eigin smal air daoine' uails',
Air son nach 'eil neach ac 's a' mhachair,
A ghlanas taigh-cac no poit fhuail.

M A R B H R A N N,

DO THRUIR SHEANN FHLEASGACH.

[CLANN FHIR TAIGH RUSPUINN.]

AIR FÒNN—"Latha ' siubhal sleibhe dhomh."

'N AN laidhe so gu h-ìosal,
Far na thìodhlaic sinn an triùir,
Bha fallain, làidir, inntinneach,
'Nuair d' inntig a' bhliadhn' ùr;
Cha deach' seachad fathast,
Ach deich latha dh' i o thùs;—
Ciod fhios nach tig an teachdair-s' oirnn,
Nì 's braise na ar dùil?

Am bliadhna thim' bha dithis diubh,
Air tighinn o 'n aon bhroinn,
Bha iad 'n an dà chomrad,
O choinnich iad 'n an cloinn;
Cha d' bhris an t-aog an comunn ud,
Ged bu chomasach dha 'n roinn,
Ach gheàrr e snàith' na beath-s' ac',
Gunn dàil ach latha 's oidhch'.

Aon duine 's bean o 'n tàinig iad,
Na bràithrean ud a chuaidh,
Bha an aon bheatha thimeil ac',
'S bha 'n aodach de 'n aon chlàimh;
Mu 'n aon uair a bhàsaich iad,
'S bha 'n nàdur d' an aon bhuaidh;
Chaidh 'n aon siubhal dhaoine leo,
'S chaidh 'n sìneadh 's an aon uaigh.

Bu daoine nach d' rinn briseadh iad,
Le fiosrachadh do chàch;
'S cha mhò a rinn iad aon dad,
Ris an can an saoghal gràs;
Ach ghineadh iad, a's rugadh iad,
Is thogadh iad, a's dh-fhàs—
Chaidh stràc de 'n t-saoghal tharais orr',
'S mu dheireadh fhuair iad bàs.

Nach 'eil an guth so labhrach,
Ris gach aon neach againn beò?
Gu h-àraidh ris na seann daoine,
Nach d' ionusich an staid phòsd';

Nach gabh na tha 'nan dleasanais,
A dheasachadh no lòn,
Ach caomhnadh nì gu falair dhaibh,
S a' falach an cuid òir.

Cha chaith iad féin na rinn iad,
Agus oighreachan cha dèan,
Ach ulaidhnean air shliabh ac',
Bhios a' biadhachd chon a's éun ;
Tha iad fo 'n aon dìteadh,
Fo nach robh, 's nach bì mì fhéin,
Gur duirche, taisgte 'n t-òr ac',
Na 'nuair bha e 'n t-òs 's a mhèinn.

Barail ghlic an Ard-Rìgh—
Dh-fhàg e pàirt de bhuidhean gaun,
Gu feuchainn iochd a's oileanachd,
D' an dream d' an tug e meall ;
C' arson nach tugta pòrsan,
Dhe 'n cuid stòrais aig gach àm,
Do bhochdan an Tì dheònaicheadh,
An còrr a chur 'na cheann ?

An déigh na rinn mì rùsgadh dhuibh,
Tha dùil agam gun lochd,
'S a liuthad facal firinneach
A dhìrich mì 'n ur n-uchd,
Tha eagal orm nach éisd sibh,
Gu bhì feumail do na bhochd ;*
Nì 's mò na rinn na fleasgaich ud,
A sheachduin gus a nochd.

Note.—Two of these bachelors were somewhat remarkable, having been born together, brought up together, and died within a night of each other. They were buried in the same hour, in the same grave, and by the same company of men. Their whole study, from their youth, was to hoard up money, and had much of it hid under ground, which they neither had the heart to use themselves, nor to bestow upon their friends, none of which has yet been found.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' IAIN MAC-EACHUINN.

[An dunn' uasal, aig an do thogadh am bàrd, 'n a theaghlach, o'n bha e 'n a bhalachan òg; agus bu duinn' e a choisinn a leithid a chliù, o a luchd-còlais air fad, 's gu 'n d' aidich iad uile, gu 'n robh am marbhrann so gun mhearachd, agus gu h-àraidh na briathran mu dheireadh dheth, 's gu 'n abradh gach neach mar an ceudna a chluinneadh am marbhrann, agus d' am b' eòl Iain Mac-Eachainn gu'n robh e ceart.]

IAIN Mhic-Eachainn, o dh-eug thu,
C' àit an téid sinn a dh-fhaotainn
Duine sheasas 'n ad fhine,
An rathad tionail no sgoilidh.

* It is said that a wandering beggar called upon them for alms seven days previous to their death, whom they refused to relieve, a circumstance at which the bard hints above.

'S nì tha cinnt' gur beart' chunnairt,
Nach dean duine tha aosd' e,
'S ged a bheirt' de 'n àl òg e,
'S tearc tha beò fear a chì e.

Dearbh cha b' ionann do bheatha,
'S do dh' fhir tha fathast an caomhnadh,
Thionail airgead a's fearann,
'S bì'dh buidhean eile 'g an sgoileadh ;
Bhios iad féin air an gearradh,
Gun ghuth an caraid 'g an caoineadh,
Air nach ruig dad do mholadh,
Ach " Seall sibh fearann a dhaor iad."

Tha iad laghail gu litreil,
'S 'n an deibhtearan geura,
Is iad a' pàidheadh gu moltach,
Na bhios ac' air a chéile ;
Ach an còrr, théid a thasgaidh,
Gur cruaidh a cheiltion o 'n fhéile,
Is tha 'n sporan 's an sùilean,
Cheart cho dùint' air an fheumach.

Leis an leth-onoir riataich-s',
Tha na ciadan diubh faomadh,
Leis am fearr bhì fo fhiachan,
Fad aig Dia na aig daoine ;
Thig fo chall air nach beir iad,
'S e ceann mu dheireadh an dìteadh,
" C' uim nach tug sibh do 'n bhochd,
Am biadh, an deoch, a's an t-aodach ?"

Ach na 'm b' urrainn mì, dhùraighdinn
Do chliù-s' chur an òrdugh,
Ann an litrichean soilleir,
Air chor 's gu 'm beir an t-àl òg' air ;
Oir tha t-ionradh-s' cho feumail,
Do 'n neach a théid ann do ròidean,
'S a bha do chuid, fhad 's bu mhaireann,
Do 'n neach bu ghainn' ann an stòras.

Fhir tha 'n latha 's an comas,
Ma 's àill leat alla tha fuighail,
So an tim mu do choinneamh,
An còir dhut greimeachadh dlù ris ;—
Tha thu 'm batal a' bhàis,
A thug an t-àrmuinn-s' do 'n ùir uainn,
Glacadh gach fear agaibh 'oifig,
'S mò làmh-s' gu 'n cothaich i cliù dhuibh.

Oir ged tha cuid a bhios fachaid,
Air an neach a tha fialaidh,
'S i mò bharail-s' gur achdaidh
Bu chòir an achuing so iarraidh ;—
Gu 'm bu luath thig na liimean,
Nì chuid a's sine dhinn ciallach,
Nach dean sinn lobairt do bhith-bhuantachd,
Air son trì fichead de bhliadhnach'.

'S lionmhor neach bha gun socair,
A chuir thu 'n stoc le do dhéilig,
Agus bath-ghiollan gòrach,
Thionail eòlas le t-éideachd ;
Dearbh cha 'n aithne dhomh aon neach,
Mach o ùmaidhnean spréidhe,
Nach 'eil an iuntinn fo cudthrom,
Air son do chuid, no do chéile.

Fhìr nach d' ith mìr le taitneas,
Na 'm b' eòl dut acrach 's an t-saoghal,
Fhìr a chitheadh ann feumach,
Gun an éigh' aig' a chluinntinn ;
B' fheàrr leat punnd dheth do chuid bhuat,
Na unnsa cuid-throim air t-iuntinn ;
Thilg thu t-aran 's na h-uisgean,
'S gheibh do shliochd iomadh-fillt' e.

Chì mi 'n t-aim-beartach nasal,
'S e làn gruamain a's airtneil,
'S e gun airgead 'n a phòcaid,
Air an taigh-bòda dol seachad ;
Chì mi bhantrach bhoichd, dheurach,
Chì 'n déirceach làn acrais,
Chì mi 'n dilleachdan ruisgte
Is e falbh anns na ragaibh.

Chì mi 'n ceòl-fhear gun mheas air,
Call a ghibhtean chion cleachdaidh,
Chì mi feumach chion combairl',
A' call a ghnòthuich 's a thapadh.
Na 'm bitheadh air' agam fhiarachd,
Ciod e is ciall do 'n mhèr acain-s',
'S e their iad uile gu léir rium :—
“ Och! nach d' eng Iain Mac-Eachuinn!”

Chì mi 'n t-iomadaidh sluaigh so,
'N an culaidh-thruais chionn 's nach beò thu,
'S ged e 'n call-s' a tha 'n uachdar,
Chì mi buannachd nan òlach ;—
O 'n a thaisbean domh 'm bliadhna,
Iomadh biadhtach nach b' eòl domh,
Mar na reannagan riailaidh,
An dèigh do 'n ghrian a dhol fo orr'.

'S tric le marbhrannan moltach,
A bhios cleachdach 's na dùthchaibh-s',
Gu 'm bi coimeasgadh masguill,
Tigh'nn a steach ann' 'n a bhrùchdan
Ach ged robh mis' air mo mhionnan,
Don Tì tha cumail nan dùilean,
Cha do luaidh mu 'n duine-s',
Ach buaidh a chunna' mo shùil air.

MARBHRRANN EOGHAINN.

LUNNEAG.

'S cian fada, gur fada,
'S cian fada gu leòir,
O 'n là bha thu fo sheuc-thinn,
Gun aon ag acain do bhròin ;
Ma tha 'n tìr air dol seachad,
'S nach d' rinn thu cleachdadh air chòir,
Ged nach dàil dut ach seachduin,
Dean droch fhasan a leòn.

'S tric thu, Bhàis, cur an cèill dhuinn,
Bhì sìor éigheachd ar cobhrach ;
'S tha mi 'm barail mu 's stad thu,
Gu 'n tòir thu 'm beag a's am mòr leat ;
'S ann o mheadhon an fhoghair,
Fhuair sinn rabhadh a dh-fhòghnadh,
Le do leum as na cùrtean,
Do na chùil am beil Eòghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Ach na 'n creideadh sinn, Aoig, thu,
Cha bhiodh 'n saoghal-s' 'g ar dalladh,
'S nach 'eil h-aon de shliochd Adhaimh,
Air an tàmailt leat cromadh ;
'S i mo bharail gur fìor sud,
Gur àrd 's gur òsal do shealladh ; *
Thug thu Pelham á mòrachd,
'S an d' fhuair thu Eòghann 's a' Pholladh ?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha thu tigh'nn air an t-seòrs' ud,
Mu 'm beil bròn dhaoine mùra,
'S tha thu tigh'nn air muinntir,
Mu nach cluinnear bhi còine ;
Cha 'n 'eil aon 's an staid mheadhoin,
Tha saor fathast o dhòghruinn,
Do nach buin a bhi caithris,
Eadar Pelham a's Eòghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha iad tuiteam mu 'n cuairt duinn,
Mar gu 'm buailt' iad le peilear,
Dean'maid ullamh, 's am fuaim so,
Ann ar cluasan mar fharum ;
Fhìr a 's lugha measg mòran,
An cual thu Eòghann fo ghalar ?
Fhìr a 's mò anns na h-àitean-s',
An cual thu bàs mhaighstir Pelham ?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

* “ Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.”—*Hor. Carmin. lib. i. Carmin. iv.*

Ach a chuidheachd mo chridhe,
 Nach toir an dithis-s' oirn sgathadh !
 Sinn mar choinneil an laintair,
 'S an dà cheann a' sìor chaitheamh ;
 C' àit an robh anns an t-saoghal,
 Neach a l' ìls' na mac t' athar-s' ?
 'S cha robh aon os a cheann-sa,
 Ach an rìgh bh' air a chathair.
 'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Note.—Among Rob Donn's elegies, it would be difficult to distinguish the best. But as a test of his own abilities as a poet we would at once fix upon *Màrghrann Eoghann*, where he makes his subject a general one—the uncertainty of time, and the calls to preparation for death sounded to mankind in the simultaneous fall of the high and the low, the rich and the poor. The use made of the circumstances that led to it exhibits a poet's mind. Rob Donn had heard accounts of the death of Mr Pelham, the first minister of state. The same day when this intelligence reached him, he took a stroll to the neighbouring mountains of Durness, in search of deer. He was for that day unsuccessful; but judging, as a sportsman can on such occasions, that better fortune might attend him the following morning, instead of returning home he determined to spend the night, and await the dawn, at a solitary house situated at the head of Loch Erribol, that he might be the more high to surprise his game when morning arrived. The bleak dreariness of this spot of itself might present almost to any mind a striking contrast to all that we deem comfortable, social, or desirable in life. Here was a solitary hut (still standing), where the bard was to pass the night. And here was a solitary man, decrepid in old age, stretched on his wretched bed of straw, or heath, and so exhausted by a violent attack of asthma, that the bard pronounced him, in his own mind, surely in the very grasp of the King of Terrors. The idea of Mr Pelham's death, called away from the summit of ambition and worldly greatness, contrasted with this individual's state, set our author to the invoking of his muse. Ewen was unable from weakness to converse, or even to speak with the bard, who, kindling a fire for himself, sat down, and the elegy being composed, he was humming it over. He soon found, however, that Ewen had still his bodily sense of hearing, and his mental sense of pride. When the bard came to the recital of the last verse, the concluding lines of which may be thus metrically rendered, though we acknowledge not poetically,—

"Among men's sons where could be found
 One lowly, poor, like thee?
 And where in all this earth's wide round,
 But kings, more high than He?"

Ewen, summoning the remains of his strength to one effort of revenge for the insult in the former two lines, seizing a club, crept out of bed, and was at the full stretch of his withered arm wielding a blow at the bard's

head, who only observed it just in time to avoid it. He used, we may believe, the mildest measures to pacify Ewen's choler. He related the circumstance afterwards to some of his friends; and, though others frequently spoke of it as a good joke, the bard could never indulge, we are told, even in a smile, upon the subject. He spoke of it with solemnity; and did not desire to hear the circumstance repeated. Ewen's elegy has been frequently compared to the well known Ode of Horace, "*Soloitur acris hiems*," &c.; and had Rob Donn studied Horace, we would doubtless say that he had at least in view the lines, "*Pallidus mors æquo pulsat pede*," &c. &c.—*Memoir*. 1829.

R A N N.

[A rinn am bàrd, air madainn, ann an taigh ministear 'Shlèibhte, air an turas bha e san eilean-sgiathanach. Thainig bàrd de mhuintir an Eilein do thaigh a' mhinistear, agus iad ri 'n biadh-maidne. Dh-iarr am ministear air rann a dheanamh air:—"Sgiath chogaidh, im, muc, plomb-thombaca, agus Sagart." Rinn am bàrd Sgiathanach so, mar chithear; agus thubhairt Iob Donn, "'S bochd dh-fhag thu 'n Sagart,'" agus ann an tiota rinn e-féin a'n rann mu dheireadh.]

THUIRT AM BÀRD SGIATHANACH.

A' mhuc mar bhiadh,
 'S an sgiath mar bhòrd,
 'S an Sagart nach itheadh an t-im,
 Sparrainn a' phìob 'n a thòin.

THUIRT ROB DONN.

Bhiadhainn an Sagart gu grinn—
 Bheirinn dha 'n t-im air a' mhuic;
 An targaid air a làimh chlì,
 A's pìob-thombaca 'n a phluic!

* Regarding this elegy, an anecdote is recorded, which exhibits the estimation in which it was held by the author's countrymen best able to judge of poetic merit. Mr Mackay (*Iain Mac Eachann*) happened to be on a visit to Mr Murdoch Macdonald, minister of Durness, when on a Sabbath morning the weather became so very boisterous that Mr Macdonald expressed doubts whether it were proper to go to church, or to detain the people by the usual length of service—expressing a fear, at the same time, that if once begun, he might forget himself, and detain them long. His guest urged the propriety of not detaining the people—"But I will tell you," said he, "what you had better do; just go to church, and sing to them '*Màrghrann Eoghann*,'—it will be greatly more instructive than any sermon you can give." Mr Macdonald's esteem for Ewen's elegy did not go quite so far, as to cause him to adopt the advice.

DONNACHADH BAN.

DUNCAN MACINTYRE, commonly called *Donnacha Bàn nan òran* was born at Druimliaghart, in Glenorchay, on the 20th March, 1724. He spent the early part of his life in fishing and fowling, in which he always took the greatest pleasure. Although he discovered an early inclination to poetry, he produced nothing worthy of being preserved till after the memorable battle of Falkirk, in which he fought, under the command of Colonel Campbell, of Carwhin, on the 17th of January, 1746. He engaged as the substitute of a Mr Fletcher, of Glenorchay, for the sum of 300 marks, Scots, to be paid on his return. Mr Fletcher gave him his sword, which he unfortunately lost, or rather threw away, in the retreat; and as he returned without it, he was refused the stipulated pay. It was then, and for that reason, that he composed his poem, entitled "The Battle of Falkirk," in which he has given a minute and admirable description of what passed under his eye; and especially of the sword (*Claidheamh ceannard Chloinn-an-Leisdeir.*) He endeavours to excuse himself for his retreat, and more especially for parting with such a useless weapon; and he could have entered the army of the prince with much more zeal, had he been among the Jacobites. He, therefore, indulges his inclination in the descriptions he gave. The resentment of a bard, was not, in former days, incurred with impunity. The poem was known every where, recited in all parts. The famous battle of Falkirk was enough to give it publicity; and the ridicule so ingeniously, though indirectly, aimed at the gentleman who refused so paltry a sum of money to one who risked his life on his account, was well understood in the whole country. But Macintyre was not satisfied with all he said of the useless sword. He complained of the injustice done him, to the Earl of Breadalbane, who obliged Mr Fletcher to pay him his wages.

The first time he saw Macintyre after paying him, was at a market; being incensed at him for daring to complain of him, and more so because of his audacity in lampooning him, he stepped up, and taking his staff, struck him, exclaiming, "Go, fellow, and compose a song to *that*." The humble poet of nature was obliged to submit in silence, to the unworthy treatment, and, shrugging his shoulders, walked away. But the pain he felt was momentary; not so the wound of the passionate man, inflicted by the sharp edge of genius. It was probed by the disapprobation of all who witnessed his conduct, which recoiled on himself as a more severe punishment than he had given to the young poet of rising fame.

Duncan Macintyre, being a good marksman, was appointed forester to the Earl of Breadalbane, in *Coire-Cheathaich*, and *Beinn-dòrain*; and afterwards to the Duke of Argyll, in *Buachaill Eite*. In these situations he invoked the rural muse, on the scenes of his delightful sports, when he described them in the celebrated poems, entitled "*Beinn-*

dòain," and "*Coire-Cheathaich*," in strains that are inimitable, and have rendered his name immortal. Good judges of Gaelic poetry seem to be at a loss to which of these productions to give the preference. The first required powers, and knowledge of the noble amusement of the chase, and of the music of the bagpipes, to which few can aspire. And while we affirm that he was never equalled in this species except by the celebrated M'Donald, in his praise of Mòrag, we must conclude it to be his master-piece. And where is any to be compared to the last? which is indeed unrivalled.

Public schools were but thinly established in the Highlands of Scotland in his early days; and his place of residence was distant from the parochial school, so that our author derived no benefit from education. He possessed no advantage in reading the works of others, nor had he an opportunity of getting his own productions written. One advantage he had that was common to all lovers of song—he heard the poetry of his country recited; and, so tenacious was his memory, that not a line, or a word, of his own composition escaped it, which had only been written when sent to the press. A clergyman transcribed them from oral recitation. The first edition of his poems and songs was published in 1768. He went through the Highlands for subscribers, to defray the expense. During his life his work came to three editions, and since then, one edition was printed in Glasgow, in 1833.

He afterwards served in the Earl of Breadalbane's Fencible regiment, during the period of six years, (1793—1799) until it was discharged; he was a considerable time in the city guard of Edinburgh; and after that lived a retired life, subsisting on what he could have saved of the subscriptions of the third edition, which he published in 1804. The collection contains lyric, comic, epic, and religious compositions, all of merit, and composed solely by himself, unassisted in any way but by the direction and power of his own genius. His poetical talents, therefore, justly entitle him to rank among the first of the modern bards. He died at Edinburgh, in October, 1812. In his younger days he was remarkably handsome, and throughout his whole life possessed an agreeable and easy disposition. He was a pleasant and convivial companion; inoffensive, and never wantonly attacked any person; but, when provoked, he made his enemy feel the power of his resentment. See his verses to Uisdean and others. Neither he nor M'Donald knew when to set bounds to their descriptions, and in their satires went on beyond measure.

Duncan Macintyre lived to see the last edition of his poems delivered to his subscribers. The Rev. Mr M'Callum, of Arisaig, "saw him travelling slowly with his wife. He was dressed in the Highland garb, with a checked bonnet, over which a large bushy tail of a wild animal hang; a badger's skin fastened by a belt in front, a hanger by his side, and a soldier's wallet was strapped to his shoulders. He was not seen by any present before then, but was immediately recognised. A forward young man asked him 'if it was he that made Ben-dourain?' 'No,' replied the venerable old man, 'Ben-dourain was made before you or I was born, but I made a poem in praise of Ben-dourain.' He then enquired if any would buy a copy of his book. I told him to call upon me, paid him three shillings, and had some conversation with him. He spoke slowly; he seemed to have no high opinion of his own works; and said little of Gaelic poetry; but said, that officers in

the army used to tell him about the Greek poets ; and Pindar was chiefly admired by him."

Of his works, the poems and songs composed when following the pursuits of his youthful pleasures, are incomparably the best. It would be endless to attempt to mark the particular beauties in them. The reader must peruse them all in their native garb, the natural scenes of his darling pursuits are well known, but in his description every thing assumes a novel appearance, and in the enchanted scenes that rapidly pass, we wonder that we never observed such beauties before in so bewitching colours. His soul was poured out in the animating and interesting strains. His language is simple and appropriate ; chaste and copious. He is most felicitous in the choice of words, idioms, and expressions. He was a man of observation and thought, and revolved the subject of his study often in his mind. M'Donald is learned, and indicates the scholar on all occasions ; he was the pupil of nature. M'Donald could not compose on the spur of the moment, a reply *impromptu*. There is, however, an instance in which Macintyre proved that he was not deficient in that manner. When he composed the inimitable panegyric of John Campbell of the bank, he waited on that gentleman, repeated the poem, and demanded a bard's gift. "No ;" replied Mr Campbell, "what reward do you deserve for telling the truth ? You must confess that you could say no less of me ; and, moreover, I doubt that you are the author ; of that you are to convince me ; let us hear how you can dispraise me, and then, I shall know, if you have been able to compose what you have repeated." Well, Macintyre commenced in the same measure, and continued in flowing and ready numbers till the gentleman was glad to stop him by giving him his reward.

Of his love songs the best is that composed to his wife "Màiri Bhàn òg." It seems an inexhaustible subject, in which he pours out the happy thoughts and elevated sentiments of the lover, in similes and comparisons taken from the most delightful scenes of nature, and the field of mental enjoyments. The 6th and 7th stanzas are truly beautiful.

The Lament of Colin Campbell, Esq. of Glenure, would alone immortalize his name. The subject was well adapted to awaken melancholy feelings of the most poignant nature. Mr Campbell fell the victim of envy and ill-will, arising from ill-founded suspicion. What pathos and tenderness ! The mournful strains that so eloquently describe the fatal events were not those of a mercenary bard ; they were the painful feelings of a foster-brother, poured out in the most earnest and pathetic effusions of a mind alive to the sentiments of an unfeigned sympathy.

His final leave of the mountains, dated 19th September, 1802, is full of tenderness, and sentiment, appropriate to his age and reminiscences.

ORAN DO BHLAR NA H-EAGLAISE BRICE.*

AIR FOSN—"Alasdair á Gleanna-Garadh."

LATHA dhuinn air machair Alba,
Na bha dh-arnailt aig a chuigse,
Thachair iad oirne na reubail,
'S bu neo-cibhinn leinn a chuideachd ;
'Nuair a chuir iad an treut oirn,
'S iad 'nar deigh a los ar murtadh,
'S mur deanaid feum le'r casan,
Cha tug sinne sràd le'r musgan.

'S a dol an coinneamh a Phrionnsa,
Gu'm bu shunndach a bha sinne,
Shaoil sinn gu'm faigheamaid cùis dheth,
'S nach ro dhuinn, ach dol g'a sìreadh ;
'Nuair a bhuail iad air a chéile,
'S ard a leumamaid a pilleadh,
'S ghabh sinn a mach air an abhainn,
'S dol g'ar n-amhaich ann san linne.

'N am do dhaoine dol nan éideadh,
Los na reabalaich a philleadh,
Cha do shaoil sinn, gus na ghéill sinn,
Gur sinn féin a bhite 'g iomain ;
Mar gu'n rachadh cù ri caoirich,
'S iad 'nan ruith air aodainn glinne,
'S ann mar sin a ghabh iad sgaoileadh
Air an taobh air an robh sinne.

Sin 'nuair thàinig càch 'sa dhearbhadh iad
Gu'm bu shearbhadh dhuinn dol nan cuideachd ;
Se'n trùp Ghallda g'an robh chàll sin,
Bha Coluinn gun cheann air cuid diùbh :
'Nuair a thachair ribh Clann-Dòmhuill,
Chum iad còmbail air an uchdan,
Dh-fhàg iad creuchdan air an rèubadh,
'S cha leighiseadh léigh an cuislean.

Bha na h-eich gu crùitheach, srìnach,
Girteach, iallach, fiamhach, trùpach ;
'S bha na fir gu h-armach, fòghluim',
Air an sonrachadh gu murta.
'Nuair a dh-aom sinn bharr an t-sléibh',
Is mòran feum againn air furtach,
Na bha beo bha cuid dhiubh leoint',
'S bha sinn brònach mu 'na thuit ann.

Dh-eirich fuathas ann san ruaig dhuinn,
'Nuair a ghluais an sluagh le leathad ;
Bha Prionns Tearlach le chuid Frangach,
'S iad an geall air teachd 'nar rathad :

Cha d' fhuair sinn facal comand'
A dh-iarraidh ar nàimhdean a sgathadh ;
Ach comas sgaoileadh feadh an t-saoghail,
'S cuid againn gu'n fhaotain fhathasd.

Sin 'nuair thàinig mise dhachaigh
Dh-ionnsuidh Ghilleaspuig o'n Chrannaich,
'S ann a bha e 'n sin cho fhiata,
Ri broc liath a bhiodh an garraidh ;
Bha e duilich ann san àm sin,
Nach robh ball aige r'a tharruinn,
'S mòr an diùbhail na bha dhì air,
Claidheamh sinnsireachd a sheanar.

Mòran iarruinn air bheag faobhair,
Gu'm be sud aogas a chlaidheimh ;
'Se gu lùbach, leumnach, bearnach,
'S bha car còm ann, ann san amhaich ;
Dh-fhàg e mo chruachainse brùite
Bhì 'ga ghiùlan feadh an rathaid,
'S e cho tròm ri cabar fearna,
'S mairg a dh-fhairdeadh an robh rath air.

'Nuair a chruinnich iad nan ceudan
'N là sin air sliabh na h-eaglais,
Bha ratreud air luchd na Beurla,
'S ann daibh féin a b' éigin teicheadh ;
Ged' a chaill mi ann san am sin
Claidheamh ceannairt Chloinn-an-Leasdair ;
Claidheamh bearnach a mhi-fhortain,
'S ann bu choltach e ri greidlein.

Am ball-teirmeisg a bha meirgeach,
Nach d'rinn seirbheis a bha dleasach ;
'S beag an diùbhail leam r'a chunntadh,
Ged' a dh-ionndrain mi mu fhasgar,
An claidheamh dubh nach d'fhuair a sgùradh,
'S neul an t-suthaidh air a leath-taobh ;
'S beag a b'fhiù e 's e air lùbadh,
'S gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill-deis e.

An claidheamh braoiseach, bh'aig na daoine,
Nach d'rinn caonnag 's nach tug builean,
Cha robh eugas air an t-saoghal,
'S mairg a shaoraich leis an cuimeasg ;
An claidheamh dubh air 'n robh an t-aimhleas,
Gu'n chrios, gun chràmbait, gun duille,
Gu'n roinn, gun fhaobhar, gun cheana-bheart,
'S mairg a thàrladh leis an cuinnart.

* This is the author's first song.

Thug mi leam an claidheamh bearnach,
 'S b'ole an asuinn e sa' chabhaig,
 Bhi ga ghiulan ar mo shliasaid,
 'S maireg mi riamh a thug o'n bhail' e ;
 Cha toir e stobadh no sàthadh,
 'S cha robh e làidir gu gearradh ;
 Gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill airm e,
 'S e air meirgeadh air an fharadh.

Chruinnich uaislean Earraghàil,
 Armaillt làidir de *Mhalisi*,
 'S chaidh iad mu choinneamh phrionns' Tearlach,
 'S duil aca r'a chàmp a bhristeadh ;
 'S ioma fear a bh' ann san àit ud
 Nach robh sàbhailt mar bha mise,
 A'mheud sa dh-fhàg sinn ann san àraich,
 Latha blàr na h-Eaglais'-brice.

ORAN DO'N MHUSG.

AIR FONN—"Mo dhuth an Tomaidh."

'S IOMADH car a dh-fheudas,
 Thigh'n air na fearaibh,
 Is theag' gu'n gabh iad gaol
 Air an tè nach faigh iad ;
 Thug mi fichead bliadhna
 Do'n chiad tè ghabh mi,
 Is chuir i rithid cùl rium,
 Is bha mi falamh.

Is thàinig mi Dhun-éideann
 A dh-Iarraidh leannain,
 Is thuirt an Caiptein Caimbeul,
 'S e 'n geard a bhaile,
 Gu'm b'aithne dha bauntrach
 Ann àite falaich,
 'S gu'n deanadh e àird
 Air a cur a'm' charabh.

Rinn e mar a b'àbhaist
 Cho mhath 's a ghealladh,
 Thuge e dhomh air làmh i,
 'S am paigheadh mar ri ;
 Is ge b'e bhi 's a feòraich
 A h-ainm no sloinneadh,
 Thoir iad rithe Seònaid,
 'S h'e Deòrsa seannair.

Tha i soitheamh, suairce,
 Gun ghruaim, gun smalan,
 Is i cho àrd an uaisle
 Rì mnaoi san fhearann ;

Is culaidh a m' chumail suas i,
 O'n tha mar rium,
 Is mòr an t-aobhar smuaircin
 Do'n fhear nach faigh i.

Leig mi dhìom Nic-còiseam
 Ged' tha i maireann,
 Is leig mi na daimh chrècach
 An taobh bha 'n aire,
 Is thaobh mi ris an t'g mhnai,
 'S ann leam nach aithreach
 Cha n'eil mi gu'n stòras
 O'n phòs mi 'n ainm.

Bheir mi fhein mo bhriathar
 Gum beil i ro mhath,
 Is nach d'aithnich mi riamh oirro
 Cron am falach,
 Ach gu foinneamh, finealta,
 Direach, fallain,
 Is i gu'n ghabh gu'n, ghiomb,
 Gu'n char fiar, gu'n chamadh.

Bithidh i air mo ghiulan,
 'S gur math an airdh,
 Nì mi fhéin a sgùradh
 Gu math 's a glanadh ;
 Chuirinn ri an t-ùilleadh
 Ga cumail ceanalt,
 Is cuiridh mi ri m' shùil i,
 'S cha diùlt i aingeal.

'Nuair bhios cion an stòrais
 Air daoine ganna,
 Cha leigeadh nigh'n Dheòrsa
 Mo phòca falamh ;
 Cumaidh i rium bl
 Ann 's na taighean Jeanna,
 'S pàidhidh i gach stòpan
 A nì mi cheannach.

Nì i mar bu mhiann leam
 A h-uile car dhomh,
 Cha 'n innis i bréug dhomh,
 No sgeula mearachd ;
 Cumaidh i mo theaghlach
 Cho math 's bu mhath leam,
 Ge nach dean mi soathair
 No obair shalach.

Sgìthich mi ri gnìomh,
 Ged' nach d'rinn mi earras,
 Thug mi bòid nach b' fhiach leam,
 Bhi ann a'm sgalaig ;
 Sguiridh mi g'am phianadh,
 O'n thug mi 'n aire,
 Gur h-e'n duine diomhain
 Is faide mhaireas.

'S i mo bheanag ghaolach
 Nach dean mo mbealladh,
 Fòghnaidh i dhomh daonna
 A dheanamh arain ;
 Cha bhi fàillinn aodaich
 Orm no anart,
 'S chaidh cùram an t-saoghail
 A nis as m'aire !

MOLADH BEINN-DORAIN.

AIR FOKN—"Pìobaireachd."

Urlar.

AN t-urram thar gach beinn
 Aig Beinn-dòrain !
 Na chunnaic mi fo 'n ghréin,
 Si bu bhòiche leam ;
 Monadh fada, réidh,
 Cuile 'm faighte féidh,
 Soilleireachd an t-sléibhe
 Bha mi sònrrachadh ;
 Doireachan nan geug,
 Coill' anns am bi feur,
 'S foineasach an spréidh,
 Bhios a chòmhnaidh ann ;
 Greadhainn bu gheal céir,
 Faoghaid air an déigh,
 'S laghach leam an sreud
 A bha sròineiseach.

'S aigeannach fear eutrom,
 Gun mhòrchuis,
 Théid fasanda na éideadh,
 Neo-spòrsail ;
 Tha mhanntal uine féin,
 Caidhtiche nach tréig,
 Bratach dhearg mar chéir
 Bhios mar chòmhdach air ;
 'S culuidh g'a chuir éug,
 Duin' a dheanadh téuchd,
 Gunna bu mhath gléus,
 An glac òganaich :
 Spòr anns am biodh bearn,
 Tarran air a ceann,
 Snap a bhuailleadh teann
 Ris na h-ordaibh i ;
 Ochd-shlisneach gun fheall,
 Stoc de'n fhiodh gun mheang,
 Lotadh an damh seang,
 A's a leònadh e.

'S fear a bhiodh mar cheaird,
 Riu' sònrraichte,
 Dh-fhòdnadh dhaibh gun taing,

Le chuid seòlaidhean ;
 Gheibhte sud ri àm
 Pì-druig anns a' ghleann,
 Gillean a's coin sheang,
 'S e toirt orduidh dhaibh ;
 Peileirean nan deann,
 Teine g'an cuir ann,
 Eilid nam beann àrd,
 Théid a leònadh leo.

Siubhal.

'Si 'n eilid bheag, bhinneach,
 Bu ghuiniche sraonadh,
 Le cuinnein geur, biorach,
 A sireadh na gaoithe,
 Gasganach, speireach,
 Feadh chreachainn na beinne,
 Le eagal ro' theine,
 Cha teirinn i 'n t-aonach ;
 Ge d' théid i na cabaig,
 Cha ghearain i maathan ;
 Bha sinnsreachd fallain,
 'Nuair a shineadh i h-anail,
 'S toil-inntinn leam tanasg,
 Ga' lannan a chluinntinn,
 'Si 'g iarraidh a leannain
 'N àm darraidh le caoineas,
 'S e damh a chiun allaidh
 Bu gheal-cheireach feaman,
 Gu caparach, ceannard,
 A b' fharamach raoiceadh,
 'S e chòmhnuidh 'm Beinn-dòrain,
 'S e eolach m'a fraoinibh.

'S ann am Beinn-dòrain,
 Bu mhòr dhomh r'a innseadh
 A liuthad damh ceannard,
 Tha fanntuinn san fhrith ud ;
 Eilid chaol, eanngach,
 'S a laoighean 'ga leantuinn,
 Le 'n gasgana geala,
 Ri bealach a dìreadh,
 Ri fraoidh Choire-chruiteir,
 A chuideachda phiceach ;
 'Nuair a shineas i h-iongan
 'S a théid i na' deannaibh,
 Cha saltradh air thalamh,
 Ach barran nan inean,
 Cò b'urraing g'a leantuinn,
 A dh-fhearaibh na rioghachd ?
 'S arraideach, farumach,
 Carach air grine,
 A chòisridh nach fh'nadh
 Gnè smal air an inntin,
 Ach caochlaideach, curaideach,
 Caol-chasach, ullamh,
 An aois cha chuir truin' orra,

Mulad no mì-ghean ;
 'Se shlùnaich an culaidh,
 Feoil mhais, agus mhuineil,
 Bhi tàmhachd am bunailt,
 An cuile na frithe ;
 Le àilleas a fuireach,
 Air fiasach 'nan grunnas,
 'Si 'n àsainn a mhuime,
 Tha cumail na cìche,
 Ris na laoi gh bhreaca, bhallach,
 Nach meathlaich na sianntan,
 Le 'n cridheacha meara,
 Le bainne na cioba.
 Griseanach, eangach,
 Le 'n girteagan geala,
 Le 'n corpannan glanna,
 Le fallaineachd fìor-uig ;
 Le farum gun ghearan,
 Feadh ghleannan na milltich ;
 Ge d' thigeadh an sneachda
 Cha 'n iarradh iad aitreabh,
 'S e lag a Choir'-altrum
 Bhios aca g'an dìdean :
 Feadh stacan, a's bhacan,
 A's ghlacagan dìombair,
 Le 'n leapaichean fàsach
 An taic Eas-an-t-sìthan.

Urlar.

Tha 'n eilid anns an fhrith
 Mar bu chòir dh'ì bhi,
 Far am faigh i millteach
 Glan-feòirneanach ;
 Bruchorachd a's cìob,
 Lusan am bi brìgh,
 Chuireadh sult a's ìgh
 Air a lòineinibh.
 Fuaran anns am bi
 Biolaire gun dìth,
 'S millse lea' na 'm fion
 'S e gu'n òladh i ;
 Cuiseagan a's riasg,
 Chinneas air an t-sliabh,
 B' annsadh lea' mar bhìadb
 Na na fòghlaichean.
 'S ann do'n teachd-an-tìr
 A bha sìghar lea',
 Sobhrach a's eala-bhì
 'S barra neòineanan ;
 Dobhrach, bhallach, mhìn,
 Ghobhlach, bharrach, shliom,
 Lòintean far an cinn
 I'na mòthraichean ;
 Sud am pòrsan bìdh
 Mhendaicheadh an clì
 Bheireadh iad a mìos
 Rì ùm dò lichein ;
 Chuireadh air an druim

Brata saille cruinn,
 Air an carcais luim
 Nach bu lùdail.

B' e sin an caidreamh griun
 Mu thrà-neòine,
 'Nuair a thionaladh iad cruinn,
 Anns a' ghluiminn :
 Air fhad 's ga'n biodh an oidhch',
 Dad cha tigeadh ribh,
 Fosgadh bhun an tuim
 B' àite còmhnuidh dhaibh ;
 Leapaichean nam fiadh,
 Far an robh iad riamh,
 An aonach farsuinn fial,
 'S ann am mòr-mhonadh.
 'S iad bu taitneach fiamh,
 'Nuair bu daith' am bian,
 'S cha b' i 'n aire am miann,
 Ach Beinn-dòrain.

Siubhal.

A bheinn lusanach, fhaileanach,
 Mheallanach, liontach,
 Gun choimeas 'ga falluinn
 Air thalamh na Crìosdachd ;
 'S ro-neònach tha mise,
 Le bòtthead a shìosa,
 Nach 'eil cùir aic' an ciste
 Air tìotal na rìoghachd ;
 'S i air dùbladh le giblean,
 'S air lùisreadh le mìosan,
 Nach 'eil bichiont' a' bristeadh
 Air phrìseanaibh tìre ;
 Làn trusgan gun deireas,
 Le usgraichean coille,
 Bàrr-gùc air gach doire,
 Gun choir' ort r'a innsadh ;
 Far an uchd-ardach coileach,
 Le shrutaichibh lònneil,
 'S eoin bluchalach bheag' eil
 Le'n ceileiribh lìomhor.
 'S am buicean beag sgiolta,
 Bu sgiobalt' air grìne,
 Gu'n sgiorradh, gu'n tubaist,
 Gu'n tuisleadh, gu'n diobradh,
 Crodhanadh, biorach
 Feadh coire 'ga shireadh,
 Feadh fraoich agus fìrich,
 Air mhìre 'ga dhìreadh ;
 Feadh ranaich, a's barraich
 Gu'm b' araidheach inntinn,
 Ann an ìosal gach feadain,
 'S air àirde gach creagain
 Gu mìreanach, beiceasach,
 Easgonach, sìnteach ;
 'Nuair a thèid o 'na bhoile
 Le clisge sa' choille,
 A's e ruith feadh gach doire,

Air dheireadh cha bhi e ;
 Leis an eangaig bu chaoile
 'S e b' eutruime sìnteag,
 Mu chnocanaibh donna
 Le ruith dara-tomain,
 'S e togairt an coinneamh
 Bean-chomuim o's 'n ìosal.

Tha mhaoisleach bheag bhrannga
 Sa' ghleannan a' chòmhnaidh,
 'S i fuireach san fhìreach
 Le minneinean òga :
 Cluas bhiorach gu clàisteachd,
 Sùil chorrach gu faicinn,
 'S i earbsach 'na casan
 Chur seachad na mòintich :
 Ged' thig Caoillte 's Cuchullainn,
 'S gach duine de'n t-seòrs' ud,
 Na tha dhaoine 's do dh-eachaibh,
 Air fasta rìgh Deòrsa,
 Nan tèarnadh i craiceann
 O luaidhe 's o lasair,
 Cha chual' a's cha 'n fhac i
 Na ghlacadh r'a beò i ;
 'S i grad-charach, fad-chasach,
 Aigeannach, neònach,
 Geal-cheireach, gasganach,
 Gealtach ro' mhadadh,
 Air chaisead na leachdainn
 Cha saltradh i còmhnard :
 Si noigeanach, groigearach
 Gog-cheannach, sòrnach ;
 Bior-shuileach, sgar-shuileach,
 Frionasach, furachair,
 A fuireach sa' mhuadhd,
 'Sna thuinich a seòrsa.

Urlar.

Bi sìn a' mhaoisleach luaineach,
 Feadh òganach ;
 Biolaichean nam bruch
 'S àite-còmhnuidh dh'i,
 Duilleagan nan craobh,
 Bileagan an fhraoich
 Criomagan a gaoil,
 Cha b'e 'm fòtrus.
 A h-aigheadh eutrom suaire,
 Aobhach aig gun ghruaim,
 Ceann bu bhraise, ghuanaiche,
 Ghòraiche ;
 A' chré bu cheanalt' stuaim,
 Chalaich i gu buan
 An gleann a' bharraich uaine
 Bu nòsaire.

'S tric a ghabh i cluain
 Sa' chreig mhòir,
 O'n is mìosail leatha bhi 'Luan
 A's a Dhòmhach ann :
 Pris an dean i suain

Bhichonta mu'n cuairt,
 A bhristeas a' ghaoth tuath,
 'S nach leig deò oirre,
 Am fàsadh doire-chrò,
 An taice ris an t-sròin,
 Am measg nam faillean òga
 'S nan còsagan.
 Masgadh 'n fhuarain mhòir,
 'S e pailte gu leòir,
 'S blasda le' na'm beòr
 Gu bhì pòit orra.

Deoch de'n t-sruthan uasal
 R'a òl aice,
 Dh' fhàgas fallain,
 Fuasgailteach, òigeil i ;
 Grad-charach ri nair,
 'S eathlamh bheir i cuairt,
 'Nuair thachradh i'n ruaig,
 'S a bhiodh tòir oirre.
 'S mao-bhuidh daitht' a snuagh,
 Dearg a dreach sa tuar,
 'S gurro-iomadh buaidh
 Tha mar chòladh oirr' ;
 Fulangach air fuachd,
 Is i gun chum' air luath's ;
 Urram clàisteachd chluas
 Na Rinn-eòrpa dh'i.

Siubhal.

Bu ghrinn leam am pannal
 A' tarruinn an òrdugh,
 A' dìreadh le farum
 Ri carraig na Sròine ;
 Eadar sliabh Craobh-na-h-ainnis,
 A's beul Choire-dhainghein,
 Bu bhiadhchar greidh cheannard
 Nach ceannaich am pòrsan ;
 Da thaobh choire-rannoich
 Mu sgéith sìn a' bhealaich,
 Coire réidh Beinn-Achaladair,
 A's thairis mu'n chonn-lon :
 Air lurgain na Laoidhre
 Bu ghreadhnach a' chòisri,
 Mu l'rach-na-Féinne
 'S a' Chraig-sheilich 'na dhéigh sìn,
 Far an cruinnich na h-éildean
 Bu neo-spéiseal mu'n fhòghlaich :
 'S gu'm b'e 'n aighear a's an éibhneas
 Bhì faicheachd air réidhleinn,
 'A comh-mhacnús r'a chéile,
 'S a' leumnaich feadh mòintich ;
 Ann am pollachaibh daimseir
 Le sodradh gu meannach,
 Gu togarrach mearrachdasach,
 Ain-fheasach gòrach.
 'S cha bhiodh lot air an teangaidh
 Taobh shois a' Mhill-teanail,
 Le fion-uillt na h-Anuaid,

Blas meala r'a òl air ;
 Sruth brioghmhor geal tana,
 'S e sìothladh tor 'n ghàineamh,
 'S e 's millse na'n caineal,
 Cha b' ain-eolach oirne e :
 Sud an òc-shlàinnte mhaireann,
 A thig a ìochdar an talaimh,
 Gheibhte lìonmhoireachd math dh'ì
 Gu'n a cheannach' le stòras ;
 Air fàruinn na beinne
 Is dàicheala sealladh,
 A dh'fhàs anns a' cheithreamh
 A' bheil mi 'n Rinn-eòrpa :
 Le gloinead a h-uisge,
 Gu mao-bhlàst a brisg-gheal,
 Caoin, caomhail, glan, mìosail,
 Neo-mhisgeach ri pòit' air :
 Le fuarainibh grinne
 Am bun gruamach no biolair,
 Còineach uaine mu'n iomall,
 A's iomadach seòrsa :
 Bu ghlan uachdar na lìnne
 Gu neo-bluaireasach milis,
 Tigh'n 'na chuairteig o'n ghrinneal
 Air slinnein Beinn-dòrain.

Tha leth-taobh na leachdainn
 Le mais' air a còmhach,
 'S am frìdh-choirean creagach
 'Na shesamh g'a chòir sin,
 Gu stobanach, stacanach,
 Slocanach, laganach,
 Cnocanach, crapanach,
 Caiteanach, ròmach ;
 Paganach, badanach,
 Bachlagach, bòidheach
 A h-aiseirine corrach,
 'Nam fasraichsan mollach,
 'Si b'asadh dhomh mholladh,
 Bha sonas gu leòir oirr' :
 Cluigealach, gacagach,
 Uchdanach, còmhnaidh,
 Le dithean glan, ruiteach,
 Breac, misleanach, sultmhor :
 Tha 'n fhrìdh air a busgadh
 San trusgan bu chòir dh'ì.

Urlar.

'S am monadh farsuinn faoin
 Glacach, srònagach ;
 Lag a' Choire-fhraoich
 Cuid bu bhòiche dheth ;
 Sin am fearann caoin
 Air an d'fhàs an aoidh,
 Far am bi na laigh
 'S na daimh chròcach ;
 A's e deisearach ri grèin,
 Seasgaireachd g'a réir,
 'S neo-bheag air an éildeig

Bhi chòmhnaidh ann.
 'S glan fallain a cré,
 Is banail i 'na beus ;
 Cha robh h-anail breun,
 Ge b'e phògadh i.
 'S e 'n coire choisinn gaol
 A h-uil' òganaich,
 A chunna' riamh a thaobh,
 'S a ghabh eòlas air :
 'S lìonmhor feadan caol
 Air an éirich gaath,
 Far am bi na laigh
 Cumail còdhalach ;
 Bruthaichean nan learg
 Far am biodh greidh dhearg,
 Ceann-uighe gach seal
 Fad am beò-shlainnt' ;
 A's e làn do'n h-uile maoin,
 A thig amach le braon,
 Fàile nan sùth-chraobh,
 A's nan ròsann an.

Gheibte tachdar éisg
 Air a còrsa,
 A's bhi 'gan ruith le leus
 Anns na mòr-shruthan ;
 Mordha cumbann gear,
 Le chrann giubhais féin,
 Air fir shubhach, threubhach
 'Nan dòrnaibh :
 Bu shòlasach a' leum'
 Bric air binnne réidh,
 A' ceapadh chuileag eutrom
 'Nan dòrlaichean ;
 Cha 'n'eil muir no tìr
 Am beil tuille brìgh,
 'S tha feadh do chrìch'
 Air a h-òdachadh.

An Crunluath.

Tha 'n eilid anns a ghleannan so,
 Cha 'n amadan gu'n eòlas
 A leanadh i mar b' aithne dha
 Tig'n farasda na còdhail,
 Gu faiteach bhi 'na h-earalas,
 Tig'n' am faigse dh'ì mu'n caraich i,
 Gu faicilleach, gle earraigeach,
 Mu'm fairich i ga còir e ;
 Feadh shlochd, a's ghlaic, a's chamhanan,
 A's chlach a dheanadh falach air,
 Bhi beachdail air an talamh,
 'S air a' char a thig na neoil air .
 'S an t-asdar bhi 'ga tharruinn air
 Cho macauta 's a b' aithne dha,
 Gu'n glacadh e ga h-aindeoin i
 Le h-anabharra seòltachd ;
 Le tùr, gun ghainne baralach,
 An t-sùil a chuir gu danara,
 A' stiùireadh' na du'-bannaiche,



